JULY 21 1945 10c

Liberty

Book:

The

CAN THE PHILIPPINES STAND ALONE?

By Harold L. Ickes

John W. James

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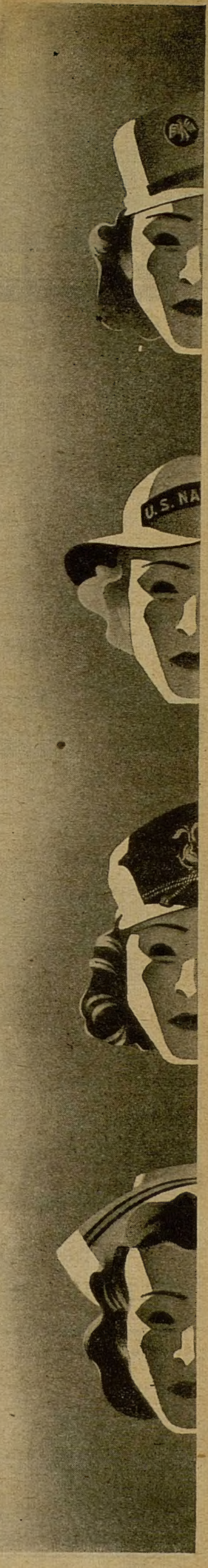

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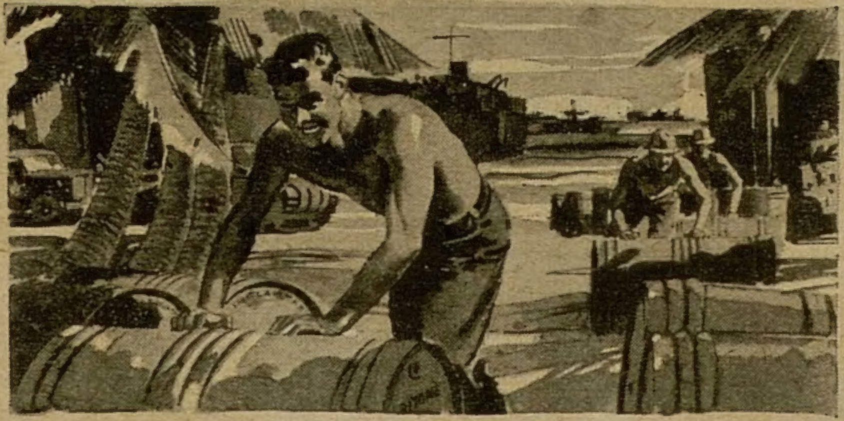

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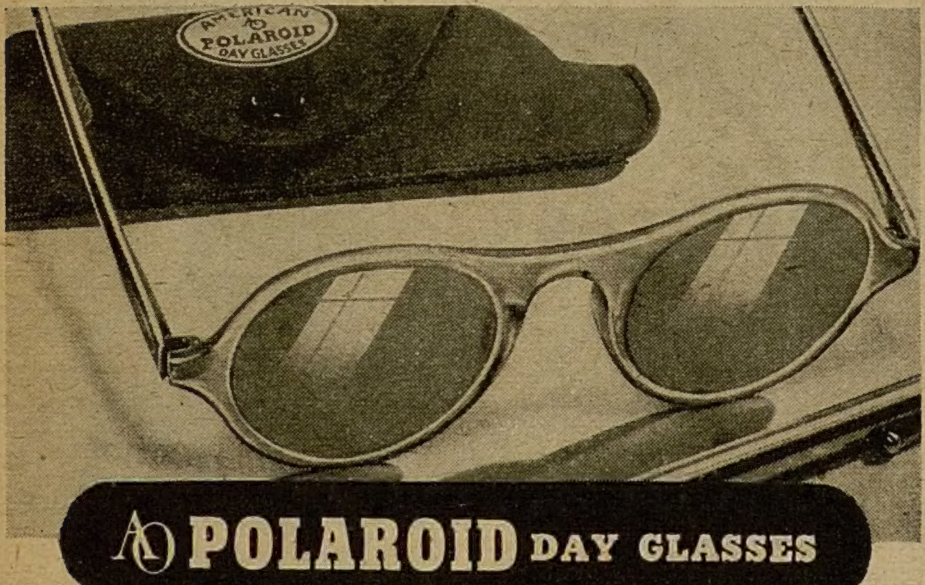

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A Tree Grows in Brooklyn

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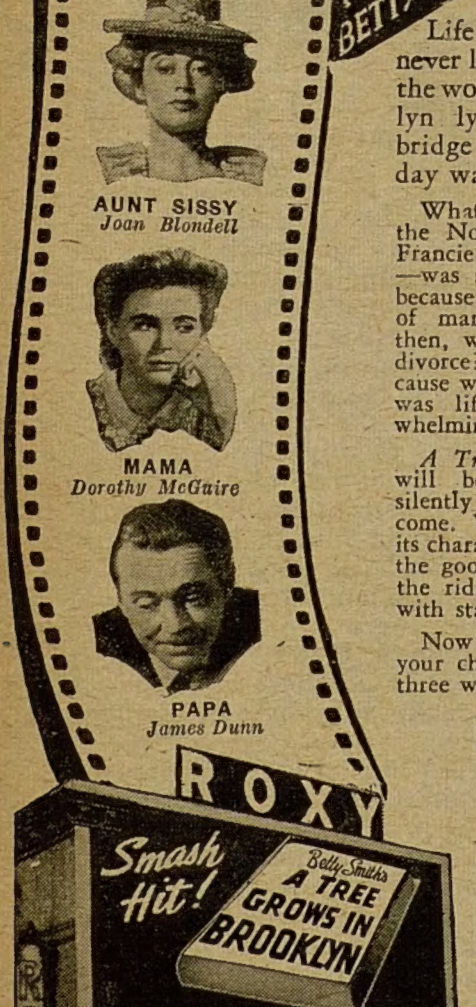

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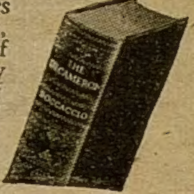

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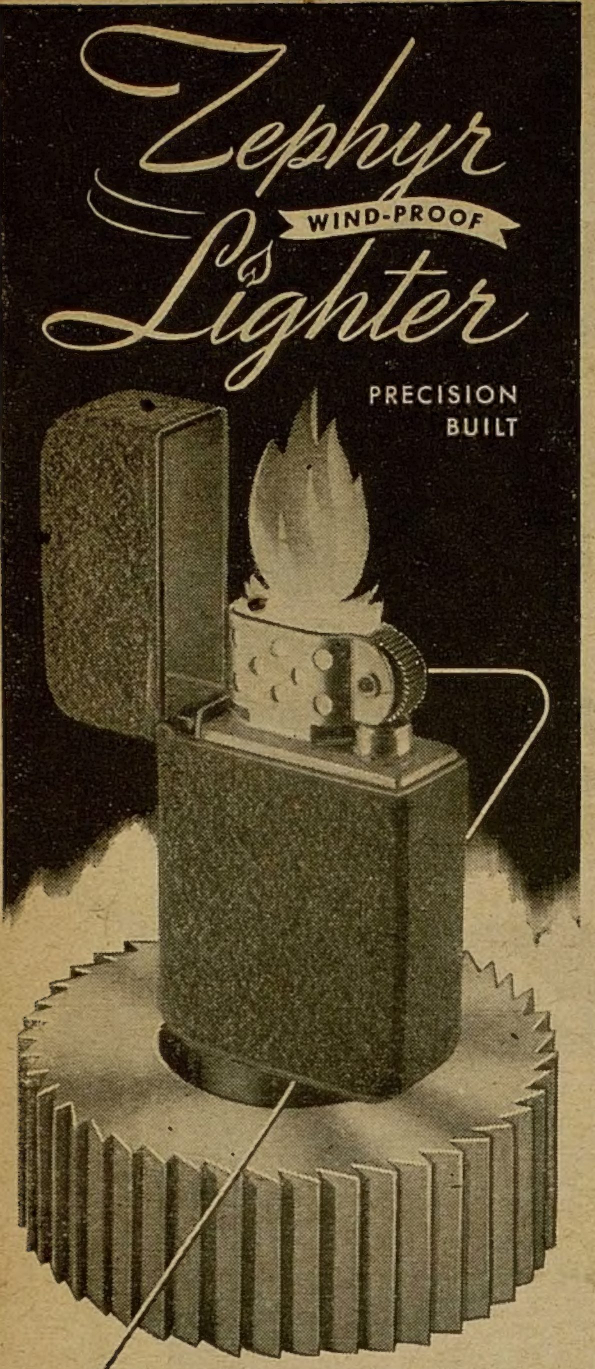

★ Photo of Zephyr precision-milled wheel, shown enlarged 5⅓ times,

Designed for Flame Power

There is a good reason why a *Zephyr* windproof lighter *always* lights . . . in every kind of weather from a spring rain to a hurricane. The answer is in its ignition wheel . . . a wheel that is precision milled to throw off an igniting spark *every* time you strike it.

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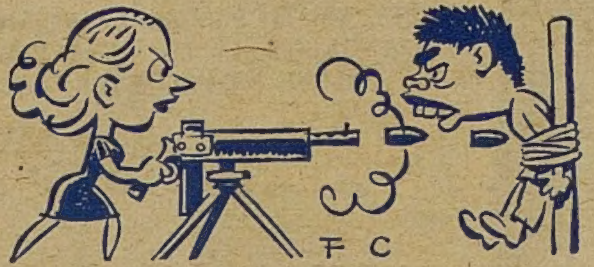
"The Voice of the People"

TREAT 'EM ROUGH

New York, N. Y.—Certain parts of the article, Jap Prisoners Talk, Too! by Larry Barretto (June 9) made me fighting mad. For example: "He took the sodden cigarettes from the man's [Japanese] hand, tossed them on the ground, and replaced them with a fresh pack of an American brand. . . ." Now I ask you! To a Jap! When we try to buy a pack of cigarettes, we're told there is a war on and our fighting men are getting them. Then we read that a blasted Jap prisoner is also getting them. How cozy! We are darn glad to give up our cigarettes to *our* fighting men, but it gets a little discouraging when I realize that I am doing without and a yellow son of Heaven is getting them. But then I guess I am just selfish. Point number two! We don't want the dear boys to commit suicide. Why not? Good riddance, I say. If they think they will be tortured and killed if they are captured, let them. Encourage it, in fact. There will be that many less for our taxes to feed. Harsh language to come from a girl of my tender years, but you know what they say about the female of the species. For my money, they could all, German and Jap prisoners alike, be stood against a wall and machine-gunned—and I would cheerfully man a gun or two myself. That, I know, is not the policy of the United States, and all the while I rave I know I'm probably wrong, but when I read of the beheading of our boys and other brutal slaughters, I can't help feeling that nothing, no means of retribution, could be too harsh. But, as I say, I suppose I am wrong. All right. Treat 'em nice. Don't torture or kill them. Save them from suicide. But don't subject us to the agony of knowing that they are getting *our* cigarettes and *our* food. I doubt very much if they appreciate it, and I'm sure that few of them would hesitate to stab us in the back, both literally and figuratively. Remember Pearl Harbor.—*Elizabeth M. de Faron.*



THERE IS THE ANSWER

Kingman, Ariz.—I have just read Paul Hunter's editorial, What to Do About Germany (June 2), and of the many discussions on that subject, I believe it is the most intelligent one yet. For the benefit of some of our politicians and the rest of those softhearted guys who think Germany and her kind are no longer a potential menace to democracy, I believe this editorial should be posted on every billboard and shown in every movie theater in the country.

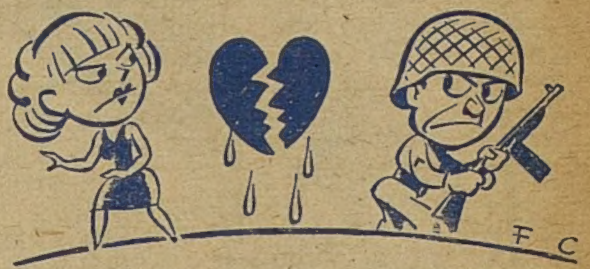
To all you guys who have been dilly-dallying around about what to do with Germany, there is your answer. Look at it! —*Pfc. Willard E. Wilks, R. A. A. F.*

WHEN BOY DOESN'T MEET GIRL

Portland, Me.—What's happening to Liberty fiction? Is it suddenly taking an arty turn? After reading Smithy's Dogs, by R. Wilkes Hunter (June 2), I had to look back at the cover to be sure I wasn't reading Story Magazine by mistake. I just couldn't believe that here was a story where girl didn't meet boy and then get boy (or vice versa), and where, as a matter of fact, there wasn't even a hero or heroine, except for an ugly crippled dog that couldn't be twisted into a hero, no matter how hard you might try. Much to my surprise, I liked the story. It's a pleasure to read something different every once in a while. Let's have some more stories that don't follow the conventional fiction pattern.—*Marie Carl.*

ON THE DISTAFF SIDE

Hillsboro, Texas—I have just read the letters in Vox Pop (June 9) by the G. I. founder of the Society of Broken Hearts and by his mother, and I'd just like to add that although there are many, many servicemen being jilted by their supposed girl friends every day, there are as many, if not more, girls walking around here at home with broken hearts as a result of a boy friend or husband who has decided all of a sudden that he doesn't care for her any more or has found someone else who suits him much better. I think it's a pity the way girls are constantly being put on the defensive, simply because people insist on believing that it's always the girl's fault if a couple breaks up.



I think one of the lowest things a girl can stoop to is jilting a serviceman, whether he's still in the United States or serving overseas. I readily admit, but with a great deal of shame, that a lot of it is being done, but just because there are girls low enough to do a thing like that doesn't mean that every girl back here is doing the same way. I personally have heard servicemen say that there are no decent girls left. Well, I know better. There are as many decent girls as there are bad, and they stand ready to prove it, if given half a chance.

I would like to see a Society of Broken Hearts started for the uncountable number of girls who have waited for their men in vain. I'm sure that there would be many who could meet any bylaw that was written for it. I might even become a full-fledged member myself. I'm sure I could meet any requirements necessary. I also might even be able to give T/Sgt. Henry W. Asher, Jr., the founder of the club for G. I.s, a few pointers on how a girl feels when her castles in the air also are plummeted into a void of nothingness.—*T. L. W.*

SOLDIER GONE WEST

WHIDBEY ISLAND, WASH.—I am wondering if anybody else noticed something unusual about Liberty's June 2 cover with an American soldier gone west.

If you hold up the cover to a light, the gold border of the pen-and-pencil case in the advertisement on the other side gives the soldier the appearance of having a halo. At least that is something to look forward to.—*George F. Rieger, AMM 3/c.*

OWENSBORO, KY.—Emmett Watson should be given a gold medal for his impressive portrait of the dead soldier on the cover of Liberty. To me it portrays the America for which we fight.—*Harold Joslin.*

THEY HAVEN'T CHANGED

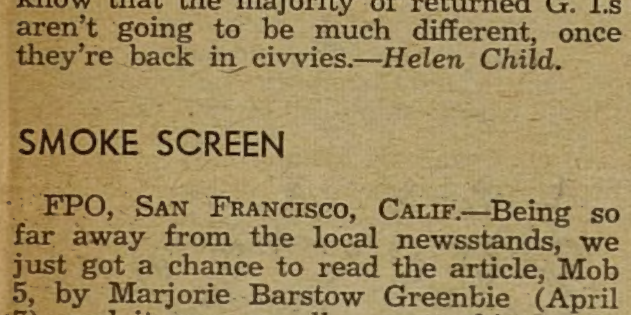
NEW YORK, N. Y.—I just wanted to add my two cents to what Sgt. Dominic Billet and Corporal Donald H. Stork have to say in Vox Pop (June 16) about civilians treating returned servicemen like a bunch of potential maniacs, to be handled with kid gloves. I was a Red Cross worker in a hospital overseas, and none of the boys in any of the wards thought anything about their injuries until they started reading articles by so-called experts. Some of them then began to wonder if they had become psychoneurotics when they'd never thought about it before. But most of them treated the whole thing as a big joke, and they would kid each other about being "cases" and "problems." I think civilians ought to know that the majority of returned G. I.s aren't going to be much different, once they're back in civvies.—*Helen Child.*

SMOKE SCREEN

FPO, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Being so far away from the local newsstands, we just got a chance to read the article, Mob 5, by Marjorie Barstow Greenbie (April 7), and it gave us all a pretty big laugh. We wonder how the people back home can get along with so much smoke being blown at them. The author is either very easy to deceive or else the Mob 5 is exactly as she said—but the latter I doubt very much.

She states that the patients are pampered, which is very much wrong. The doctors try, but the nurses are too busy thinking about their dates with the officers around the island (only officers are allowed to date them) to co-operate with the doctors. The corpsmen can't pamper the men because they're too busy doing the nurses' work.

Miss Greenbie mentioned wounded from Saipan and Guam being quickly taken care of by nurses, doctors, and corpsmen. She should have visited another island in the South Pacific and she'd have changed her mind in a hurry about the nurses. The wounded (Saipan and Guam casualties) were lying on the lawn in front of these hospitals in dirty bandages that hadn't been touched since they left the forward area. I saw five men ask a nurse to get them a drink. She was dressed in a play suit and carrying a tennis racket. She told



(*Continued on page 8*)

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ADD WATER, THEN FEED
ALL YOU NEED ANY SIZE ANY BREED
WATCH YOUR DOG GO FOR . . .
Armstrong DOG MEAL
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Give your pet the nutrition all dogs need...but few get!

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Just add water . . . then feed

One, two . . . you're through

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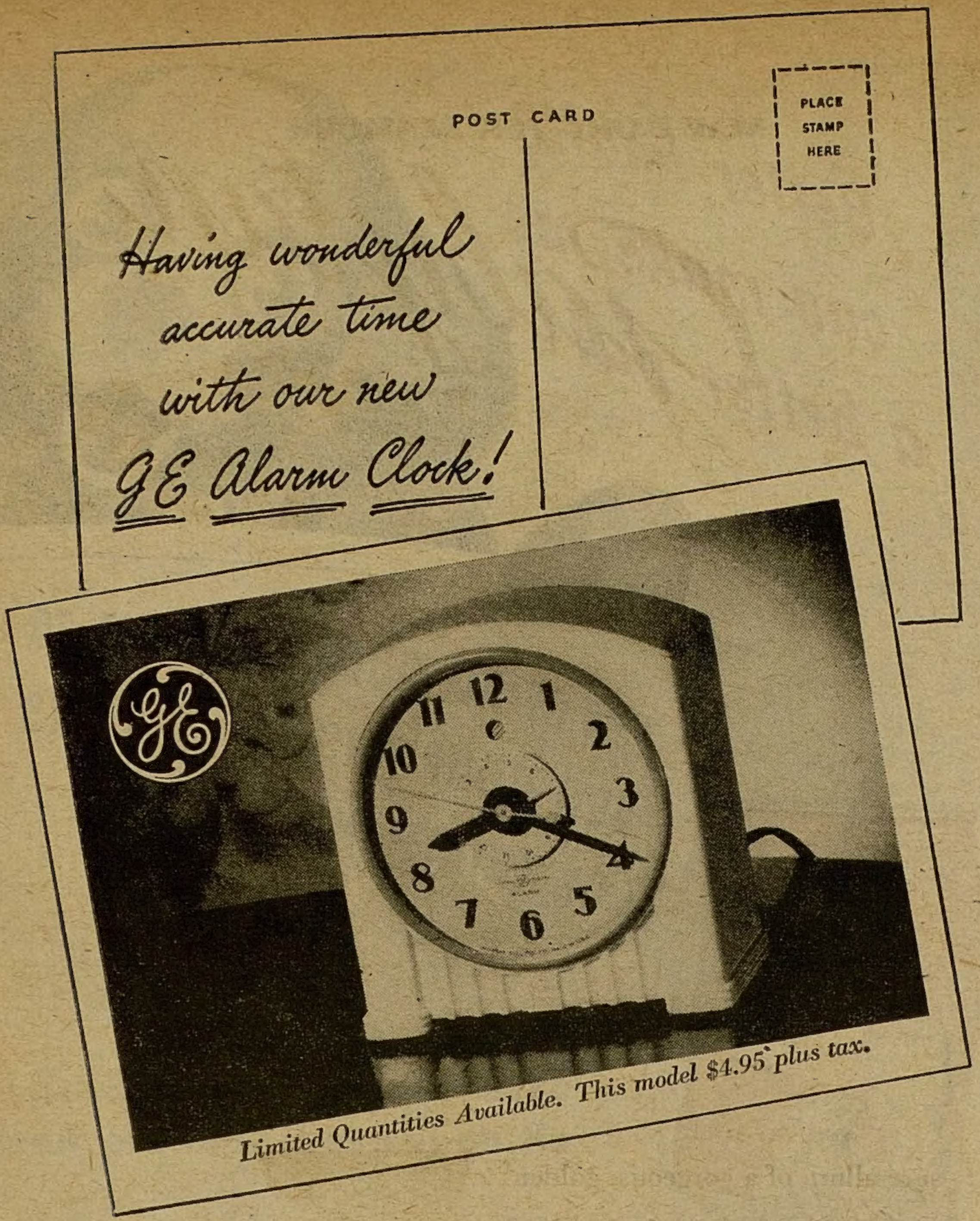
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Having wonderful accurate time with our new G E Alarm Clock!
Limited Quantities Available. This model $4.95 plus tax.

Vacation from worry . . . when you know there's one clock in the house that's *always accurate!*

Your General Electric Alarm Clock just *can't* run fast or slow. The power company regulates the electricity to keep *your* clock exactly the same as *official Arlington time!*

And it's built for *lasting accuracy* with no springs to slow down, no delicate balance wheel to get out of kilter. You'll get long, dependable service for *only a penny a week!*

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Only a few have been made. If you *really* need one see your G-E dealer. If he's out of stock, be patient . . . a G-E Alarm Clock is worth waiting for! Look to G.E. for electric clocks for every purpose. General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

FOR GOOD LISTENING: Don't miss Art Linkletter, in "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," News, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E.W.T., CBS.

FOR FINAL VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD MORE WAR BONDS

General Electric Clocks

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from page 7*)

them she was too busy. The corpsmen and doctors were working like mad.

There is a law saying that enlisted men can go out with WACs. Well, that doesn't work either. Some WACs were here the other day and three men were showing them the island. The M. P.s ran the men up, and they all got busted a notch. Democracy in the service? I'd just like to know where you find it.

Enlisted men can date Red Cross girls too, but they don't want to, because they'll also run into a court-martial and lose their rate.

USO shows are another thing. The entertainers spend an hour entertaining the enlisted men and then the rest of the time belongs to officers. Those pictures you see of USO girls and movie queens eating in enlisted chow halls are for the most part "smoke" jobs for civilians. I watched a photographer take a picture of a well-known movie actress eating in a mess hall. The men whose mugs would show in the picture had taken their bars off so the civilians would say, "Oh, how nice of her!" This kind of photography goes on all over the Pacific area.—*S/Sgt. D. L. D.*

INSIDE CHINA

Seward, Alaska—Harrison Forman's article, Who's Fighting Who in China? (May 19), was a wonderful exposé of the Kuomintang-Communist feud and its detrimental results in prosecution of the war with the Japanese.

The disunity of China adds to the expense of the American people in blood.

Through justice and diplomacy, our government should support the element in China (the Communist in this case) that will aid the Allies in their efforts to crush Jap imperialism, not the circle of reactionaries interested only in maintaining their prestige in this day of world conflict against a treacherous enemy.

Congratulations to Mr. Forman for his explicit article depicting a serious situation within China.—*Jeanette McCoy.*

WHEELER REMEMBERS, TOO!

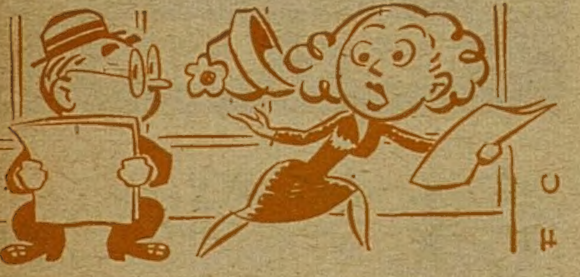
Oakland, Calif.—I have just finished reading We Remember This, by Lt. (j. g) Robert C. Ruark, U. S. N. R. (May 19). As an old Navy man, I can say that we'll remember all that and a lot more! I remember a group just like the wheel-chair brigade he mentioned, probably the same group (I was there too), and they showed such a lack of consideration for their fellows that several officers got permission to live in a hotel in Oakland rather than be around them. This lack of consideration, born of a lack of discipline or self-control, is largely responsible for 90 per cent of the accidents in which people are badly injured, and sometimes killed, away from the fighting and also on the home front.

Yes, we'll remember it all right when it comes to voting for reforms in the schools where self-discipline and some common sense should have been taught. We'll remember it as taxpayers and will advocate a careful check on how each veteran was really injured. We'll remember a lot of other things differently from the way the lieutenant remembers them!

No one is against having fun, but why not temper it with a little common sense and good judgment? The Navy Department should court-martial that group from the hospital. They have the guts to brag about it, or should I say the lieutenant has the guts to brag about it in his article? He admits, what a lot of us have known all along, that a great many people who were commissioned should never have been commissioned because of a lack of common sense. I hope you have the courage to publish this, for many people disapprove of what the lieutenant bragged about, only they won't say anything about it for fear of being criticized. Here and now I stick my neck out by making a protest. I am signing my real name too, and let the chips fall where they may.—*Frank J. Wheeler, Ch. Mach., U. S. N.*

HATS OFF TO LOLLIPOPS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I started to read the article, A Couple of Lollipops, by Lieutenant Commander J. Bryan, III, U. S. N. R. (June 2) while I was riding to work on the subway, and I was so completely interested in it that I missed my stop and had to walk five blocks. That article is one of the most dramatic I've seen in a long time, and thanks for printing it just as it appeared on official Navy reports. It would have lost a lot of its punch if you'd changed it into a straight nonfiction narrative.



One thing about it that impressed me was the way it showed the loyalty that the boys have for one another, and the way it made you realize how much punishment our men can take without losing their spirit and their will to live.—*Joan Carey.*

WITNESS THE MASSES

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—I always read Paul Hunter's editorials with pleasure and considerable enlightenment, but I failed to get either from What Is Fascism? (June 9).

His definition of Fascism as springing from the conviction that people as a whole are characterized by stupidity and greed is, in my humble opinion, correct. But the mass of people *are* too stupid to know what is best for them. Witness the laws for health and public conduct that make people do what they are too stupid or greedy to do for themselves or for their neighbors' welfare. Without laws, where would our present social order be?

As for people relinquishing control over their affairs to anyone who will promise them good times, money, or what not, that also is being done constantly in public government and affairs.

That all men are created equal is absurd. I, for instance, am not Mr. Hunter's equal; neither are many that I meet on the street my equal, socially or any way. That they are entitled to life, liberty, and happiness I agree, but I insist that their right to these things does not mean they should not work for them, the same as you and I.—*Thomas M. Street.*

NEW WORD FOR GLAMOUR

Gabytan

Suntan safely! Enjoy the sure allure of a gorgeous, golden Gabytan. Just apply GABY... America's most popular Suntan Lotion. Then take your place in the sun. No fiery after-effect. No smeary grease. No drying alcohol. And GABY is so smooth, so soothing to even the tenderest skin.

Three sizes... 25c • 50c • $1.00
plus tax

Gaby GREASELESS SUNTAN LOTION

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLER!

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If you want the finest rum drink—make it with RIONDO—the best rum from Puerto Rico

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

ICKES LOOKS AT THE PHILIPPINES

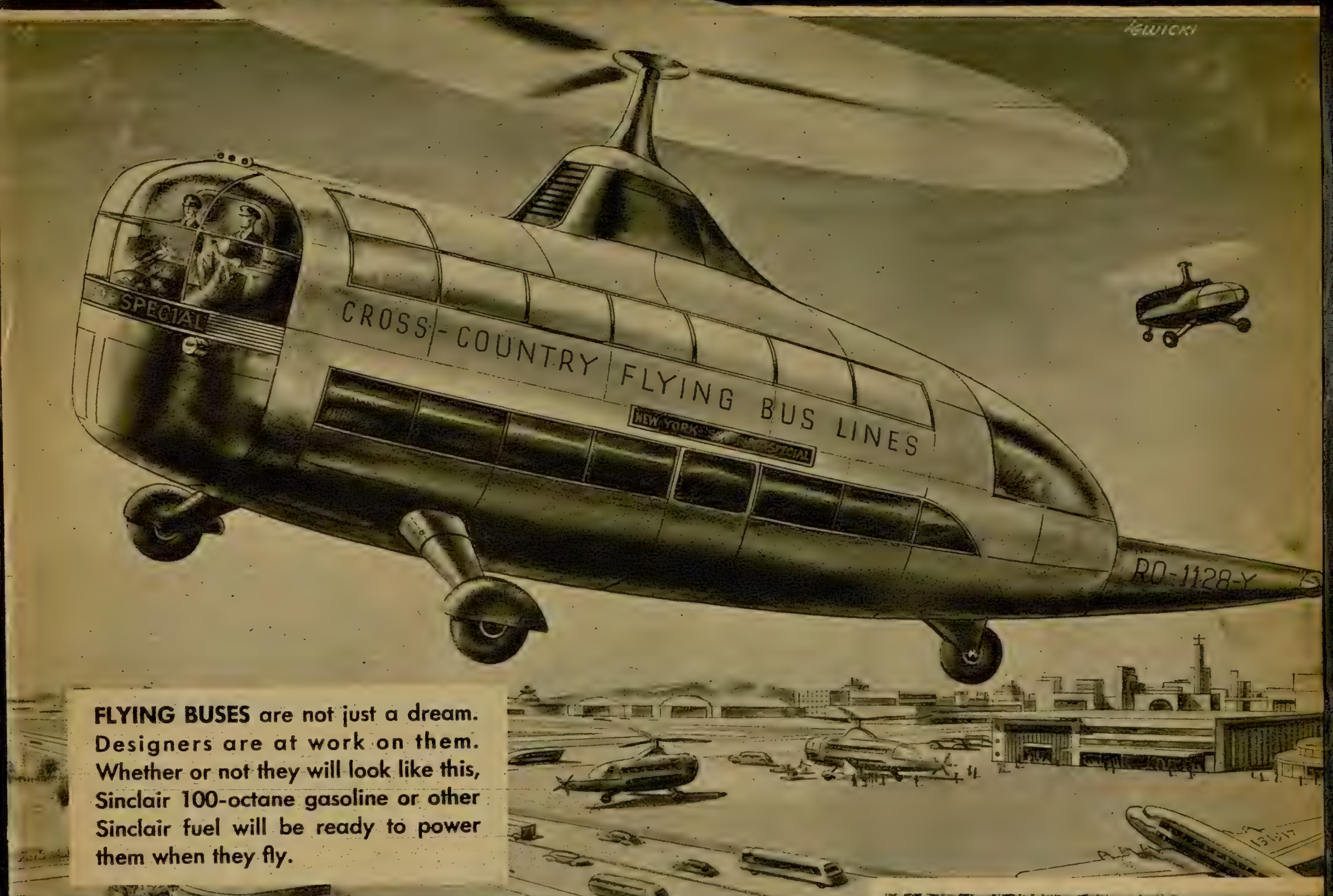
ALONG with a record-breaking twelve years of service as Secretary of the Interior, Harold L. Ickes is also Solid Fuels Administrator, Petroleum Administrator, and Co-ordinator of Fisheries. Before he entered Roosevelt's Cabinet and began administering the Public Works program in 1933, he was a lawyer in Chicago. He'd worked his way through the University of Chicago by teaching in public night schools, followed that with several years of newspaper work, and then returned to the university to study law. Author as well as Cabinet member, his Autobiography of a Curmudgeon was published in 1943, and you'll find his analysis of the Filipino situation, QUANDARY IN THE PACIFIC, on page 22 of this week's issue of Liberty.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
THE BEST FROM YANK

IS Hirohito the harmless, indecisive little man Nipponese propagandists paint for us? Or is he JAP WAR LORD NO. 1? Let Max Hill give you the facts, then judge the emperor for yourself. . . . Science, facing potential epidemics of malaria, or worse, probes into the life and loves of the mosquito and comes up with some unique weapons to use on the pesky critter. Darrell Huff gives you the dope in LAST CALL FOR THE MOSQUITO. . . . If you want to know what LIFE ON THE SPACE MACHINES will be like, climb aboard an Air Transport Command plane with Stanley Washburn, Jr. He'll show you why week-end trips to Paris will be commonplace—yes, for you, too! . . . Shakespeare said all the world's a stage, and the USO took it for gospel. That's why our G. I.s are getting entertainment that sometimes makes Broadway look like a tank town. Ted Shane takes you on a tour of THE FOXHOLE CIRCUIT. . . . Paul Gardner introduces you to Freddie Corcoran, MR. GOLF, HIMSELF, who does everything on the course but caddie. . . . In THE FACELESS MEN, an exciting short story of courage and fortitude under the conqueror's heel, Clyde A. Farnsworth tells of a little band of gallant patriots, more dead than alive, who fight the Japs with a weapon they cannot combat. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation presents the best of THE BEST FROM YANK, our soldiers' own magazine—the repository of their diversified experiences, their gripes, and their astringent humor. This brilliant collection of G. I. writings, published this spring, established an immediate beachhead on the best-seller list.

Do You Know that...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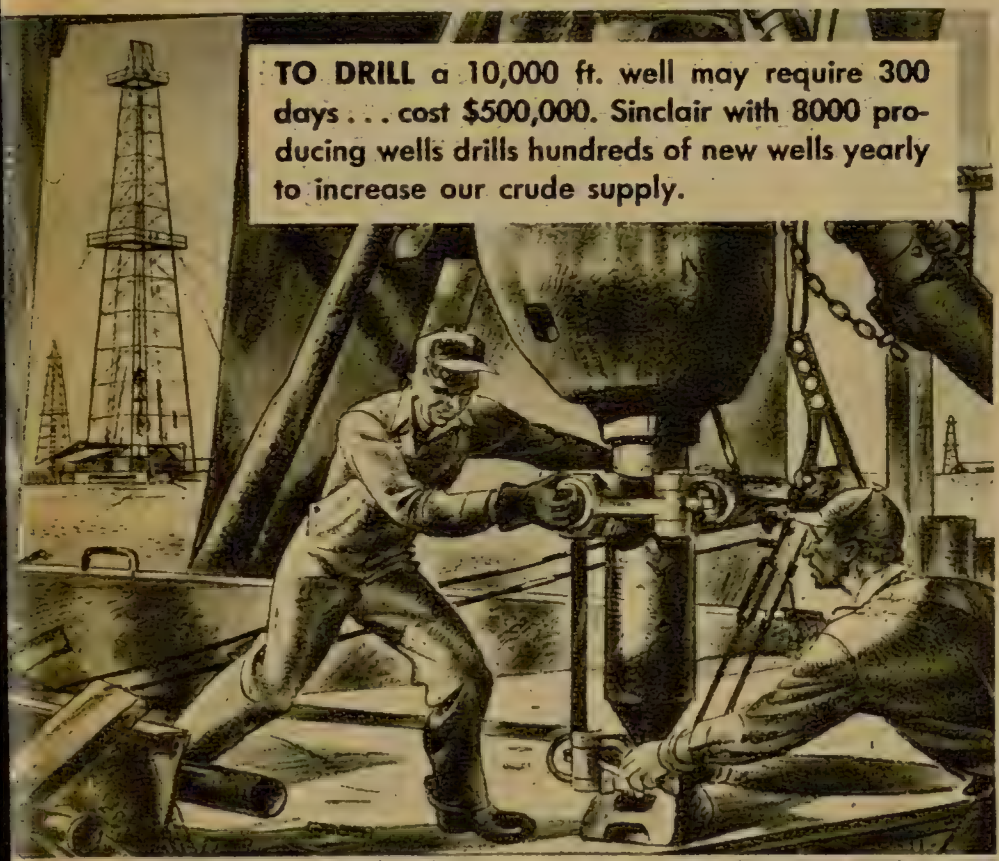
CROSS-COUNTRY FLYING BUS LINES
NEW YORK SPECIAL
RO-1128-Y

FLYING BUSES are not just a dream. Designers are at work on them. Whether or not they will look like this, Sinclair 100-octane gasoline or other Sinclair fuel will be ready to power them when they fly.



TO DRILL a 10,000 ft. well may require 300 days . . . cost $500,000. Sinclair with 8000 producing wells drills hundreds of new wells yearly to increase our crude supply.

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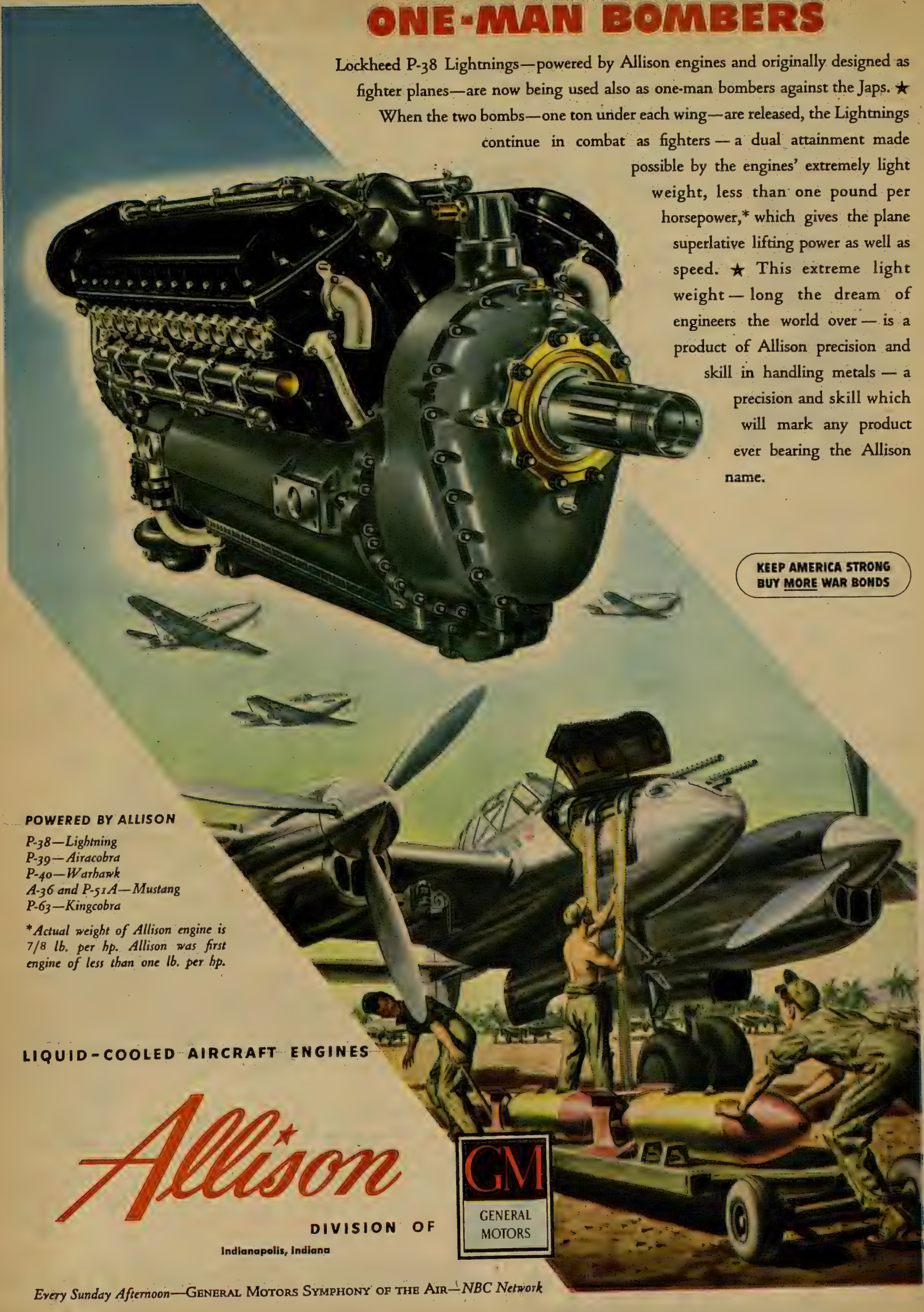
OVERHEATING can be due to lack of sufficient oil or a clogged air cleaner. Don't risk ruination of your motor. Have your car regularly serviced by your Sinclair Dealer.

Sinclair Refining Company

SINCLAIR

Sinclair's Post-war Program:

Better Products • Better Service



ONE-MAN BOMBERS

Lockheed P-38 Lightnings—powered by Allison engines and originally designed as fighter planes—are now being used also as one-man bombers against the Japs. ★ When the two bombs—one ton under each wing—are released, the Lightnings continue in combat as fighters — a dual attainment made possible by the engines' extremely light weight, less than one pound per horsepower,* which gives the plane superlative lifting power as well as speed. ★ This extreme light weight — long the dream of engineers the world over — is a product of Allison precision and skill in handling metals — a precision and skill which will mark any product ever bearing the Allison name.

KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
A-36 and P-51A—Mustang
P-63—Kingcobra

**Actual weight of Allison engine is 7/8 lb. per hp. Allison was first engine of less than one lb. per hp.*

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS

Indianapolis, Indiana

Every Sunday Afternoon—General Motors Symphony of the Air—*NBC Network*

An Army truck backs up into a Boeing C-97's fuselage. When loading is done, closing the doors will make the fuselage pressure-tight for high altitudes.

ON THE BEAM

Still another salute to Chennault; he's made a little stuff do a big job . . . Moscow to Washington in 36 hours . . . AACS is now world-wide

BY WAYNE PARRISH

WHEN it comes to using airplanes and ammunition economically, Major General Claire L. Chennault, commanding the Fourteenth Air Force in China, takes all the awards. He's been conducting an air war against the Japs for a long time now, and has had to scrape for every bit of equipment he has.

It is generally agreed that Chennault, who led the Flying Tigers before the United States entered the war officially, has done one of the really outstanding air jobs of the war.

Here is a recent performance: Certain units of the Fourteenth sank one ton of Japanese shipping for every 2.3 pounds of American bombs dropped and every 2.2 gallons of aviation gasoline consumed. These figures are based upon special operations from May 24, 1944, to February 28, 1945.

Incidentally, although it is still a task to get aviation gasoline into China because most of it is flown from India, you may be interested in knowing that production of 100-octane aviation gasoline by the United Nations is now more than 21,000,000 gallons daily. That's 500,000 barrels, and it's also a heap of gasoline.

These Guys Outstripped Patton!

It isn't only the men with the weapons who find themselves in the thick of battle in the type of mobile war that was fought in Europe. Here's a story of a mobile unit of the Army Airways Communication System in France which was assigned to serve Troop Carrier Command aircraft at advanced air strips back of General Patton's charging Third Army.

The unit was ordered to move up overnight to a new location. After fighting its way over roads jammed with military traffic, the crew finally dug in at the new location during the early morning hours. Engineers were due by daylight to clear the air strip for the C-47 transport planes which were being used to keep Patton's army supplied.

Daylight arrived and with it came whining shells and a stark revelation for the radio team. The men were a quarter of a mile ahead of Patton's tanks; were in the middle of a tank battle. And the strip on which they had camped was loaded with mines. All insist that they had a special guardian angel, for they survived the battle and Patton's tanks caught up with them during the day.

Record-Time Mission from Moscow

Major Ernest E. Dryer of Cleveland, a former American Airlines pilot, is one of the most envied men in the flying profession.

He is one of the few who can boast of having lowered his flying time from Moscow to the United States. Last February on a special mission he returned from Moscow in about fifty-six hours. On May 11-12 he flew via Scotland and Iceland from Moscow to Washington in the record time of thirty-five hours and thirty-five minutes. Not many American pilots have flown to Moscow even once, let alone twice.

Major Dryer is a first pilot of the Air Transport Command's famous Brass Hat Squadron, officially known as the 503d Base Unit of the A. A. F.

Even the flight record was only a part of his unusual trip. It started out as another special mission to ferry members of the U. S. Military Mission back to Moscow, but just as the plane was about to return to the United States, the European war began to fold rapidly and he was ordered to fly to Berlin from Moscow with Army officials to participate in acceptance of the final surrender of Germany. His was the first American plane to land at Berlin. Returning to Moscow, the plane was made ready to depart for America at 6 A. M., May 11. Here is the log of the flight:

By 3.25 P. M. on that same day, the plane arrived at Prestwick, Scotland. At 10 P. M., still the same day, it arrived at Iceland, and

(*Continued on page 15*)

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None better for cocktails . . . or drinking straight . . . Tiara, Sweet or Dry
TIARA PRODUCTS CO., INC.
New York, N. Y.

The tire that sprouts wings

A PLANE can't land like a bird, reducing its speed to zero as it comes to earth. The multi-ton transports and bombers you see today come in at 65 to 140 miles an hour.

In most cases, landing wheels are standing still when all this tonnage first hits the ground. So there's a jolt and a screech because, for a measurable period of time, the wheels can't turn fast enough to match the plane's speed. Tires are dragged, scuffed, burned.

Any engineer could think of the answer—make the wheels spin as the plane comes in. People even had a word for it —"prerotation." Yet no one found a way to make prerotation practical until B. F. Goodrich designed the tire above.

This tire has wing-like vanes on the sidewalls that open when the wheels are lowered for landing. B. F. Goodrich made the vanes flexible so they open at the bottom of the revolution, close at the top. The airstream pushing on these vanes causes a rate of spinning up to 80 per cent of the plane's airspeed.

This "simple" B. F. Goodrich device will increase tire life. It can save tons of rubber. Most important, prerotation lessens the shock of landing on the undercarriage. If airplanes grow beyond the super-bomber size, the latter feature will make prerotation a must.

The prerotation tire is another addition to a long list of developments . . . another example of the more-than-ordinary ability at B. F. Goodrich. You can be sure that B. F. Goodrich tires for passenger cars are built with the same care and "know how" that go into this new plane tire. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Aeronautical Division, Akron, Ohio.*

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

(Continued from page 13)

at 10.20 the next morning it was at Stephenville, Newfoundland. Flying nonstop from there to Washington, the plane arrived at 5.35 P. M.

In addition to Major Dryer the crew members of the history-making flight were: First Lieutenant Norman S. Portenoy of New York City (since promoted to captain), junior pilot; Captain Harold N. Learned of Oconomowoc, Wisconsin; Sergeant William G. Ledger of New York City, flight traffic clerk who was formerly a steward on Eastern Air Lines; Second Lieutenant Robert C. Farris of Newport, Maine, co-pilot; Staff Sergeant Robert J. Johnson of Wilmington, Delaware, radio operator; Technical Sergeant Marion L. Coleman of Hampton, Mississippi, engineer; Staff Sergeant Francis T. Barry of Madison, Wisconsin, assistant engineer.

Boy! Does the AACS Get Around!

So widespread around the world and so heavy is the air traffic that no fewer than 30,000 officers and enlisted personnel, including WACs, make up the global Army Airways Communication System (AACS) at no fewer than 1,000 locations on all continents.

This efficient unit of the Army operates and maintains all of the radio communications and navigational aids for all military airplanes starting with control towers at training fields in the United States and extending to the front lines. If all of the main AACS route navigational aids—the radio range and homing beacons—were to be installed at equal distances around the equator, an airplane flying this 25,000-mile course would pass over a radio range or homing beacon transmitter every eighty miles.

Just to give you an idea of the enormous volume of messages, more than 6,000,000 five-letter-word groups are filed over the AACS station-to-station circuits every day. This traffic consists of operational and weather messages. (Six million words is more than six times the number of words in the Holy Bible.) If each word of this traffic were cut on ticker tape, 1,400 miles of tape would be used daily.

Hon. Nips No Can See 'Em

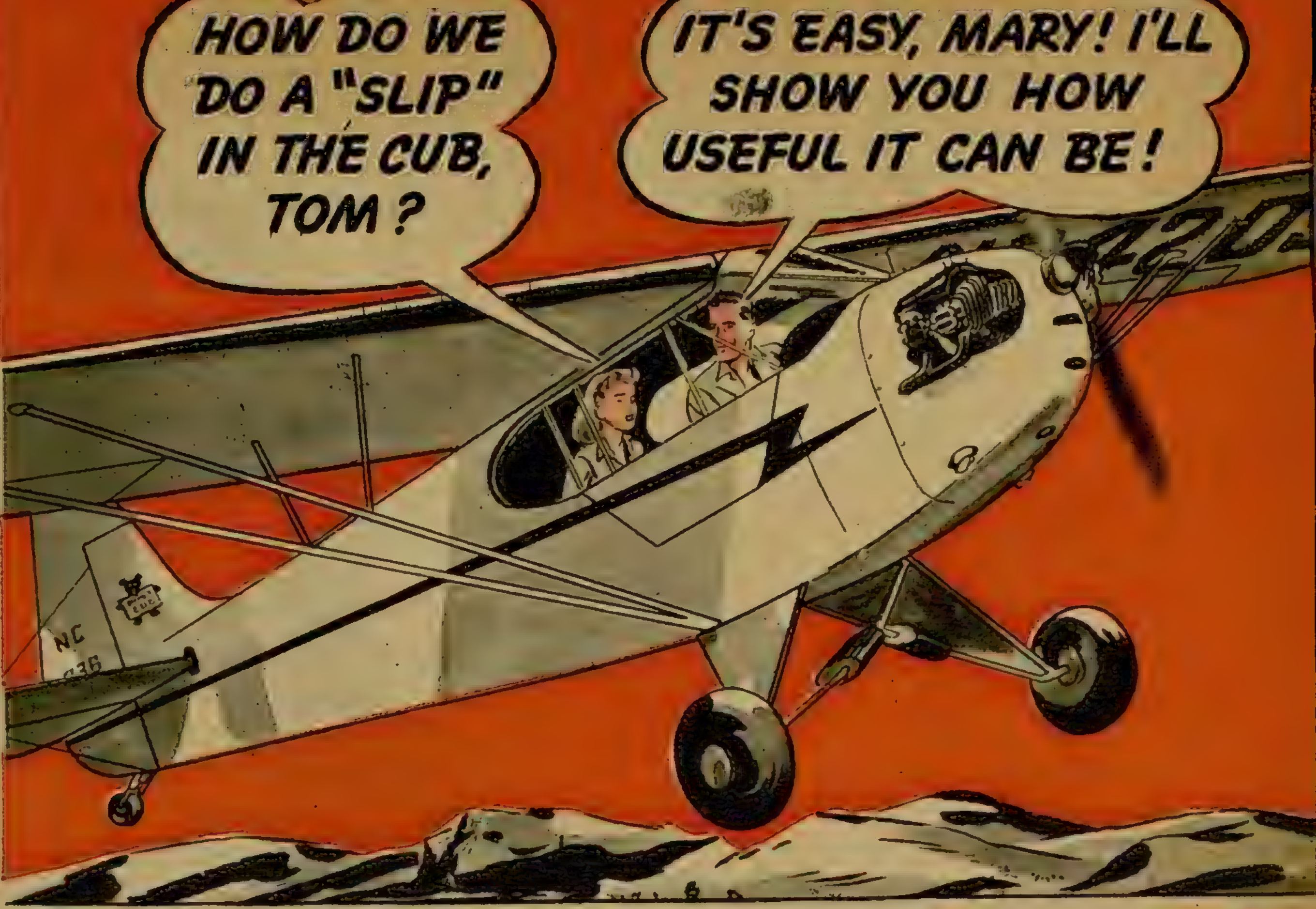
The Japs have had a hard time trying to capture one of our Northrop P-61 Black Widow night fighters. At this writing they haven't yet succeeded. Northrop believes one reason why the P-61 has been so successful in evading them is the special glossy black paint used to coat the entire plane. The twin-engined fighter is practically invisible in optically controlled searchlight beams, while the effectiveness of radar-controlled searchlights in finding it is reduced more than 50 per cent.

Here is the explanation: Drab paint or dull black scatters searchlight beams, so a plane is silhouetted. But this *shiny* paint reflects the light rays sharply back upon themselves. In technical terms, the shiny paint reflects a concentrated beam at mirror angle, with a high specular reflection and a minimum of diffusion.

At any rate, the Japs don't like it.

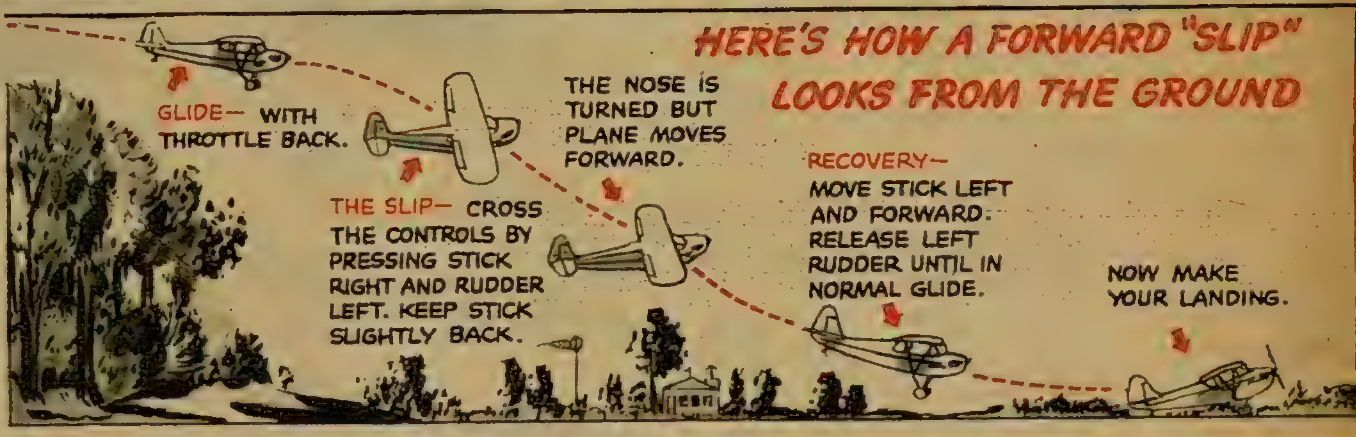
Transpacific Air Traffic

Out in the Pacific the volume of flying is picking up rapidly. Naval Air Transport Service now has fifteen flights daily from San Francisco to Honolulu, and eight flights daily from Honolulu to Guam and three additional flights to Manila. NATS has fifty planes in the air every minute, day and night. The Army's Air Transport Command has even more.


HOW DO WE DO A "SLIP" IN THE CUB, TOM?
IT'S EASY, MARY! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW USEFUL IT CAN BE!
NC

A "SLIP" LETS US LOSE ALTITUDE QUICKLY, WITHOUT GAINING SPEED—SO WE CAN LAND IN A SMALL SPACE.

TO LAND IN THIS SHORT FIELD, OVER THE TREES, WE'LL DO A FORWARD "SLIP"—THE MOST COMMON TYPE.


HERE'S HOW A FORWARD "SLIP" LOOKS FROM THE GROUND
GLIDE— WITH THROTTLE BACK.
THE NOSE IS TURNED BUT PLANE MOVES FORWARD.
THE SLIP— CROSS THE CONTROLS BY PRESSING STICK RIGHT AND RUDDER LEFT. KEEP STICK SLIGHTLY BACK.
RECOVERY— MOVE STICK LEFT AND FORWARD. RELEASE LEFT RUDDER UNTIL IN NORMAL GLIDE.
NOW MAKE YOUR LANDING.

THE PIPER CUB SURE GETS INTO SMALL FIELDS EASILY!
YES, IT WILL "LAND ON A DIME" BECAUSE OF ITS CONVENTIONAL THREE CONTROLS.

Get this "How to Fly" Booklet NOW!

This "How to Fly a Piper Cub" booklet contains over 50 step-by-step photos and descriptions, full-color pictures of Piper Cubs, color drawings of instrument panel and controls. For your copy, write Dept. LB75. Enclose 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling.

IS YOUR TOWN READY TO FLY? FREE booklet, "What Your Town Needs for the Coming Air Age," illustrates and describes various types of landing facilities, covers benefits, where to build and how to start. For your copy write Department LB75W.

NOTE: *This lesson and others that follow explain only the fundamentals. See your Piper Cub dealer for actual flying instructions. Write us for information on available films showing "How to Fly" and "The Construction of a Light Airplane."*

PIPER AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, LOCK HAVEN, PA.

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Points the Way to Wings for ALL Americans

SOMETIMES SHE WILL ASK YOUR HELP ON LONG DISTANCE

Most of the time Long Distance completes your calls while you remain at the telephone. Service generally is prompt and courteous and friendly. . . . But there are still occasions when some lines get overcrowded and people are waiting. Then the operator will ask your help by saying — "Please limit your call to 5 minutes."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Bing and four modest replicas—Gary, Dennis, Philip, and Lindsay. "I'd like to bum around more with them," he muses.

There's Only One Bing

By VICTOR BOESEN

The way Bing Crosby operates, you'd think he had a thirty-hour day. A close-up of an easygoing guy who's always out in front

THERE was some surprise in Hollywood this year when the film industry's Oscar for top acting craftsmanship by-passed the profounder talents of the cinema and went to Bing Crosby, whose acting is not exactly his best-known accomplishment.

Crosby never expects to consider himself an actor. The award which established him as one surprised nobody more than himself. It even challenged the famous Crosby imperturbability.

As he left for the award ceremonies after a broadcast, he had told wellwishers there was no chance for him. "I'm no actor," he said, "but Hope's em-ceeing the thing and maybe we can get some chuckles."

When the blow fell, Bing remarked to friends, with genuine perplexity, "This thing is supposed to be for acting. I'm no actor; I'm just a stale crooner. Why the hell do they want to give it to a stale crooner?"

None too energetic by nature, he never seemed destined to set the world on fire. When he set out from Spokane's Gonzaga University in a Model T Ford some twenty years ago, giving up school and a night job as law clerk, his main idea was to make his way in music. Having been star performer in a group of campus musicians, he knew that this field suited him better than law.

It did indeed. The easygoing youth with the bland blue eyes and new singing style, who was christened Harry Lillis Crosby but became "Bing" through his childhood cries in games of cops and robbers, emerged as one of the best loved personalities of our time. He is today probably the most widely known living American, familiar by face or voice wherever people see movies or hear radio. If there is a typical American in foreign eyes, it's doubtless Bing Crosby.

A millionaire himself, he has made a lot of money for others. His movies alone are estimated to have earned two hundred million dollars. No Crosby picture has ever lost money, and in none has he failed to introduce a song that became a hit. For fifteen unbroken years he has been one of the top ten at the movie box office. His records rescued a recording company from bankruptcy and made it prosper. In radio,

"I'm no actor; I'm just a stale crooner." So he got the Academy Award.

many of his supporting performers have gone on to shows of their own.

Now forty-one and—he insists—fat, bald, homely, and untalented, he should be nearing the point of diminishing popularity. Instead, his stock is higher than ever. Witness the time he came back from his first entertainment tour of military installations in Europe and walked into a press conference, smoking his pipe and humming a tune. The eighty-five hard-bitten reporters, to whom celebrities were old stuff, paid him an unprecedented tribute. They stood up and applauded.

CROSBY stands at the top of the heap in about every phase of show business he has tackled. To the old master the threat of able new singers like Johnnie Johnston and Sinatra has been so much bird shot against a Sherman tank.

Besides being tagged the best movie actor of 1944, he was named tops at box office and microphone by the country's movie exhibitors and 600 radio editors. In another magazine poll, the nation's musicians and popular-music fans gave him first place with half again as many votes as Sinatra, the runner-up. A few weeks ago Bing was awarded the G. I. Oscar as the favorite male performer among soldiers in eight theaters of operation polled by the Army Pictorial Service.

His fan mail requires four boxes at the Paramount Studios, in contrast to the usual one. Hardly a day's radio fare passes without some reference to Crosby. His name keeps bobbing up in allusions to his voice, his clothes, his family, Sinatra, or his singularly languid race horses.

Song publishers name Crosby in their prayers, for a new tune embellished once or twice by his smooth phrasing is almost certain to go over. When Crosby sings a tune on his Thursday-night broadcast, orders in 20,000 lots pour in on the delighted publishers by Friday morning.

Fighting men have named weapons for him. "Crosby's Curse" is a bomber in the Pacific. "Big Bing" was a Flying Fortress with the Eighth Air Force in Europe. "Bing's Bang Tail" would have been a B-29 but for the death in action of the pilot who personally asked Crosby for the right to use that name.

Until the B-29s started dropping so many "technical disturbances beyond their control," even the Japanese used to broadcast his recordings, as on last Christmas Eve, when Radio Tokyo beamed him back to the western United States in Silent Night.

Through all this, Bing has acted like a man who's constantly being mistaken for someone important and supposes that sooner or later people will realize their error. He has never become arty. He doesn't "make an appearance," but says merely, "I have to go and sing some songs at 'em." He keeps old friends; gatherings in his home include the same faces that were there fifteen years ago.

He can spot a phony a mile away downwind, and he likes the direct approach. A stranger once waylaid him as he emerged from a radio studio. "I am from the New York Times," said the stranger, excusing himself. "I should like to talk to you in your home."

"Sure," said Bing. "When would you like to come?"

Ordinarily, such an interviewer would be convoyed by press agents from the movie studio, the radio station, a man from the sponsor's advertising agency, and sundry other retainers who would have taken a month to set up the interview for him.

In music, as in acting, Crosby again sells himself short. Music houses send him scores of recordings daily, along with printed copies of the lyrics. He plays these through, listening carefully, and repeating those that catch his ear, but he still won't bet his judgment against the public fancy. It never occurs to him that the public conceivably shapes its fancy to his. Consequently, almost the only songs he introduces are those written for his pictures. Although he likes all music, his favorite form is not vocal but violin.

Crosby holds himself in little better esteem as a singer than as an actor. Actually, by technical standards, he is unusually good. One authority for that is Jimmy Van Heusen, who, with Johnny Burke, wrote the Oscar-winning music for Going My Way in his spare time between testing P-38 Lightnings for Lockheed. "It's a fallacy that he has to sing in the low ranges," Van Heusen avers. "He has tremendous range. He can hit F, which is good even for Tibbett. He is really more of a singer than a crooner."

CROSBY has a phenomenal ear for music and a remarkable memory for tunes, but he has trouble remembering lyrics. Servicemen asking for a number get a big laugh when Bing hunts it down in his lyric book before he can start singing.

In emergencies he can ad lib lyrics without displacing a note. There are extant a few prized platters in which Bing's hasty improvisations reveal not only a singular skill but a remarkable gift for robust expression.

Oddly, his bad memory for song lyrics does not extend to movie scripts, which he masters almost at a glance. He gets each day's three or four pages of shooting from the script girl as he arrives on the set in the morning, sweeps through them a couple of times, and has them cold.

This and his unshakable serenity are continuing marvels to those who know him. When fire destroyed his spacious home in San Fernando Valley, consuming irreplaceable mementos, he joked about "keeping the home fires burning" on his radio show a night or two later.

It's lucky that Crosby can cut swiftly through time-killing chores, for he is involved in enough activities and enterprises to drive a less self-possessed man to distraction. Those who have basked directly or indirectly in the warmth of his popularity are numbered in the thousands. He is the mainspring of an involved economic organism.

Besides his own and innumerable guest appearances in radio and his movie work at Paramount, he is now producing his own pictures. The first Bing Crosby production. The Great John L., a tale of the famous prize fighter, stars Greg McClure, an inexperienced unknown. Bing picked him, to the near apoplexy of his associates, because McClure made a more "credible" Sullivan than someone better known.

War working keeps him stepping. Besides his overseas trips, he makes morale films, and speaks, sings, and plays exhibition golf for bond sales. He takes part in most of the Command Performance and Mail Call shows, specially recorded for the men overseas.

In partnership with his brother Larry, he is operating an aluminum foundry at Puente, California, making castings for North American and Douglas planes. He retired from horse racing early in the war, and converted his Del-Mar Turf Club near San Diego into a war plant, producing wing ribs for bombers.

The Crosby Research Foundation, another Bing & Larry venture, is a clearing-house for inventors' ideas. Set up soon after Pearl Harbor on the ground floor of their own Hollywood office building, the place has examined some 30,000 items and ideas ranging from vitamins and weather-forecasting methods to parachute releases and "crawling" bombs. Out of about 200 accepted, fifteen or twenty have been used in the war.

The North Hollywood Marching and Chowder Club Clambake Follies is a vaudeville undertaking for servicemen in camp. For variety and endurance it matches vaudeville at its historic best. It comprises two units of twelve acts each, drawn from a bank of seventy-five, with a running time of three hours and with Bing or Larry as master of ceremonies.

This venture began three years ago, before Hollywood mobilized under its Victory Committee to entertain the men in uniform. Its immediate inspiration was a squadron of lonely flying men stationed at California's Muroc Dry Lake, off the USO circuit.

One day the commanding officer, determined to break the monotony for his men, came to Hollywood to see if he could round up some entertainers. He recognized William Frawley on the street, and explained what his problem was. "See Bing," said Frawley.

Shortly a caravan headed by Crosby was on its way to the desert outpost. The show was staged behind an airplane revetment in a howling wind and sandstorm, but no more appreciative audience ever gathered. When the squadron later went to Alaska and the Aleutians, Crosby kept it supplied with phonographs and recordings.

BING'S vaudeville shows are wholly a private undertaking, financed by himself from the charity fund that he created out of earnings from his Silent Night recording.

Also, when he has a free moment he and his four young sons, Gary, twelve; the twins, Philip and Dennis, eleven; and Lindsay, seven, go off unannounced to some service hospital or military installation within quick reach and stage an impromptu song-and-dance act.

With all this, the incredible Bing manages to keep an eye on a cattle ranch in Argentina, of which he is part owner; a 1,000-acre cattle ranch in Nevada; range land in Wyoming; and a couple of business properties in Los Angeles. Sort of casually, he owns stock in five music-publishing firms.

While nearly every member of Bing's family is helping him run his affairs, he has delegated no plenipotentiary powers. Larry handles public relations and brother Everett looks after business interests, but their decisions are subject to Bing's approval and signature.

Equally contrary to Hollywood protocol is Bing's attitude toward Sinatra. While the columnists and radio people were breaking their necks to engender a feud, Bing persisted in showing a dismaying friendship for Frankie, whom he has known a long time. Affectionately calling him "Muscles," Crosby distressed the feud promoters by having Sinatra on his radio show and entering a New York night club with him arm in arm.

This last was especially annoying, for Bing rarely hits the glitter joints, avoiding them as he avoids public light on his private life. He seldom figures in the town's small talk, and never mouths the pilfered wit often planted by publicity men or gossip columnists.

Nevertheless he is sharper in high-speed repartee—and that without a script—than most of those who make a point of it. His exchanges with Hope on the overseas recordings make the prepared gags sound like "straight" lines. To him and Hope, a script is something that they hold in their hands.

When they work together in a picture, a million dollars in laughs is lost on the studio walls daily. The set is in recurrent uproar.

However, Bing presents none of the usual problems to a director. He never blows a line or tries to take over direction.

His favorite place is home, and he regrets that he has so little time to spend there. About the only time he sees his sons is at breakfast.

"I'd like to bum around with them some more," he muses. "I want to see if they're growing up to be nice fellows or a bunch of heels. They're bringing home good report cards and their mother says they're behaving, but a guy can fool his mother; he can't fool his old man."

While Bing may depreciate himself, his offspring plainly disagree with him. On the night when he came home with the Academy award, Philip presented him with a plaque he had fashioned from molding clay.

On it he had inscribed in a childish etching: The Philip Crosby Award. Bing rates that one ahead of the Oscar.

When he can, he and the boys and Mrs. Crosby attend night games of the Hollywood All-Star baseball team. This and golf, which he plays with professional skill, are his favorite relaxations. His drinking is social and conservative.

Despite the demands on his time, he is one of Hollywood's best-informed citizens on current affairs. Among other newspapers, he reads a Mexico City daily printed in Spanish, a language which he reads and speaks fluently.

THE scope and variety of Bing's enterprises have brought him thousands of diverse acquaintances, with all of whom he's equally at home. In the morning he can be talking lefty with horse-track characters; at noon, discussing range conditions with a convention of cattlemen; and toward evening, balancing teacups with society.

But few are really close to him. Even Hope is not one of his intimates, though the two have been friends since Hope was an obscure master of ceremonies and Bing a member of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys.

Foremost among the two or three in his confidence, one of whom is Johnny Burke, is a little ex-Russian New Yorker named Barney Dean. About five feet tall even in

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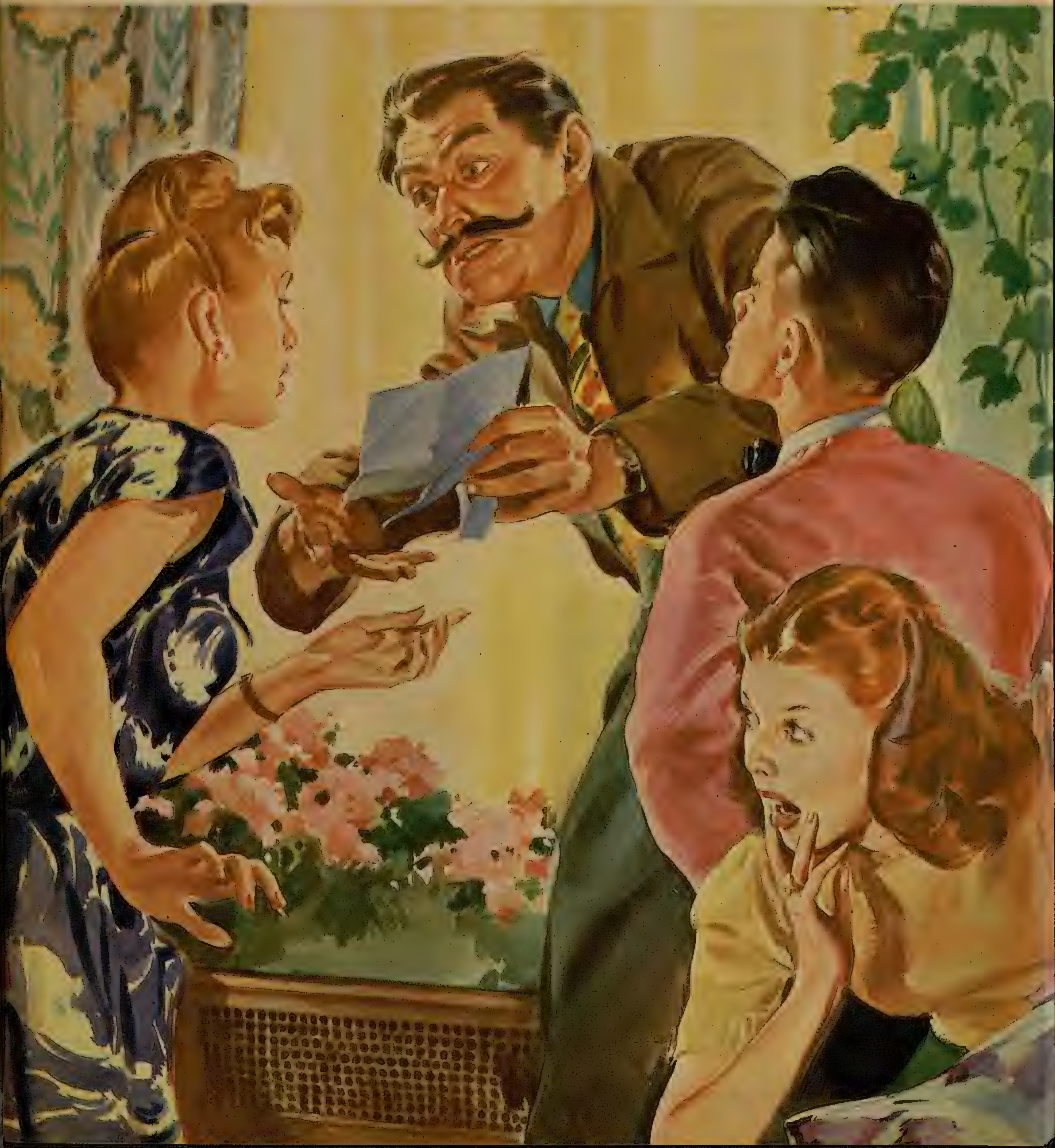
The Crosby imperturbability is legend. On a Paramount set the Racing Form has more appeal than Dottie Lamour's.

The guy refuses to take himself seriously, as evident in this act with Droop-snoot Hope and Muscles Sinatra.

When fifteen-year-old Eunice answered a lonely-heart ad, love began busting out all over the Hale household. It took some pretty aggressive action by Mums to quiet things down

Love



and Let Love

BY LYNN MONTROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

IT was a quiet Sunday afternoon at 18 Winthrop Parkway. Two radios went full blast, though both were being generally ignored. One poured dance music into the living room, where Eunice entertained two boys from her class in junior high. The other seemed to be scolding Mums personally in the sunroom, for the correspondent just back from the Pacific had a low opinion of the home front.

". . . After sharing the hardships of our boys on tropical islands, I return to find some Americans apparently unaware that the country is still at war. . . ."

Mums started guiltily. She interrupted the letter she had been writing to Michael, her eldest, an eighteen-year-old naval-training recruit. But further reproofs were choked off by Peter, aged eleven, who had just sighted the foe.

He lay stretched out among the funny papers on the floor, his eyes narrowed in cold and deadly concentration. Then, as he pressed the button of an imaginary tail gun, both radios were extinguished by a hideous vocal imitation of fifty-caliber slugs ripping their way through a snarling Zero.

"Good Lord!" came a moan from the adjoining den, where Jeffrey Hale wrestled with those problems of priorities which concern the production manager of a small war plant. "Can't you do something, Alicia, to stop that ghastly din?"

"I'll try, Jeff," she said with unfelt sweetness. At that moment Eunice sang out from the living room:

"Oh, Mums?"

"Yes, dear."

"Can I—*may* I go for a walk with Bruce and Edward?"

Eunice tripped into the sunroom, as usual taking her mother's consent for granted. After moistening their lips, the two boys murmured with vague politeness, "H'lo, Mis' Hale."

As she acknowledged the greeting, Mums became overwhelmingly aware of Edward's shoes. They were buckskin brogues, known in junior-high circles as swingeroos, and on their pallid surfaces had been inscribed legends in ink: Landing Craft, Infantry! A Kiss for Tojo! Bring Your Own Plasma!

Intellectually, of course, Mums preferred Bruce's neat tan oxfords. She thought of Bruce as the Glossy Boy because of the high lights given off by his sincerely scrubbed countenance. Yet it couldn't be denied that the Tattooed Boy's shoes had a lively fascination.

"We thought," said Eunice virtuously, "that some fresh air would do us good."

It seemed fantastic that a secret lurked behind those violet eyes. But Mums had reason to suspect that Eunice was carrying on a clandestine correspondence—she had been too interested in the mailman's calls for a week. Perhaps it was only some adolescent fan letter, but one couldn't help thinking of newspaper stories about teen-age girls in wartime.

As if this weren't worry enough, both radios now paused for a portentous announcement. The decision came straight from Washington, and it meant that whole phalanxes of unused ration points would be null and void at midnight.

Mums sighed. She tore up the page written to Michael, promising him walnut fudge in his next package. And on a new sheet Mums began calculating as to how she could stretch seven pounds of sugar over the next sixteen days.

Strangers were genuinely surprised to learn that anyone so youthful could have a son in the Navy. Yet Mums felt old this afternoon while watching the three children through the window. They scuffled like puppies in the suburban street; then their sudden assumption of poise was as startling as the silk hat donned by a half-clad barbarian.

IN turn, Fifteen glanced across the gulf of years and envied Forty. It must be wonderful, Eunice sometimes thought, to have reached the age of comfort in which you were sheltered from all doubt, confusion, and emotion.

"If *they* only knew!" she exclaimed.

The two boys realized at once that she referred to parents. Parents were people whose lack of understanding was exceeded only by an unfortunate display of solicitude at the wrong moments.

"If only they *knew!*" Eunice sighed again.

Now that she was out of Mums' sight, Eunice began to create. Her eyes dilated, and her soft mouth became tragic.

"I couldn't tell you in the house," she said, "but I—may not be here for the Junior Prom."

That little pause and catch in the voice were effective. All the movie and radio actresses used it. "I may be—gone," she said, letting an even longer pause intervene.

The Junior Prom—though the teachers considered that name pretentious—was the spring dance given in the high-school gym to incoming graduates of junior high. As a girl's first official date, it was important. Eunice had decided on Bruce (with Edward in reserve), but as yet he had maintained the bashful reticence which was his appeal.

"Gone?" asked Edward blankly. "Where are you going?"

"Please, Edward!" she said. Of course she addressed herself to Edward, since it was Bruce she really had in mind. "I'm interested in someone."

From her oversize felt bag she produced a snapshot. The subject wore a strange uniform covered with ribbons, and his fierce black gaze looked out with arrogance.

"This," said Eunice grammatically, "is he."

She plunged again into the chaos of her bag and emerged with a letter. For a week she had been in a torment of suspense, but luckily it had arrived when Mums was busy with war work. Naturally Eunice saw no good reason for informing the boys that she had answered a lonely-heart ad in Celestine's (the cook's) matrimonial journal, enclosing an old snapshot of Mums.

It was enough that Bruce's homely face at last registered painful anxiety. "Why, he's a foreigner! And he's old—he must be nearly thirty."

"He is—mature," Eunice corrected gently. "And foreign men are so distinguished, especially soldiers."

"Anyhow, I bet the letter isn't to *you*."

"It is so!" She exhibited her own name and address on the envelope. Then she held up the first page until scrawled passages met the eye:

". . . I am Albanian officer come to this country after four years with gorilla forces battling Fascists in the Balkans . . . no Trifler and hope some nice American girl could learn to appreciate me . . . wounded twicet and decorated for Bravvery . . . will inheret money from the Old Country."

Eunice braced herself against a torrent of protests. Bashful reticence could scarcely hold out against this letter, yet Bruce looked away. It had been a problem to have Edward always hanging around, and what the heck could a guy do against the unfair competition of a foreign uniform? The springtime grass and leaves swam in a green mist before his eyes as he fought for control while staring at the other side of the street. But even clenching his teeth and fists was not enough—Bruce turned, stumbled, and walked rapidly in the opposite direction.

ON Monday morning Mums suspected anew that ten-hour days at the plant were not improving her husband's disposition. After inquiring as to her war-work schedule, he remarked with irony, "It's been a nice Sunday visit. And I'll drop you a post card if we don't see each other again before Thursday."

Mums relied on the soothing influence of coffee for Jeff, but no sooner had it been poured than he pointed indignantly out the window.

"Just look, Alicia!" he cried, and at that moment the dark and mysterious stranger entered her life.

The fellow seemed harmless enough at a glance. A big puzzled workman with a foreign-looking mustache, he had stopped his jaloppy to peer at houses on either side of the street. Nevertheless something about him aroused Jeff's wrath.

"Last week," he declared, "we lost two good mechanics to larger war plants. I can't even hire a Civil War veteran at a dollar an hour to rake the lawn—yet here's a human powerhouse *loafing* in front of my own home! Very likely he's made enough money to buy a house on this street and retire."

A second cup of coffee restored harmony when the intruder departed. But after the marital good-by kiss, Mums realized that

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Ahmed's eyes were not glittering in rage —they were seeing visions of police interference. He decided to tell everything.

QUANDARY IN THE PACIFIC

The Philippines, soon to become independent, have taken an awful pummeling from the Japs. Our Secretary of the Interior asks: Can they stand alone? And what does it mean if they can't?

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL, ACME

The only going concern in the islands today is the U. S. Army, which is giving the people a start toward a new life by aiding reconstruction.

THE Philippine Islands will become a completely independent nation within a year or so—by July 4, 1946, if not sooner. They will have no more political ties to the United States than has Great Britain, Canada, or Mexico. The question tormenting thoughtful minds everywhere is: What lies ahead for the Philippine Islands?

Their independence will represent an end which the Filipinos have sought for years. Many of us in the United States view the granting of independence with pride. It means that we have made good on a promise and confounded the cynics who, for years after the Spanish-American War, were loud in their predictions that we would never let go of a land we had acquired by force of arms.

It would seem that once the islands were independent, the United States would no longer have to look after them or solve their problems. Many in the United States have had this attitude toward the Philippines, like the righteous parent who brings up his child the best way he knows how, and when the child reaches his majority, leads him forth into the world and says, "You're on your own now."

Most people will readily grant that in more than one respect this has been the attitude of the United States, which is not to say that the United States has not been a good parent. We have provided the Philippines with a better education than most colonies. We have seen to it that the Filipino people were healthy, and we have given the islands a liberal allowance in terms of trade preferences and governmental expenditures.

The gallantry and bravery of those Filipinos who fought side by side with the Americans on Bataan and Corregidor and later as guerrillas, the utter failure of the Japanese to win the Filipinos over to the "Greater Asia Sphere of Co-Prosperity," and a thousand acts of heroism in defense of the United States, all prove that the Filipinos regarded us as more than merely a good parent.

To many of us in the United States it has been entirely reasonable to view the Philippine Islands as a growing young man whom we were grooming to take his place in the world. But training a boy to take his place in a community of his own people is different from training a country to take its place in a community of nations. Pearl Harbor and subsequent events should have brought that fact home to us.

The difference lies in the fundamental fact that within a nation such as the United States, all men are equal in the eyes of the law. The law protects the physically weak from the strong and the predatory, and the poor have some minimum of protection against the more favorably situated.

But within the community of nations which inhabit this earth and in the concept of the law of nations, all nations are not equal. There is no law that throws a benevolent cloak of protection over the weak or the poor nations of the earth. Hence the small nations have learned to choose protectors, if they wish to avoid being stepped on or crushed or gobbled up by the stronger countries. This, I suspect, will always be true until we have a strong and firm international organization which will provide a law of nations under which all will in fact be equal.

Eleven years ago, when this nation authorized the granting of independence to the Philippine Islands in 1946, we overlooked this fundament of national life. The Filipinos overlooked it. I believe many of us in both countries were thinking of Filipino independence in the simple terms of family life in a community of law and order.

Now, however, both countries have come to grips with reality. They have recognized for the first time that life among nations and under the law of nations differs materially from family life in a lawful community. As recently as June, 1944, Congress authorized the United States to acquire and retain such land, sea, and air bases as may be deemed necessary for the mutual protection of the Philippines and the United States. The Filipinos not only welcomed this authorization; they sought it.

Probably our War and Navy Departments will take full advantage of this authorization. Even now they are using the Philippines as a base for future operations against the enemy in southeast Asia, China, and Japan. It seems obvious, even to the layman, that U. S. military and naval authorities will want to use the Philippines extensively as a springboard for future operations.

It is just as obvious that we must keep these bases in the Far East after the war if we are to keep the peace in the Pacific. Without the presence of U. S. military forces in this area, it is reasonable to assume that the Philippines within a comparatively few years might again be in danger of invasion.

To keep military bases in the Philippines requires more than merely installing armaments and staffing forts and fleets. These fleets and other installations must be supplied with foodstuffs and other material. It is fundamental that military operations would be hampered unless there were in the Philippines genuine law and order, not the sort enforced by bayonets, but the popular expression of a government made stable by a people equipped with the necessities of life.

THERE is a second reason why the Philippines must have a stable economy. The prestige of the United States in the Pacific and the Far East depends not only upon the presence in that area of our armed forces, but also upon successful operation of the independence we propose to grant. An independence which resulted in decay of the islands' economy, a lowered standard of living, and increased unemployment would seriously impair the standing of the United States in that area.

Thus we should try to foresee what may happen in the Philippines after independence is granted. With the remnants of the Japanese armies still being hunted down in the hills of Luzon, many bad situations persist in the Philippines. The private economy of the country has been disrupted by the Japanese occupation and their wanton destruction. Nearly every local bank, every local insurance company, every building-and-loan society is practically bankrupt. The same is true of all, or nearly all, the locally financed wholesale and retail stores, shops, utilities, sawmills, mines, and light industries, including the hundred or more such enterprises owned by resident Americans interned for three years by the Japanese.

The Philippine government's sources of revenue have been dried up. In the most favorable circumstances it will take at least three years to restore the bases of taxation which furnished the local and central governments most of their income. Even with strict economy, Commonwealth funds now on hand would run a normal government for less than a year. The Commonwealth public debt has reached the ceiling prescribed by the Congress of the United States. The Commonwealth has managed to pay the interest on the debt, but not since the islands were invaded has it contributed to the sinking funds as required by law. However, there is one bright spot: The full dollar monetary reserves required for the issuance of currency are on deposit in the U. S. Treasury.

Physically the islands are in bad shape. Much of Manila has been reduced to rubble and cinders. Zamboanga is leveled. Large portions of Cebu and Iloilo were destroyed in 1942. It is feared, and our fears are being borne out, that the retreating enemy may raze other cities and market towns in the islands.

Since the Philippines include more than 100 important islands, their economy was especially dependent upon interisland shipping, and probably more than 90 per cent of the interisland ship tonnage has been sunk. Most of the locomotives and rolling stock of the railroad have been destroyed. Virtually all important bridges have been blown up. Highways in the wake of battle have been churned to mud. The enemy has used churches, schoolhouses, town halls, and other public buildings as redoubts, which have had to be destroyed as the campaign progressed.

Normally the Commonwealth spent more than a fourth of its entire income on education. Now for nearly three years all schoolchildren have been denied education. Unless this condition is remedied, the next census will show a marked increase in illiteracy. To cope for a single year with this lag in instruction would take more than is left in the general fund plus all the probable tax collections.

This is but one phase of the deterioration in social conditions. The war in the Philippines has also taken a terrific toll in housing, sanitation, and public health.

The Philippines economy has been built chiefly on trade with the United States. Without this trade the standard of living in the Philippines, incomparably higher than in surrounding Asiatic countries, would never have reached its prewar levels.

As a matter of fact, the whole economy of the country, including many sources of government revenue, is geared to this trade. The war, of course, ended this overseas business abruptly.

But even before the Japanese attack the United States was preparing to curb its trade with the islands. The McDuffie-Tydings Act of 1934 provided for setting up an interim commonwealth government to last ten years, and during the latter five years it was hoped to wean Philippine economy away from dependence upon the United States. Beginning in 1940, and increasing each year, a percentage of the normal U. S. tariff charges was to be borne by Philippine goods exported to the United States. By 1946 these assessments were to amount to 25 per cent of the normal charges.

WITH independence, the full force of the U. S. tariff was to bear on the islands' exports to us. Later amendments somewhat modified the interim charges, but the reductions were ineffective due to the Japanese occupation. Thus, as it now stands, the Philippines, upon independence, must immediately be subject to our full tariff, with no period of preparation worthy of the name.

The life line of Philippine economy has been free trade with the United States. Without it, the islands would not have been able to bear the heavy shipping costs across the Pacific. With the additional tariff charges which independence will bring, it may prove cheaper for the United States to establish new sources of supply nearer home. The war has already forced us to do this in the cases of several essential commodities.

A few examples will show what the end of free trade would mean to the Philippine Islands. The islands' most important export is sugar. Their sugar exports to the United States accounted for approximately one eighth of the Philippine national income. The normal tariff charge on sugar coming to the United States would completely halt all Philippine shipments; probably not a ton would move.

The Philippine Islands will lose in yet another way under the McDuffie-Tydings Act. The United States now collects three cents a pound from processors of Philippine coconut oil and remits this tax to the islands' government. In prewar years this tax amounted to one fourth of the government's revenue. Without it, either new sources of revenue must be found in a probably declining economy, or government services will have to be reduced proportionately. Such a cut would inevitably affect education and public-health work in the islands.

Moreover, under the normal processing tax, coconut oil would have to pay five cents a pound, in competition with palm kernel oil on which the duty is three cents

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From such tin shacks Filipinos must make a start toward international housekeeping.

The main objective of U. S. postwar housing plans is the eradication of slums like this one in Athens, Ga.

What's Ahead in Housing?

By SIDNEY SHALETT

Millions want new homes, better apartments. Nobody wants slums. Here's the authoritative prospect of how we'll get the one and get rid of the other

READING the collective mind of Mr. and Mrs. America would probably reveal that their first material goal is a decent place to live.

They have paid dizzy taxes and bought war bonds, but the war has still furnished them with cash enough to buy, build or rent, and they are heartily sick of battling with landlords or paying inflated prices for deflated real-estate values. There's a tremendous building boom ahead, as soon as the shackles come off.

Applying clairvoyance again to what the country considers its No. 1 social problem, the answer probably would be slums. In Washington, the blueprints are already being drawn for a proposed postwar attack on slums. National Housing Agency officials, who hope to serve as generals in this benign war, view slum clearance as both the eradication of a disgrace and a bulwark against a postwar economic slump.

Now that we are concentrating on a single war, it would be great to report that the green light had flashed for better housing, and that a definite program of slum eradication was in the cards. But the slum-clearance program still faces many knotty obstacles. And John Q. Citizen, his heart set on putting some of his savings into a trim little "dream bungalow" by the spring of 1946, is going to have to wait. The anticipated flood of private building is likely to be only a ripple in the immediate months.

The NHA estimates that nonfarm families alone need 16,100,000 units of new housing between 1946 and 1955. It would be satisfied if 12,600,000 could be built in that period, at the rate of 1,260,000 a year—half for new families or those now "doubling up," and the rest for this nation's 7,000,000 slum dwellings or those headed that way. Actually, it will be surprising if more than 300,000 to 400,000 houses and apartment units are built by private industry during the coming twelve months, and twice that figure in the following year. How much can be done

7,000,000 families live like these slum dwellers of Atlanta.

This is the same site in Athens. Government and private builders can work like miracles all over the land.

through public housing, with Congress holding the purse strings, remains to be seen.

Both NHA and the War Production Board would like to remove all barriers to private construction now that Germany is licked and our war requirements eased somewhat. But lumber is still the bottleneck, and the Army and Navy are taking staggering quantities of it for their Pacific requirements. Nor are necessary equipment and appliances available in anything like adequate amounts.

Naturally there has been a great deal of drum-beating about the exciting prospects of postwar housing, including a rash of extravaganzas on the glass-walled, electrified, hot-and-cold-running dream house. So the reading public could be forgiven its impression that a mechanized division of bulldozers will rumble forth on the morning after V-J Day, ready to rip down all our slums, and that dream houses will start pouring from the yards and factories that once produced Liberty ships and tanks.

But the public should realize by now that no overnight miracles are going to be worked—for either the prospective home builder or the ill-housed "third of a nation." As for dream houses, they're coming—definitely. But many of the wonderful gadgets and materials you read about in the Sunday supplements exist only on the drawing boards—if there—or have yet to be perfected and proved.

Probably the prospective home builder wants most to know when his dream house is actually going to materialize. In the opinion of C. W. Farrier, technical director of the National Housing Agency, it will be at least ten years before the "dream house" era is in full swing.

Farrier and Abner H. Ferguson, Federal Housing Administration commissioner, agree on what the building industry needs most: not solar-heated bedrooms nor electrically purified atmosphere, but reduced construction costs. Most authorities insist local communities should outlaw the archaic building codes. Such codes force home builders to pay for special materials which benefit only the companies that sell them. To revise these codes radically may hurt a lot of established interests. But if we are to have large-scale and economical building—which means better housing for numberless citizens—then they must be re-examined and sharply pruned, Farrier asserts.

They all need the model units that were erected there.

This is not to say that improved building techniques won't be available immediately after the war. One device ready now is prefabrication, potentially capable of saving millions of dollars. Also some improved household equipment can be made ready for the market in a hurry. But these won't add up to the dream houses of the Sunday supplements.

PREFABRICATION, which will mean the delivery in sections of houses already stamped out of steel, plastics, or plywood and ready for assembly, is an accomplished fact. It has been used in building about 200,000 units of war housing—both individual homes and multiple units, many of them permanent. Some prefabricated units are extremely attractive. In fact, it's hard to tell them from conventionally built houses except for a certain standardization of pattern, but that is found in the "tailor-made" home, too.

Incidentally, this sameness can be minimized by slight variations in exteriors. For that matter, a prefabricated house can be designed to specifications, just as the owner has always gone to an architect and dictated his desires. You won't have to order your cottage—or mansion—out of a catalogue just because it's a "prefab."

Encouragingly enough, several hundred operators throughout the country are already interested in the prefab field. Among them are some small-scale building geniuses with sensational but workable ideas, and some of these men are already getting encouraging nods from big corporations with plenty of capital to invest. Others keeping a sharp eye peeled include established manufacturers now building war houses, gliders, aircraft fuselages, ingenious packing crates, and dozens of other

(Continued on page 77)

Wahoo and the Thousand-Pounder

Riding a wild horse may seem like a useless talent aboard a CVE, but Wahoo's knowledge came in awfully handy the day the thousand-pound bomb got loose on deck. Retenu, the old Marine sergeant, spins another yarn

BY RICHARD G. HUBLER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

"I DON'T dislike Texas," said Retenu. "I think it is lucky Texas and the United States are fighting this war together. My mild objection to the addicts of the Lone Star State used to be that they built an Alamo wherever they went and marched into battle singing Deep in the Heart Of.

"As I say, that *was* my complaint. However, after knowing Wahoo Huston I am thinking of taking out citizenship in Texas."

The little Marine sergeant had a smaller audience than usual. He was holding forth in a corner of the fo'castle deck which extended under the bow of the CVE like an outthrust lip. The escort carrier was scudding west under twenty knots. It was a fine day. The swells had commenced to break up into bright waves. At this hour the crew could take their ease. There had been a field day the night before; with the carrier spicked up, they could absorb sun, wind, and leisure forward.

"Wahoo was called that because it was his favorite word," continued Retenu. "He used it for both approval and disapproval, for challenge and apology. *Wahoo* or *Wahoo.* He came from a small ranch somewhere in the Panhandle; legs as bowed as if they had been molded around a bass drum, face as tanned as a saddle. He was a buckaroo and he was one of a twenty-millimeter-gun crew on one of the first carriers the Corps ever got.

"I served with him for six months. During that time we had our share of trouble. We stood off Tokyo and Iwo Jima in the early raids and even got in on the parade past the Ryukyus. It was during one of these that Wahoo got his curious citation for saving a couple of dozen lives. He saved them because he knew how to ride a bronco."

Retenu paused for effect. The wiry Frenchman liked to calculate his dramatics. He gazed at his hearers: most of them were in skivvy shorts, flat on their backs, achieving a tan.

"Riding a wild horse may seem like a useless talent aboard a CVE," said Retenu, "but sometimes the strangest accomplishments prove to be useful in this war. Wahoo's knowledge came to be vitally useful.

"It had been an early-morning strike. All of our planes that could possibly take to the air had roared off into the dark mist. I remember clearly the blue flames from the exhausts against the false dawn, pale and beautiful. After the last fighter had gone, we watched the sunrise and began to sweat out waiting their return.

"There was more than the ordinary worry in that suspended animation which descends upon everyone left behind on a carrier. The weather was getting stronger. The sea was rising. The carrier began to heave in the swells. We kept under way, maintaining our plotted position.

"Wahoo, who had been transferred to one of the plane crews, was beside me. He kept wiping the sweat from his chin with the back of his hand, though it was not warm. 'I'm glad I know where most of those boys are from,' he kept saying. I asked him why. 'They're from Texas,' he told me. 'This raid's bound to be a hot run. We just naturally know how to handle that kind.' But he didn't look too sure.

"It was ten in the morning before the CVE headed into the wind and picked up speed for the returning planes to land. We waited, taut and anxious. The first specks appeared and gave their ID signal. We cheered. One by one, they joined the landing circle and came in.

"Most of them had been badly shot up; the Japanese antiaircraft was very good. Two went on into the barrier and upended. Wahoo and I, on the side lines, helped the pilots out and were part of the gang which shoved the ruined fighters overboard."

RETENU lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, and went on: "Those were days when the complement of the carriers was heavy with dive bombers. The latter had suffered. One or two barely had made it to the flight deck. A pilot who put his hand over the top of his windshield to brace himself against an inevitable crash was unstrapped from his cockpit in agony—the fingers of that hand had been sheared off when his fighter flopped over. Two radio gunners were taken out of their shattered tunnels sticky with blood.

"The last aboard was a stranger, an SB2C from a big carrier. It had lost its mother and plumped down on us just in time. It was piloted by a j. g. named Jackson. I remember he was a chunky little officer from Fort Worth. His head was shaved and he had a bright red burn from the sun. His gunner was from Corpus Christi—named Kennicott—and had a drawl as broad as he was tall. They had been on half a dozen missions like this before and had acquired the reputation in the fleet of always letting go under a thousand, too low to argue with antiaircraft.

"Jackson's plane hit the flight deck with a lopsided thump. His landing gear was shot up. The hydraulic system was out. The plane swerved on one wheel to the edge of the deck, helped by the roll of the carrier. We rushed out, Wahoo and I with the rest, to put a nozzle of carbon dioxide on the flames and haul Jackson and Kennicott to safety.

"Jackson was trying to tell us something. He was in no condition to talk, peppered with shrapnel and gasping for breath. Kennicott was worse. He had taken almost the full burst of a small-caliber shell in the thigh. We lifted them down gently to the stretchers. Before we could take them inside, Jackson got out what he was trying to say. 'Arming wire,' he jerked. 'Bomb.' He fainted."

The gaze of the little sergeant was fixed on the horizon. He took long steady drafts of his cigarette.

"We didn't understand what he meant until we tackled the plane to heave it overside. The skipper was already under way, getting out of that area as fast as he could, now that all his pigeons were aboard. The moment we put our hands on the wrecked SB2C, the thousand-pound bomb came free and rolled out onto the deck.

"Afterward, Jackson told us that the concussion of a bursting bomb just ahead of his plane had evidently jarred the bomb loose from the rack and dislodged the arming wire. He was unable to jettison it. His radio was shot out. He had to come on in. Kennicott couldn't speak: he died.

"Most of us were momentarily paralyzed by the sight of the big thousand-pounder rolling on the deck. We knew it was live. We also knew it wouldn't go off until two things more had happened—until the little propeller at the nose had turned a sufficient number of times to set the contact fuse, and until the fuse had experienced a hard enough jolt.

"That was the thing which hit us hardest. The bomb was armed; the propeller had undoubtedly turned enough in the flight back to set the fuse. A good bump would explode hundreds of pounds of TNT and steel casing on the deck. It would be enough to sweep the whole top of the carrier of every living thing and it would ruin the deck as well—enough to put the carrier in dry-dock repairs for weeks.

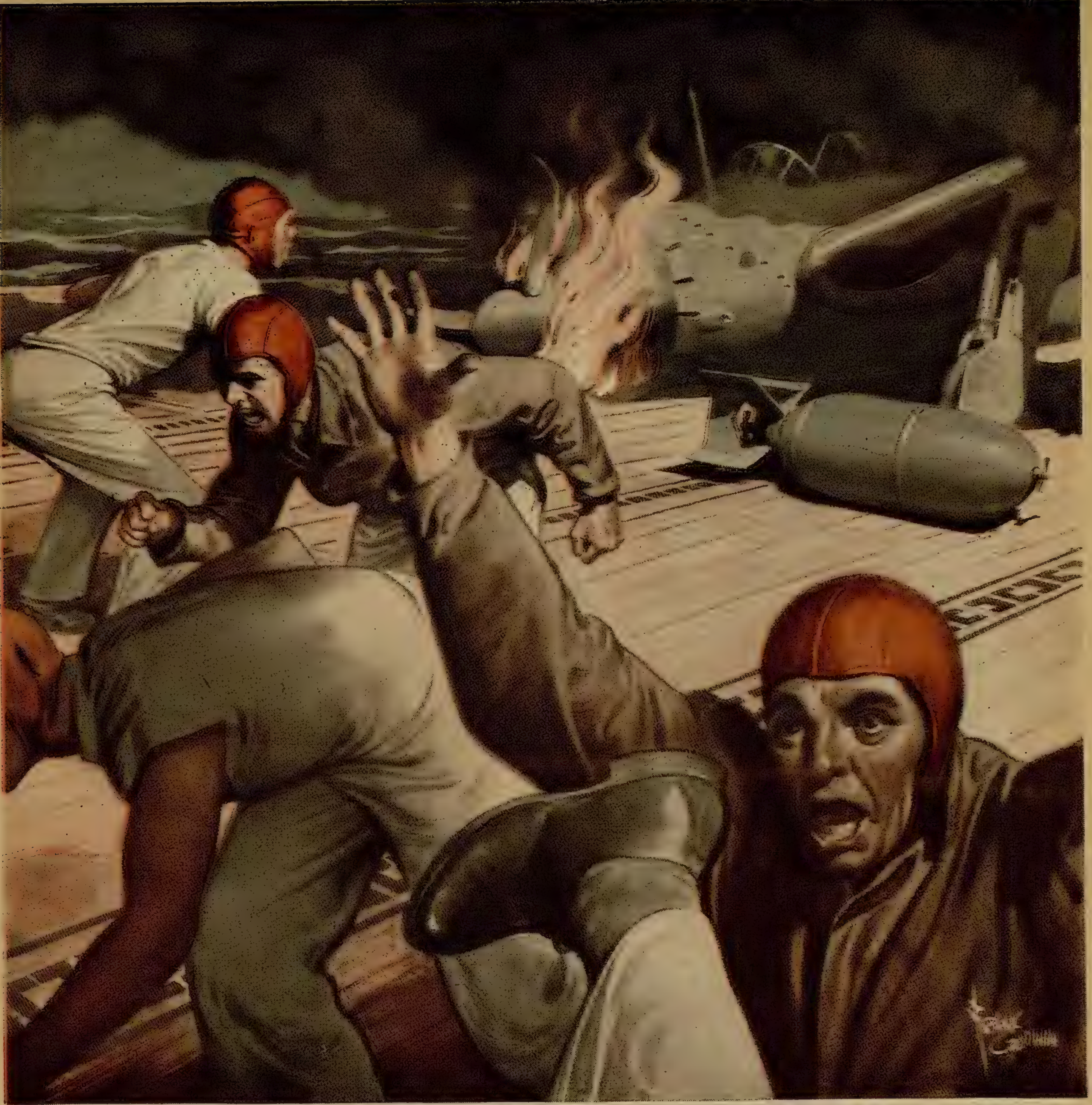
"Somebody ran for the bomb-disposal officer. There was no time to wait for him. The bomb was rolling toward the edge of the flight deck. Even if it went overboard, it would be a near miss, enough to blast in the hull of the CVE. If it hit the life nets of steel cable, it would be as disastrous as a direct hit from a Japanese torpedo bomber.

"THE bomb was caught in another rising swell. It reversed its direction. It began to roll languidly back toward us. We broke and scattered, diving into the grease which covered the life nets, hoping that the thousand-pounder wouldn't follow us. The bright brass of the fuse, sticking out like a deadly finger from the front of the bomb, held our eyes.

"It looked like an ugly gray monster, biding its time for destruction. It would make a threatening motion, then withdraw. It shivered as the carrier rose. It began its leisurely tumble to the other side. Only one man was on the deck: Wahoo.

"He made a rush toward the bomb. *'Wahoo!'* he shouted with the peculiar intonation which meant he was issuing a challenge. The bomb, with deliberate viciousness, as if it were alive, reversed its course. It shot directly toward him. Wahoo sidestepped like a bullfighter, his bowed legs moving like lightning. The bomb, disappointed, hesitated. It rushed back. Again Wahoo dodged. I could hear him talking to the bomb as if it were a beast—as, indeed, I think it was.

"Three times more the thousand-pounder



The bomb reversed its direction. It began to roll back toward us. We scattered, hoping that the thousand-pounder wouldn't follow us.

made its rush. It stalked Wahoo with subtle, placid movements. In an instant, it thundered down upon him. Each time Wahoo skipped aside. '*Wahoo!*' he cried again.

"I could see the occasion for his exultation. The bomb, as if bewildered, teetered on the starboard center of the deck. It seemed blind and groping for the moment, where before it had been murderously direct and implacable. In that moment Wahoo leaped upon it. He straddled its steel casing with his legs, bracing to either side of him.

"Immediately the bomb leaped to life. It struggled against its rider, seeking to wrench itself out from underneath the Texan. It bucked, as the waves tossed the CVE up and down, like a maddened animal. Wahoo, his face white under its tan, his muscles strained to the utmost, resisted every move of his deadly bronco. This was something he understood. He reached for the nose. He started delicately to unscrew the fuse.

"By the time the bomb-disposal officer had arrived, Wahoo had it removed. He lobbed it gently over the side of the carrier. There was a muffled minor explosion as the fulminate and the tetrol booster exploded. That was the moment I felt sick. I knew, then, that the monster had really been alive and deadly.

"There was the tail fuse to be disposed of. The bomb-disposal lieutenant took care of that. Wahoo came back, sweating and proud. He had saved his ship from a serious accident, his shipmates from the shadow of death. More than that, to him, he had proved the worth of Texas and his own prowess as a broncbuster. Though he had not ridden for nearly three years, he had broken to sullen impotence a mount more destructive than any horseflesh. He had subdued a half ton of live explosive."

Retenu carefully snuffed his cigarette between his fingertips. He flung it to leeward. He looked around to meet an unspoken question in the eyes of his audience.

"I don't know," said the little man in answer. He started to pull on his undershirt. His voice became muffled. "I don't know if Wahoo ever got a medal or even a commendation." The sergeant's grizzled head popped free. "But he did get the odd citation I spoke of. It was in a doctor's report, written by a doctor who came from Texas himself.

"He examined Wahoo the next day in a routine check-up after his adventure with the thousand-pounder. He found Wahoo ailing. In his report he covered the ailment adequately. He wrote: 'Saddlesores.'"

THE END

Bringing the Boys Home

BY MAJOR GENERAL CHARLES P. GROSS

as told to BLAKE CLARK

Bringing 3,500,000 men home from Europe in a year represents a marvel in the mass movement of men. How it's being done is told here by the man responsible—chief of the Army Transportation Corps

“WHEN will my boy be home?” This question is on more lips than any other single query in the world today. Now that the shooting is over in Europe, eager parents, sweethearts, and wives anxiously ask, “Will Jack be held overseas to police Germany? Will he be sent to the Pacific immediately? If so, will he be able to come home first? And if he does rate a stopover here, how long before we'll see him?”

Jack's loved ones know that he'll have to take his turn, and that 3,500,000 men make a pretty long queue. In normal peacetime travel, all the ships of all the steamship lines carried only 350,000 people a year from Europe to the United States. At this rate, if Jack were near the end of the line, he would have to wait ten years before going up the gangplank in Hamburg or Bremerhaven.

After the last war we could utilize almost every ship we had to carry troops home, for we didn't have to put any drain on shipping by transporting men and supplies to battlefields halfway around the world. Then the Army brought home 200,000 men a month. Now, even at that efficient rate, it would be a year and a half before all our veterans of this war in Europe could beat a joyous summons on their front doors.

In spite of almost insuperable difficulties, the Army is determined to beat all existing records and bring every last man to be redeployed out of Europe *in from ten to twelve months*—by March 12 to May 12—*at most.* All of these will come through the United States for a brief stay, except certain indispensable men in special service forces: the engineers and the transportation and signal corpsmen. If your man is one of these, try to reconcile yourself to the fact that Uncle Sam needs him even worse than you do, and don't expect to see him before next spring, certainly, and possibly for a much longer time. He may already have struck out straight for the Pacific to help prepare huge assembly and staging areas for millions of combat troops to follow.

As General Somervell recently pointed out, housing the army that is to fight the Japs will be the biggest dwelling-construction job *ever undertaken by man,* because no such facilities ever existed before in that part of the world. Barracks, tents, bathing and sanitary accommodations must be built from scratch. More hospitals must be erected and supplied in the Pacific than all those now in New York and Chicago combined.

The war in the Pacific is a bulldozer war. Army engineers and Seabees, outstanding experts in hard, fast construction work, will fight the meanest types of terrain under the worst imaginable conditions to establish overland lines of supply, construct obstacle courses for the tough Pacific training program, build docks, and improve ports. Signal corpsmen will forge a communication network, and transportation men will hew out railroads and highways. Chemical-warfare advance troops will set up depots to supply chemicals for smoke bombs, flame throwers, and mortars, and ordnance workers will build ammunition dumps.

However, indispensable as these service forces are, they comprise only a small proportion of the total 3,500,000 men now in Europe. The great majority will return, and quickly.

First, 50,000 lucky fellows are hitchhiking back each month in 800 transport planes. Just how they are selected is being decided in the theater, but the chances are that most of them will continue to be combat troops from the heart of Germany—those longest in battle and stationed farthest from the ports. Also high on the plane priority list are airmen and ground crews, needed in the Pacific as soon as possible.

If your man is a battle casualty and well enough to move, you can expect him in the United States by mid-August at the latest. Twenty hospital ships are returning more than 13,000 wounded men a month before changing course for the Pacific. After each trip, the hospital ships are being forced to go back to Europe empty, for under the Hague Convention they can carry only medical troops and supplies.

Every means known—and some not thought of until now—will be employed to transport the remaining troops home. Approximately 70,000 a month are going to be

PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL

In magic-carpet style, 50,000 lucky G.I.s a month will hitch-hike back by Army transport plane...

able to tell the folks, "I saw the Statue of Liberty from the deck of a luxury liner!" The Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth, the two largest ships afloat, as well as the huge Aquitania, will be utilized, together with the finest of our American passenger fleet.

The mammoth Queens were built to carry 3,000 passengers, but under pressure to deliver men to Europe, 6,300 were put aboard. These 6,300 thought they were crowded, but on the next trip 7,000 pressed aboard, then 8,400, 9,300, 11,000—until finally last summer an entire division of 15,000 men marched up the gangplank with their barracks bags and sailed safely across. That's how many are coming back on each Queen—15,000 at a lick.

The average G. I. overseas isn't holding out for luxury travel. "Get us home," he says, "even if it means putting us on a cattle boat!" After foxholes, he is willing to put up with cramped quarters on a homeward-bound ship.

Most of the men now overseas will come back not on ocean liners but on plain cargo vessels. We are now converting 100 Victory ships each of which will carry 1,500 men, and 225 Liberty ships which will bring 350 to 550 each. Some are already in service. These vessels were never intended to carry passengers, but with more galley space and better ventilation, they can do the job.

ACCOMMODATIONS in these cargo carriers are not what the Army would like to provide for a returning hero. He will sleep in a "standee bunk," a narrow metal frame with a canvas stretcher, and he may have to climb over three other men to crawl into it. He won't have much space on deck —only a few square feet, on which he will want to throw a blanket and sleep at night if it's summertime. He won't want to take his wife and children back that way when he returns with them to see the sights of Paris, but he is so eager right now to get home that he prefers four or five days' crowding to four or five months' waiting. He wants speed, not draperies in his stateroom.

A generous number of men may get a ride home on captured enemy ships. The War Department has a list of thirty-nine ships under the German flag that it would like to have. Representatives from the Transportation Corps and the War Shipping Administration recently have been overseas checking on the capacities and condition of the various ships and speeding up their conversion into troop transports. The Europa, captured in Bremerhaven, was in fair shape and was due to be dredged out. She's probably in use right now. The Deutschland, the Hamburg, and the Hansa, German liners, may be returning some 39,000 Americans a month.

Using air and sea, the Army plans to get our men out of Europe at the following rate:

First quarter after Redeployment Day, May 12—845,000, or at the rate of slightly more than 280,000 a month.

Second quarter after R Day—1,185,000, or at the rate of 395,000 a month.

Third quarter after R Day—807,000 or 269,000 a month, and thereafter at the same rate.

Even time aboard ship is being used to speed up Jack's return. Officers are explaining the redeployment system so that he can co-operate swiftly at the port and reception center.

... or they'll get home via a transatlantic ferry service using luxury liners and cargo boats.

At Boston, New York, Hampton Roads, and Charleston, where the men land, speed is still the key word. No leaves are granted for the twenty-four to forty-eight hours they are there, for the mere paper work of handing out overnight passes to a fourth of the men would mean a delay of hours for the other three fourths eager to get home. Relatives are urged to stay away from these port cities, for if families were to come to meet the boats, even if they were lucky enough to guess the right port, they would cause untold confusion. Neither the city nor the Army would have the facilities to accommodate them.

This doesn't mean that the boys don't get a warm greeting on the shore of the land they've fought for. WAC bands play their ship into the pier, welcome signs and flags snap in the breeze, and rations for their first meal are increased by one third. Every man gets steak and ice cream. He is detained only long enough to check his military record and physical condition.

From the port, he is sped by train to the reception station nearest to his home town. His reservation has been radioed in from his ship, so that railroads have seventy-two hours in which to furnish special trains with special kitchens manned by Army teams.

Railroads and trains are being crowded more tightly than ever before in history, for whereas only a few thousand soldiers at a time traveled to the ports to embark for Europe, many thousands at once are returning. If you are planning a trip, cancel it if you can; clear the tracks for the boys!

Jack is going through the reception center so fast that he doesn't even have time for a haircut. Here each soldier is given new clothes, more good food, and a ticket home. If he has them coming to him, he gets his discharge papers here, and, if he likes, he goes home in civilian clothes. No one stays more than forty-eight hours, and most only twenty-four. Except for travel time, then, every man should be home three days after his ship docks.

After thirty days at home, the soldier will return to his reception station and move on for his next big job—finishing the Japs.

This job has to be done chiefly by the men who have already won a war in Europe simply because there is no one else to do it—we have not one entire division in this country today.

THE greater number of these men will form a tremendous supply line, a 4,000-mile bucket brigade. The longer the distance between the fire and the water, the greater is the percentage of men passing buckets. In the European theater, two supply soldiers served five combat men. In the Pacific, the ratio is two supply men to three men at the front.

The Army wants every soldier who can possibly be spared to have a much needed and well-deserved vacation at home. It is just as eager as you are to get your man back in a hurry. That's why the Transportation Corps is accomplishing the greatest miracle of mass movement in the history of man.

So get ready! He may be coming up the steps any minute now!

Was that the doorbell?

THE END

Following the back roads, hostelers visit such spots as this in the friendly, easy company of folk who are on their own.

Roll Your Own Vacation

BY CREIGHTON PEET

DON'T think you have to stay home this summer just because the family car has square pistons, openwork tires, and no gas.

You might, for instance, take a Youth Hostel trip on foot or bicycle and see the country under your own steam. Thousands do it every summer and have the time of their lives. They roll at a leisurely pace along back roads, seeing new sights, talking to new people, and finding out for themselves what a wonderful, beautiful country they live in.

You don't have to be a youth to jump on a bike and ride through green fields or down fragrant forest trails. Hosteling was devised to provide low-cost summer vacations for boys and girls, but it never had any age limitations. And in the past couple of years the gas shortage has sent all sorts of people of all ages—war workers, stenographers, schoolteachers, servicemen on furlough, and whole families—out on the road.

The youngest hosteler on record was a six-months-old baby who did his regular fifteen miles a day in a basket fastened to the handle bars of Mom's bike. The oldest was a fellow of ninety-four who felt he was getting rusty sitting around the house. Most hostelers are between sixteen and thirty-five.

Hosteling, in case you don't know, is a simplified form of travel in which you walk or bicycle a few miles a day and stop overnight in one of the 250 Youth Hostels clustered in "loops," or circuits, here and there from coast to coast. Seventy more hostels in Canada add to the sight-seeing possibilities.

Usually hostels are fifteen or twenty miles apart—one day's walk, or a very soft half-day's biking. The loops operate in New England, western New York, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the State of Washington, with scattered groups in many other states. It is possible to jump from the American to the Canadian hostel system at three points—New England, the Great Lakes region, and the far Northwest.

Generally speaking, all this hiking and biking starts around the middle of May and continues to the end of September, but some hostels are open all year around for week-end parties. And in regions with both hills and snow, many hostels have ski parties in the dead of winter.

We now have around 15,000 hostelers here. In England, where this recreation is much older, there are almost 150,000, some 10,000 of them U. S. servicemen. On both sides of the ocean servicemen of all nations take to hosteling as a cheap and informal way of seeing a new part of the country.

The main features of hosteling are simplicity, naturalness, and self-reliance. You proceed under your own power, cook your own food, and wait on yourself. While it is considered O. K. to take a train or bus from a city to some rural spot to start your trip, or to travel from one loop to another, once you hit the trail you are supposed to be on your own. No fair hitchhiking!

Eighty per cent travel on bikes, 15 per cent walk, and the rest go on horseback or by canoe—these last only in special districts, of course.

Hosteling can be considered a kind of modified camping. The hostel itself, where you stop for twenty-five cents a night, is usually part of, or attached to, a farmhouse. It consists of one or two large community rooms, toilet and cooking facilities, tables, benches, and a few pots and pans. Often there are also outdoor fireplaces for cooking. Upstairs or in near-by buildings are two bunkrooms, one for boys, another for girls, with double- and even triple-tiered bunks built solidly of timber and fitted with straw mattresses.

You rustle your own groceries, either from the nearest town or by buying any produce the farmer can spare. You cook your own meals and clean up after yourself before you leave.

The fifteen or twenty miles between hostels may sound like a lot if you have been sitting behind a desk all winter, but most people find that after a few days' practice they can easily cycle thirty or forty miles before luncheon. This leaves the afternoon free for swimming, seeing the local sights, or just sitting around and talking. You can spend up to three nights in one hostel if you want to.

Travelers on foot and bike quickly find themselves members of a nomadic fraternity which uses first names and ignores money, social prestige, and fashion. Most people wear shorts, slacks, or play suits, and even if you were a big shot back home, nobody will know it by the way you make coffee, lug firewood, or heat up a can of beans.

Country pleasures—square-dancing, hay rides, fairs—are the pleasures of the hostelers. Plus the delight of just being outdoors.

Shoe leather or bicycles can substitute for gasoline and do a good job of it. So say vacationists by the thousands who are hosteling this summer

Thrown together in casual association, younger hostelers are often surprised to find themselves on friendly terms with people of all ages, even ancient wrecks of forty or fifty to whom they would never have spoken back in school.

And suspicious city people find themselves overwhelmed by the ordinary civilities they encounter in their travels. Sometimes the farmer's wife at a hostel will make biscuits or cookies for her guests simply as a friendly gesture. Along the road everybody helps everybody else.

And no matter who you are, if you can cook up a good mess, everybody will love you—although this won't get you out of washing your own dishes. Experienced hostelers say they can eat for seventy-five cents a day, even now, so that the total cost need be only a dollar a day, once you are on the road.

THE average hostel register will show that in a single summer, teachers, salesmen, war-plant workers, and of course swarms of students have made overnight stops—not to mention the white-haired couple who gave up their yacht to the Coast Guard and now spend their summers hosteling and even square-dancing! To the youngsters they are known only as Ma and Pa.

As for square-dancing, some hostels have big parties at regular intervals (noted in the handbook) to which neighborhood boys and girls are invited. Music is furnished by a phonograph or by those handy with harmonicas, concertinas, or accordions. Often vacationers make a point of arriving in time for county fairs, auctions, or other local doings.

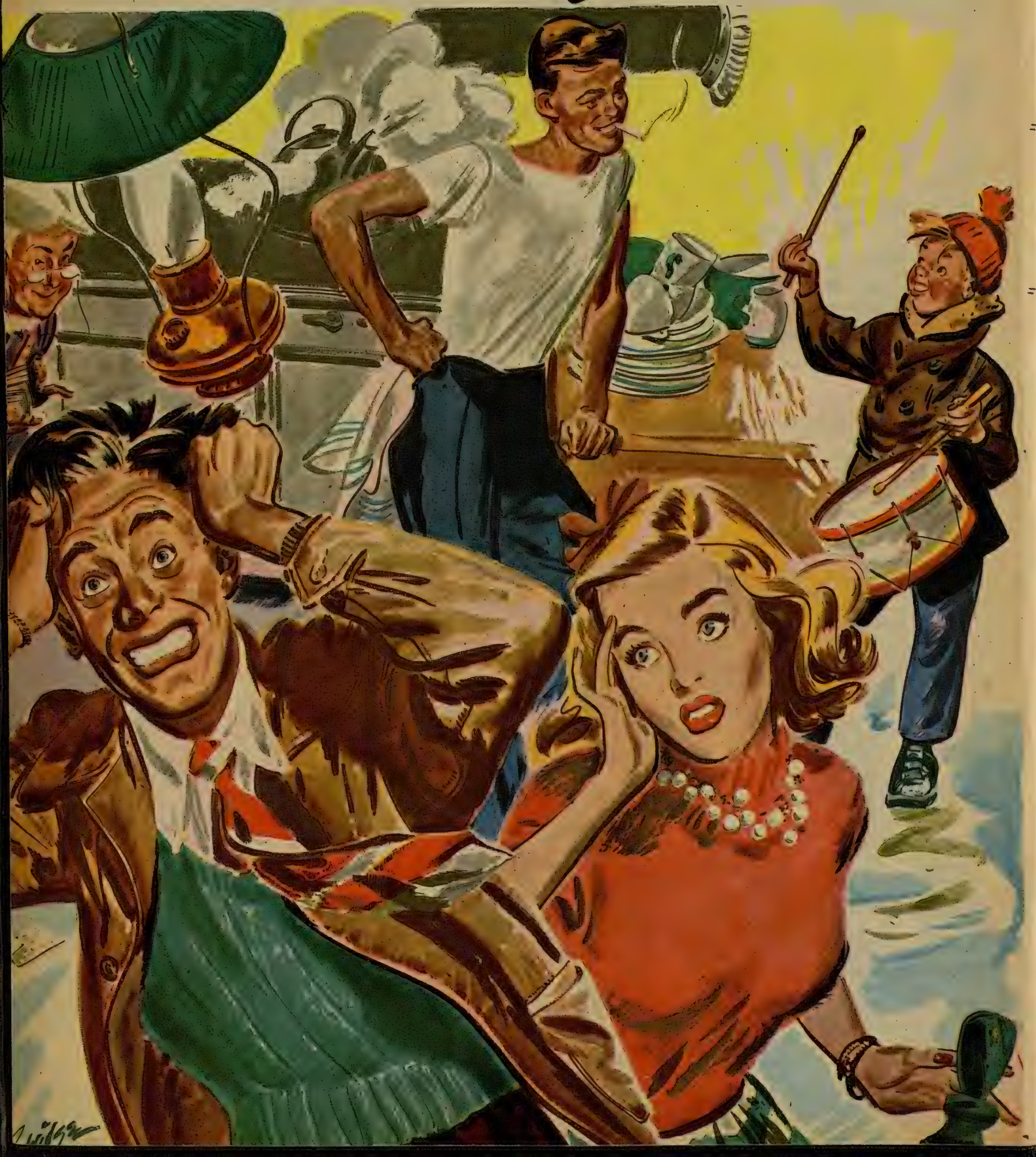
Hostel lights are out at ten, but few complain about this. After a stint of hiking or pedal-pushing you're ready to sleep like a rock. Every hosteler carries, in addition

(Continued on page 84)

In the hosteling fraternity it doesn't matter who you are, but what kind of a meal you can cook.

Freddy Wins

"Oh, hell!" moans Pomfret, and makes like a bobby-socker in the same ring with Sinatra.



the Peace

BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

Ex-Private Freddy Sandford is, as usual, in danger of losing his girl—this time to a Youth Movement. But he gets some violent assistance from that old problem-solver, Al, the sage of the soda fountain

A ONE would think that a decorated and honorably discharged G. I. might be permitted many a day of feasting and fat-chewing, like the warriors of mythology enjoy in Val Hollow, would not a one? A period when all would defer to his wishes and, in especial, forbear to two-time him? But, ha! Such a peaceful interlude is denied the undersigned, ex-Pvt. Frederick Sandford.

Scarcely is my uniform in moth balls (against the day the Smithsonian requires it) when the gods again begin making sport at my expense. And this, mark you, not two weeks after I deal summarily with an N-sign from Washington, D. C., same having tried to lure my girl, Connie Parker, away with golden bait.

For those who missed the first few broadcasts, Connie Parker is such as to make Betty Grable hie her to a nunnery. Hair fifty-fifty sunlight and platinum and eyes bluer than Janssen's, if I may wax lyrical. And, essentially, mine—all mine.

For the settlement of Shadow Orchard, N. Y., which Connie graces and I inhabit, knows that one day Constance and self are tripping altarwards to a smooth blend of Mendelssohn. This is established back in the roaring '20s, when we dream of each other in our respective snuggle bunnies. But there is one flaw in this otherwise perfect tomato. The aforementioned blue eyes do not always stay in the boat. For the dough of Frederick, they gaze with indecent frequency upon the bystanding drip.

Well, I am festooned in mufti but a fortnight before I become aware of alarming symptoms. The voice that should throb with gladsomeness when Sandford invokes the telephone is preoccupied. There is hemming and hawing in the matter of dates.

So this day, taking the bull's horns, I drop into the Parkers' unheralded, to investigate. I find the heart interest reading a document.

"Well, well," I says. "Tossing off something literary?"

"Oh, Freddy," Connie says, "you come at the most inopportune times. I am simply up to my neck in the YSSOPPWP."

I start. "What would that be," I says—"a strong point on the Lithuanian front?"

My future withers me with a look. "Sometimes, Freddy," she says, "your sense of humor is rather—er—loutish. The YSSOPPWP is the Youth Society of Shadow Orchard for the Preservation of Postwar Peace."

"So you youths are fixing up the postwar world?" I says.

"Freddy," says Connie, "I've noticed that you take a very supercilious attitude toward the home front. The multitudinous problems that confront us," she says dreamily, "are only beginning to assume definition."

Right there Frederick should have detected the scent of wolf. But I am picking myself up off the canvas.

"Look," I says. "You want I should get you an aspirin?"

"Please, Freddy!" Connie says. "If you can't understand these things, others can."

"See here," I says suspiciously. "What's that fool paper you're quoting out of?"

She sighs. "If you must know, it's a speech to be delivered tomorrow night to the YSSOPPWP by a Mr. Pomfret R. Day. And I feel extremely honored that Mr. Day should ask me to go over it beforehand."

"Pomfret R. Day, eh?" I says. "Never heard of the jerk."

"For your information, Mister Sandford," Connie says, "Pomfret Day is a man who has the future of this nation deeply at heart. He is devoting his time to touring the country, speaking to youth societies. Just now he's at the Stalton Hotel and"—her voice trails off—"if he hasn't the most divine teeth that—"

"So?" I says, eyes narrowed. "Well, have you got to be a postwar planner to hear White Fang spout, or can anybody get in?"

"Oh, Freddy, go away!" says Connie. "You're just wasting my afternoon."

Dismissed is the word for Frederick.

WELL, there is but one thing to do. That is to consult Al. This gifted man fritters away his opportunities conducting Shadow Orchard's premier soda bar. But often in the past he condescends to focus his gigantic brain on problems revolving my love life. Wherefore I hurry to Al's on the wings of the wind, as the fella says.

"Al," I says, "prepare a Pinto Pistachio Parade! I wish to think."

"Ah, Freddy," Al says, "I was expecting a visit from you."

I squint at him. "And why?" I says testily.

Al takes a practice swing with the ice-cream scoop. "Observation, Freddy," he says. "Am I correct in supposing that the thought session against which you are fortifying yourself is induced by the present youth movement in this community?"

"Wordily put, Al," I says. "But—well, yes. Now will you whip up that Pinto?"

The Pinto Pistachio Parade is fathered by me one day when I am in austere mood. Arrange three scoops chocolate, vanilla, pistachio ice cream in alignment. Trim with marshmallow. Sweeten to taste with hot fudge sauce, cover lightly with pistachio nuts, and serve at once. Al places this concoction before me with respect.

"Freddy," he says, "it would be an irreparable loss were you to die interstate and not will your stomach to science."

"I am not here, Al," I says stiffly, "to discuss my stomach. I wish to know, immediately, anything that you may have learned by eavesdripping on village gossip."

He shakes his head. "You wrong me, Freddy. I won't deny that the grapevine has been active. But my conclusions are drawn from open discussion with Connie Parker and a man of the name of Pomfret R. Day. I view this matter with trepidation."

"Huh," I says, "I should think so. Connie has just made sickening reference to his teeth. Divine was the word she used."

"As to the divinity of Mr. Day's incisors," says Al, "I am unprepared to express an opinion. But the gustatory feats they performed at this soda-and-snack bar, Freddy, might well give pause even to you."

I put down my spoon. "Al," I says dangerously, "are you implying that this Day droop could—" I stop. The brilliance of my own inspiration blinds even me. "I've got it!" I shouts. "We'll stage a confection-eating contest. I'll show the bum up."

"I fear, Freddy," he says, "that you fail to grasp the point. Basically, Connie is impressed neither with Mr. Day's teeth nor his undeniably redoubtable digestion. The nub of the matter is that Pomfret represents something outside Connie's experience. She is intrigued with Mr. Day, deeming him an intellectual."

"Well, heck," I says, "what's all the shooting for? This is just a passing phrase. Day after tomorrow Pomfret will be gone. I feel better. Lead up another Pinto, Al!"

"Freddy," he says, "it is well that you are minded to give this situation the brush-off, as they say. Because, frankly, if there were a—er—*contretemps*, I would not have the ghost of a notion as to how to proceed."

"Al," I wave my hand, "why tilt with windmills like Don Ameche? In no time Pomfret takes the Chattanooga choo-choo, or stuff."

"Freddy," says Al, "did you ever hear of the YSONPPWP?"

I stare. "You, too?" I says. "Do you talk Slavonic by choice this winter or are you merely a Democrat?"

"Another thing, Freddy," says Al. "I have noticed that Mr. Day, like many another crusader, is a devotee of good living."

"Is that right?" I says. "Well, what's it to us if His Nibs shoots around the countryside gnawing on fat calfs? I came here under the impression that my girl is going for some glamor-puss. Now it develops that she is just temporarily sideswiped by some kind of Aldous Huckster. Well, he is leaving town. Hence, case closed! And as for you, I thought I ordered another Pinto. Would you want I should transfer my custom to Diffenderfer's?"

"Heaven forbid," Al says. "I've got a wife and three children."

"To horse then, Al!" I says, and I look him in the eye.

"Oh, well," he says. "Much as I deplore it, the consumer is always right."

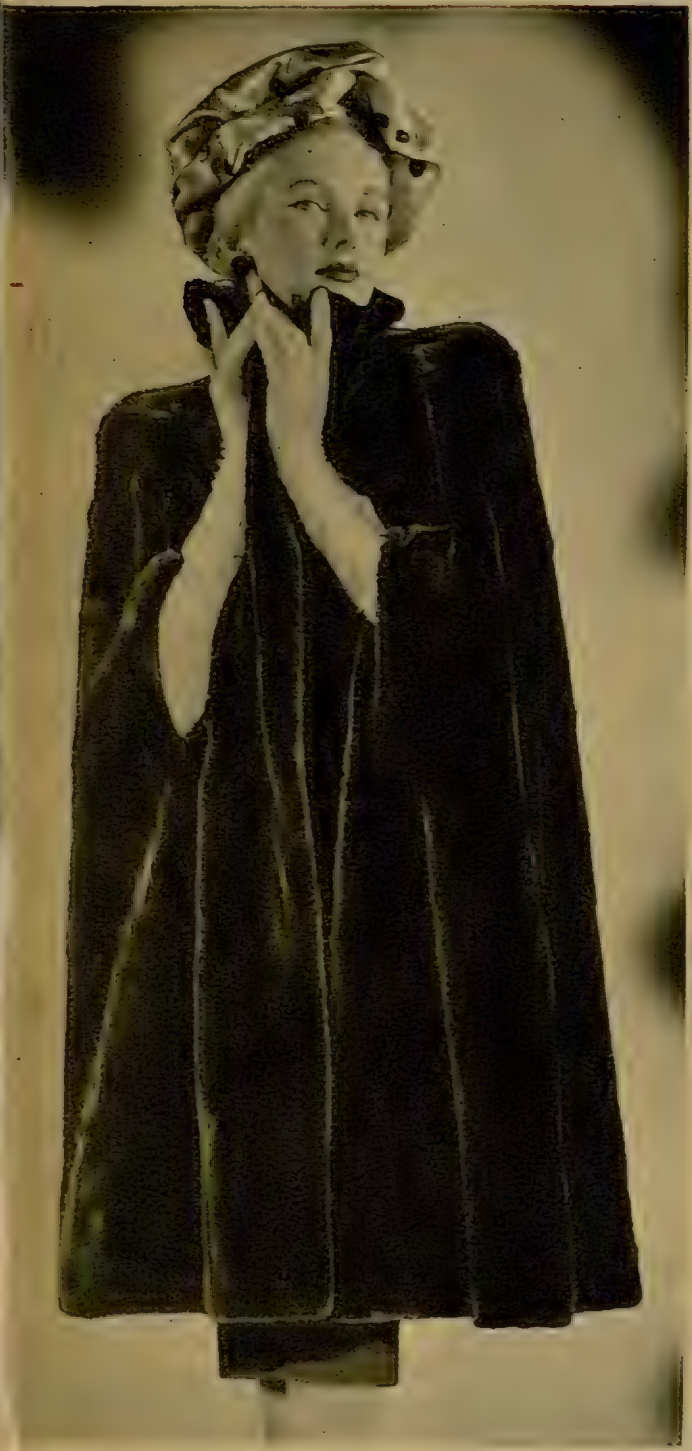
AFTER careful consideration I do not go to hear Pomfret R. Day expound. But on the day following the shindig I give the queen a ring.

(*Continued on page 68*)

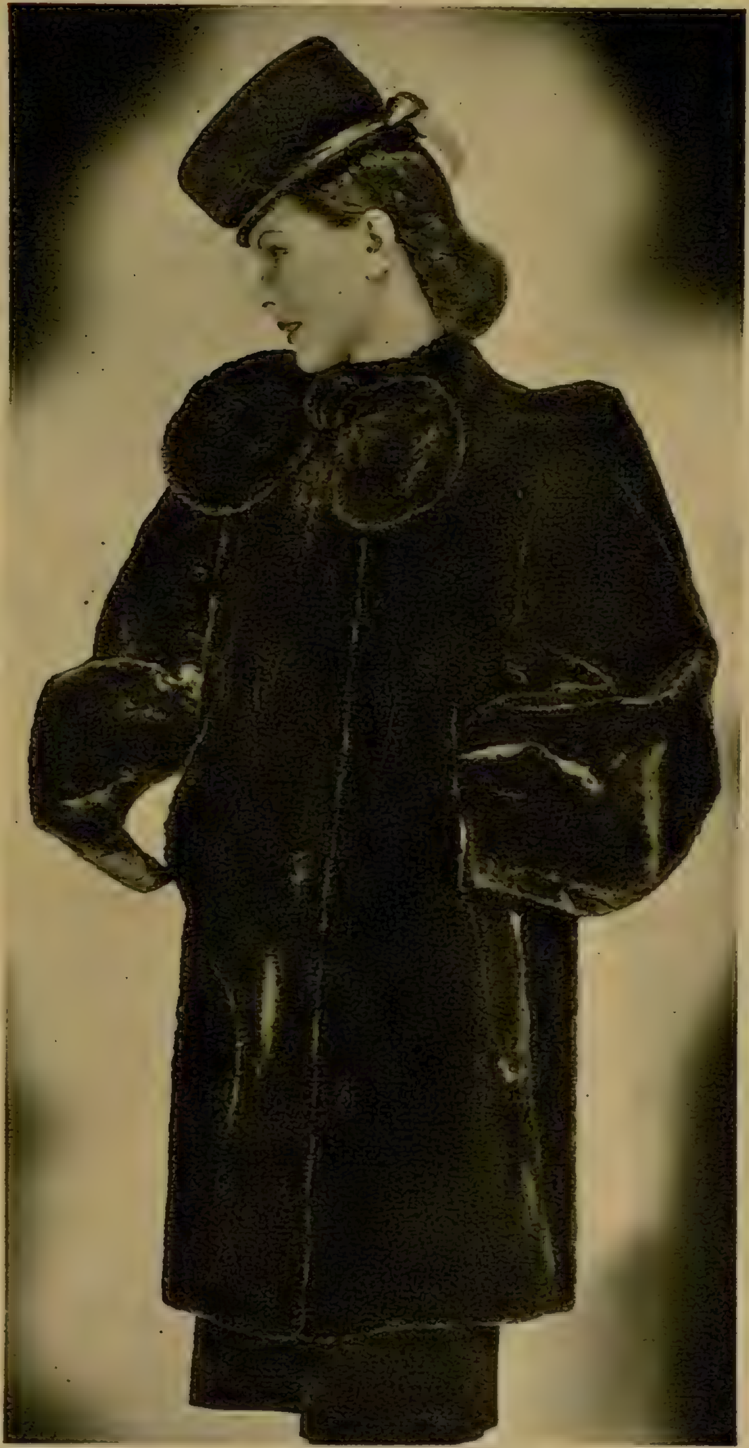
The Camera Eye

Hudson Seal Stages a Comeback

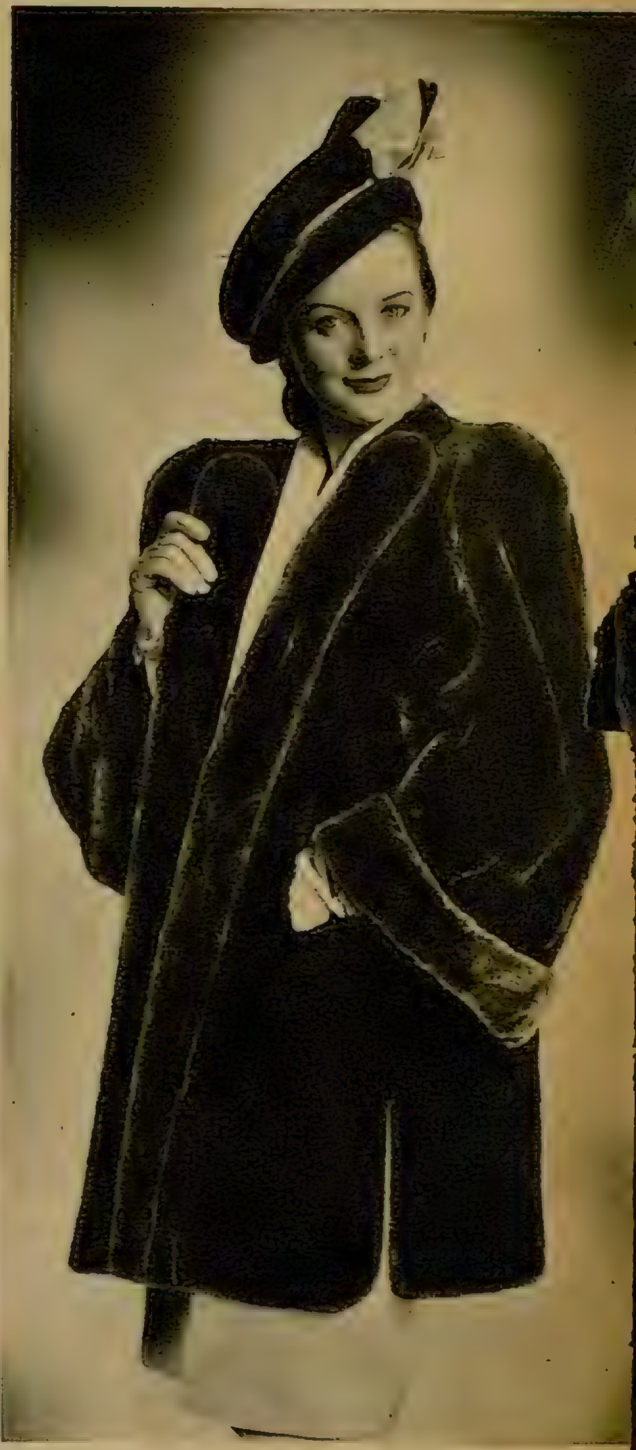
By Helen Faith Keane



THE CAPE is inching back into fashion, in furs, as well as in woolens. Once standard equipment for every woman, this model may hit the popularity jackpot again.



SURE-FIRE favorite of the conservative, average woman, maximum heating facilities are cleverly styled into the snug graceful scarf, the full-length balloon sleeves, and the general front lap-over.



STYLE BEFORE UTILITY! Only three-quarter length, collarless, and slit up the sides, this is not the most practical model. But it will rate No. 1 with the young crowd.

ELEGANCE, in the flash of ermine, in the lush border of fox. The plain surface of seal lends itself to combinations with other furs. These two styles are for the woman who aims to look dressy and dashing.

AUGUST, the month of fur sales, is looked upon by most women as a time for saving money by buying then. The traditional August sales are that and more, too. At these events, the new fur fashions first make their appearance.

This year, Travis Banton of Hollywood, Vera Maxwell of New York, and leading furriers revive Hudson seal, the Rip Van Winkle of furs, which has been asleep for the past quarter of a century.

Hudson-seal coats once had the prestige of mink. They sold for $1,000. Then public taste switched to brown furs. So designers neglected Hudson seal, and its long siesta set in.

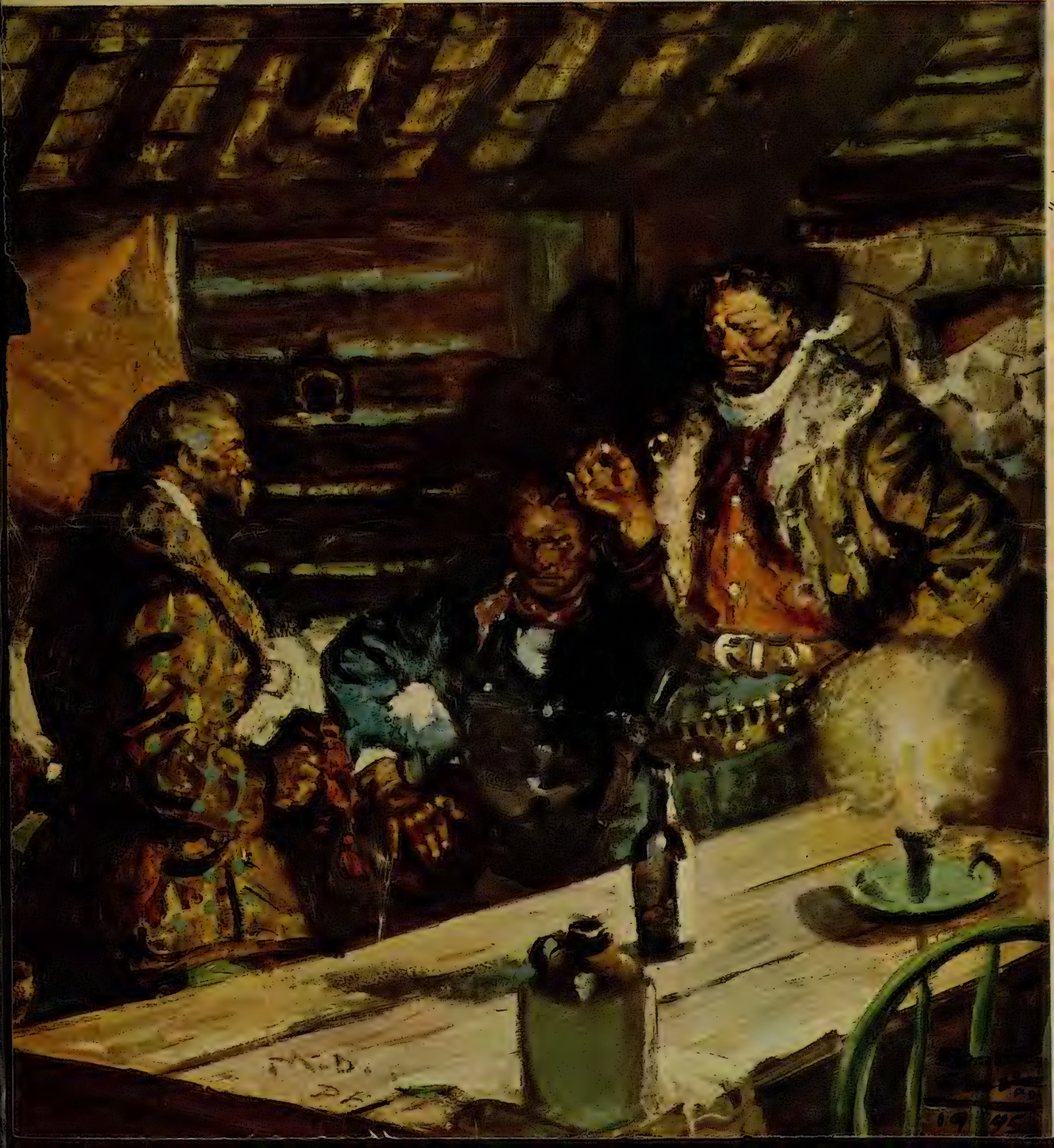
Really muskrat, converted into seal by some fifty complex steps, these coats will wear longer than most other furs in their price level (about $400). The average woman will welcome the return of Hudson seal in smart new styles which contribute youthful glamor and also provide solid protection in freezing weather.

It didn't seem fitting for a man who'd never carried a gun to die by a gun. Not John Laurel, anyway, who had a daughter to raise—and not on this, the child's big night

BY THOMAS W. DUNCAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BENTON CLARK

"Pinky will make it quick and easy," California Curly said. "One bullet. You'll never know what hit you."



PROGRAM at the SCHOOL

CLOSING time was six. But tonight was something special. John Laurel guessed he'd close the shop a little early tonight. He doubted that any quartz miners would be coming in now for a haircut or a tooth pulling.

He was a solid quiet man, past forty, with longhorn mustaches. At the front window of his one-chair shop he could see old Marshal Struther poking through the mountain dusk, lighting the benzene lamps on their wooden poles. Darkness came early to Nugget, down here in Friday Canyon. It came nippy, too, this time of year. He could see the marshal's breath coming silvery from between his beard and mustache.

John Laurel turned from the window, pulled out the cash drawer at the ledge beneath the mirror. It wouldn't take long to count the day's receipts. A few years back, Nugget had boomed louder than any gold camp in Colorado. Then most of the veins pinched out. Most of the shafts were water now. But he wasn't complaining. He had a living for himself and Sylvia.

He heard Marshal Struther's boots on the wooden sidewalk, and the door opened.

"Evening, John. Closing early, ain't you?"

John Laurel looked at his thick watch.

Marshal Struther grinned. "Guess you aim to be at the schoolhouse early. Front row. I hear tell your daughter's speaking a piece tonight."

"Longfellow," John Laurel said. "About a blacksmith. She's spoke it real good."

"She's a smart one for a ten-year-old."

"Eleven."

"Pretty little thing. Ofttimes puts me in mind of her mother."

Laurel nodded. But for a moment his thoughts were not in the lamplighted shop. They were up in the mountainside burying ground, with Sylvia's mother.

Marshal Struther unfolded a sheet printed with a black "Wanted!"

"If I could stick it on the wall here, opposite the chair. Them bankers at Buckskin Springs must be real aggravated. A hundred dollars—alive or dead. But they'll never catch them two fellers. It's near a week now since the stick-up. They've cleared out of the country long ago."

Laurel watched him stick up the poster. He walked over and idly read it through.

Marshal Struther said, "That tooth's been bothering me again. Kicks up in the nighttime and I vow I'll have you yank it some day." He sighed, and added, "See you at the school. Program begin at half past seven?"

"Eight."

"Land of Goshen! That's near bedtime!"

While his footsteps died away outside, John Laurel tucked the day's receipts in a drawstring bag, turned down the bracket lamp, blew it out. The autumn evening, when he left the shop, was like cold champagne. He had just fitted the key into the door when he heard the sidewalk creak.

"It's about a tooth, friend."

Shadows clustered there, and John Laurel couldn't make out much of the stranger's appearance, except he was lean, rangy, smooth-shaved.

"Not in my jaw," he added, soft-voiced. "My pardner's. You'll need your forceps."

Laurel hesitated. "How far?" he asked.

"Just a short piece. Get your forceps."

"I'd have to be back by eight."

"You will."

LAUREL sighed, groped back into the shop, found the forceps and pocketed them. The stranger had followed him in.

"It's aching?" Laurel asked. "If so, we'll need whisky when I yank it."

"That's all right, friend. We'd thought of that."

"I'll just stop in at my house. Tell my daughter I'll be late for supper."

"No," the stranger said. "That ain't the way I figure we'll do it."

Laurel sensed a whisper of movement, and he knew suddenly that a gun was eying him there in the dim light sneaking through the windows.

"All right," he said. "We'll do it your way."

"My way is quiet," the stranger said.

Laurel was thinking of that poster on the wall.

He had never carried a gun himself. Never had needed one. Not even when Nugget had boomed and roared. He'd gone his quiet way, attending to barbering and tooth pulling, spending his evenings at home. When your wife died and you had a daughter to raise, it quieted you.

The shop was the last wooden building at the end of the straggling street. When he locked the door, he noted that the stranger had returned his gun to his hip. They left the sidewalk and crunched down-canyon, past the town's end, past boarded-up shacks, past the ruined foundation of the old Wolf Ear mill. When a trail branched off up Bobcat Mountain, the stranger said they'd go that way.

"Just so I'm back by eight," Laurel said.

"You talk too much," the stranger said.

Once ore wagons had rumbled that trail. But now all the shafts in the Bobcat area were water and dust. Some were covered with rotting planks, some not. The hill had been gutted and left full of holes, so you had to watch how you stepped.

The trail twisted and hairpinned, hanging to the mountain by its imagination. John Laurel hoped Sylvia would figure he had an emergency tooth pulling. He hoped she'd go ahead and eat, knowing he'd be at the school if it was humanly possible to get there.

NEAR the summit the stranger spoke again, and they took to a footpath. The aspen had lost their leaves, but the spruce were whispering, even though it was still enough to hear the stars snapping. John Laurel walked first, keeping the middle of the path. On Sundays he used to bring Sylvia up here, to see the perfect tree. She had promised him never to come alone. Too many open shafts. There was a bad one edging the footpath just where it curved for a sight of the perfect tree. He and Sylvia had tossed stones into it, hearing them plop into the water seconds after you tossed them.

The path curved now and he saw a black patch that might have been extra thick shadow. But he knew it wasn't. He knew it was the shaft. Ahead he glimpsed the perfect tree, symmetrical against the stars. He opened his mouth to warn the stranger to keep to the path, then closed it. The stranger didn't seem to take kindly to conversation.

A couple of minutes after they passed the perfect tree the stranger said, "Turn right."

Rock gritted beneath their feet as they groped a twisting way among yucca and lodgepole pines. Then Laurel saw an old prospector's cabin ahead, unlighted. The stranger put his mouth close to the door and called, "It's us, Curly."

Dark movement sounded from inside and a bolt scraped. The door hinges complained. A couple of candles yellowed the one room, their rays caged in by blankets over the windows.

"Sit down, friend," the man named Curly said. He put away his gun and bolted the door. He fitted the description on the poster like a round cake of soap fitted a shaving mug. His black beard was a mass of ringlets and his black hair curled.

John Laurel sat down at the table. He guessed this big man would be California Curly. And the smooth-shaved stranger was no doubt Pinky Simmons. He had eased his rangy frame to a bunk that had been freshed up with pine boughs.

California Curly stared down at John Laurel. His dark eyes were sullen on either side of a craggy nose that leaped out from the place on his forehead where his brows grew together.

"It's this one," he said, sticking a finger into his mouth and pulling back his lower lip. "Feels like three rattlesnakes fanging me."

Laurel stood up, stared at the molar.

(Continued on page 87)

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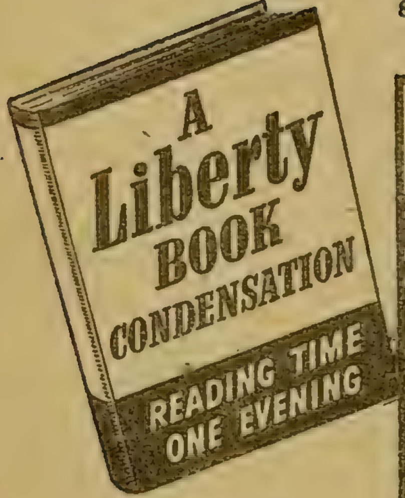
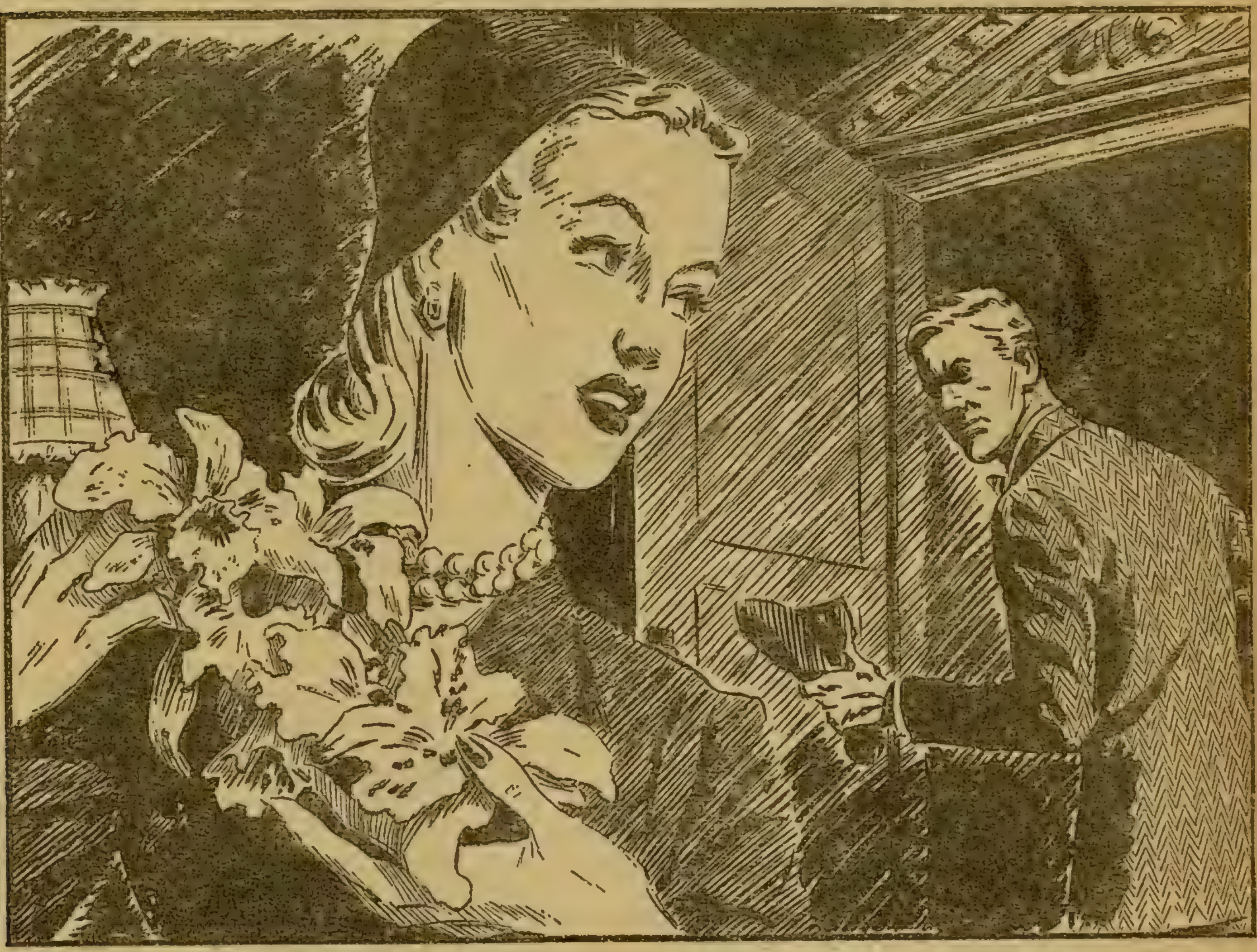
Orchids to MURDER

BY HULBERT FOOTNER

AVID readers of Hulbert Footner's mysteries have built a literary cult around his gentle bald-headed detective, Lee Mappin. In this country Christopher Morley, and in England Max Beerbohm are the leading lights among his disciples. You'll join the charmed circle as you watch him doggedly chop a trail to a killer's doorstep through a jungle of contradictory clues.



ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER



JERMYN, Amos Lee Mappin's lean, leathery manservant, entered his master's bedroom and coughed discreetly. Though it was nearly nine o'clock on Monday morning, Mr. Mappin, making a little rounded hill of the bedclothes, was still slumbering peacefully. There had been a late party on Sunday night.

He awoke and looked at Jermyn with a not altogether friendly eye.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir. Major Dunphy is here."

Mr. Mappin scowled. "That crashing old bore!" He glanced at the clock on the dresser. "What on earth does he want?"

"He didn't care to tell me, sir. He apologized for coming so early. He appears to be extremely agitated, sir. He mentioned the name of his granddaughter, Miss Stannard. She seems to be lost, sir."

Lee stared at Jermyn with a changed expression. "Miss Stannard? What the devil! He didn't expect to find her here, did he? I'll get rid of him as fast as I can."

"He's waiting in the living room, sir."

"All right. Make me some coffee. I'll have breakfast after he goes."

He thrust his feet into a pair of morocco slippers, wound a white silk muffler around his neck, and shouldered himself into one of the gaudy dressing gowns he affected at home—this one was crimson. He didn't have to brush his hair because he didn't have any, except a fringe around the base of his skull.

In the living room, a huge chamber with a balcony high above New York's East River, he found Major Dunphy sitting on the edge of a sofa, impatiently slapping his thigh with a pair of chamois gloves. Beside him on a table lay the hard-shell derby hat that he continued to wear after everybody else had left them off. The only thing missing was the customary carnation in his button-

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hole. This denoted a considerable state of perturbation.

"My granddaughter has disappeared!" He spoke more in anger than sorrow.

"How do you mean, disappeared?" asked Lee patiently. "I talked with her yesterday on the telephone."

"Mary left the house some time before nine o'clock last night. Without a word of good-by," the old man added.

Lee, glancing at the old face twisted with self-pity and resentment, could not feel surprised. "Well, Mary's a free agent," he said mildly.

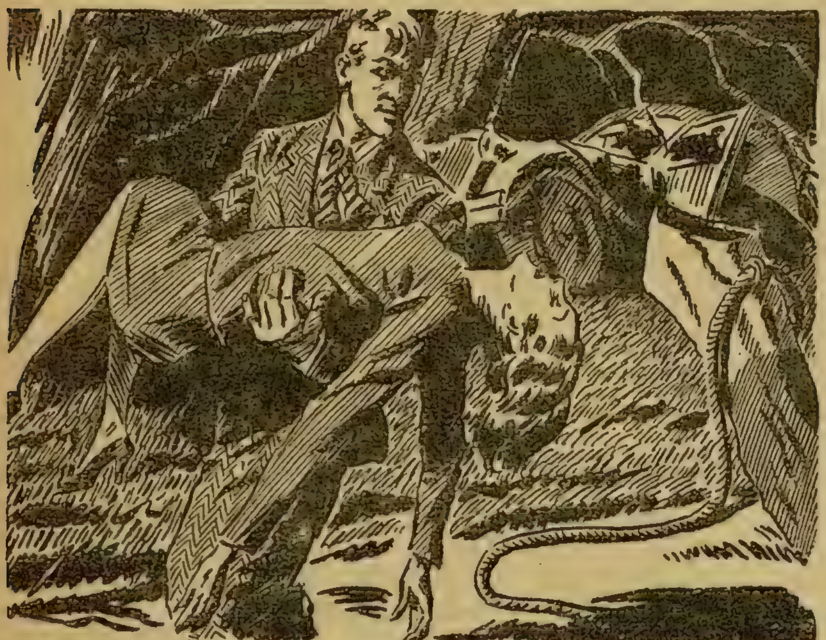
"But the circumstances were so suspicious; so many lies were told, I don't know what to think!"

"Better tell me the whole circumstances," Lee said. "I don't understand your reference to lies. Mary has such a candid character."

"Not with me!" said the major. "I'm the old nuisance that has to be lied to and shut up."

Lee said nothing.

"As you know," resumed the major, acid and garrulous, "the play closed unexpectedly on Saturday night, though it was a sell-out at every performance. It was given out that the star has had a nervous breakdown. That's a fake. Everybody knows that the woman is furious because my Mary stole the play. I happen to know that they wanted to give Mary the star part and continue, but Mary refused because she said she wanted a vacation. Mary herself didn't tell me anything—she never does—but I had that on the best authority—"



Lee interrupted. "Let's stick to Mary."

"After the performance on Saturday night she went to a late party, as usual," the major continued bitterly. "All day yesterday she and her maid were busy in her room over some mysterious preparations. I didn't see Mary to talk to her until dinnertime, and then she was absent-minded. I addressed my remarks to the empty air. At the end of the meal she merely said she had decided to go up to the inn at Greencliffe Manor in Dutchess County to stay until the play resumed. She'd be leaving shortly before nine o'clock, she said. She was tired, she claimed, of late parties and empty gabble and drinking, and wanted a complete rest in the country in spring. And all the time her eyes were sparkling with anticipation. Anybody could have seen that she was lying."

The major paused. "When I naturally remonstrated with her at having this sprung on me," he resumed, "and pointed out that I would be left alone in the house every night—our two servants sleep out, as you may know—she said she had arranged to have her maid sleep in while she was away—small comfort to me! I confess that such a total disregard for my comfort made me a little angry. When I continued to question her about this sudden desire for the country, she merely looked at me without speaking and went up to her room and closed the door.

"I did not see her again," the major went on. "She did indeed leave somewhere around nine o'clock. It was not until I heard the telephone ringing downstairs at quarter past nine that I realized I was alone in the house."

"Who called up?" asked Lee.

"Nina Gannon," said the major sourly, "Mary's special and particular pal. Wanted to know where Mary was. Said she had a date to meet Mary at nine o'clock and she hadn't turned up."

"'Well, she's gone,' I said. 'Where was she to meet you?' Nina hesitated before answering and then said, 'At my place.' So I guessed she was lying. I said, 'Mary told me she was going up to Greencliffe Manor tonight.' 'Oh, that would be later tonight,' said Nina. When I attempted to question her further, she hung up. . . . Nina Gannon does not like me," the major concluded resentfully, "and I have always considered her to be an unfortunate influence on Mary."

This communication made Lee look vaguely anxious, because he knew that Nina was honestly Mary's friend.

"So I went to bed," the major continued. "I spent a miserable night, tossing and turning; never closed my eyes. At eight this morning Nina Gannon wanted to know if I had heard from Mary. Sounded anxious. I said no. I couldn't get anything out of her. She made believe to pass it off as of no account. I then called up the inn at Greencliffe Manor and was told that Miss Stannard was not stopping there, and that no reservation had been made for her."

"Well, I'm sure everything is all right," said Lee with more confidence than he felt. "You can't apply ordinary standards to our brilliant Mary. I'll dress and have a spot of breakfast, then I'll go back to your house with you, and we'll see what is to be done, if anything. Or perhaps you'd prefer to go right back and let me follow?"

"I'll wait for you," said the major.

Lee and the major made their way on foot to Mary Stannard's place. When Mary finally found herself in the money she had rented this little furnished house far east on Fifty-first Street, around two corners from Lee's apartment house. The old-fashioned little brownstone front, one of a long row, had been altered into a smart English-basement dwelling with all the modern gadgets.

A SMILING housemaid admitted them. Clearly she had no suspicion that there was anything wrong. No messages had come during the major's absence, she said.

The kitchen lay to the right of the entrance hall, and the back part of the former basement now constituted a charming dining room with the whole rear wall of glass, looking out on a garden gay, at this season, with narcissi, jonquils, and early tulips.

While they were in the dining room, the major suddenly said, "I forgot to mention that Mary received a male visitor last night shortly before she disappeared."

"So?" said Lee. "Who was it?"

"I don't know. At a few minutes past eight I heard the front doorbell ring. The servants had just gone home. I went out in the hall and leaned over the stair rail to listen. I heard Mary go down to the door, and I heard the rumble of a man's voice, but I couldn't hear anything that was said. She brought him up to the living room and went in and closed the door. I don't know how long he stayed. She must have let him out very softly, because I heard nothing, though I left my door open. Or perhaps she went with him."

"Didn't you look out of the front window?" Lee asked.

"Yes. There was a red convertible coupé standing in front of our house. It had a khaki top, which was up. When I looked again, later, the car was gone. It was a fine car, bigger than a Ford or a Chevvy; at that distance I couldn't tell the make or read the license number."

"Let's take a look at the garden," said Lee. "While I'm here I want to see everything."

Outside the dining room there was a narrow stone-paved terrace where one could breakfast in the warm weather. A tiny fountain played near by. Back of the terrace a rock garden with some winding steps ascended to the level of the original back yard.

Lee strolled between the flower beds. All had been freshly dug and cultivated.

"Mary spent a ridiculous amount of money on it," said the major peevishly.

The thought flitted through Lee's head: A body could have been buried under one of the flower beds and the whole raked over neatly afterward. He glanced speculatively at the major. He's old, thought Lee, but he seems able. I suppose he would be Mary's legal heir. But she couldn't have left much, she was so extravagant.

Lee examined all the flower beds with renewed care, but could find no evidence that the subsoil had been thrown to the surface in any place.

"What's in your mind?" asked the major nervously.

"Nothing as yet," said Lee.

They went back indoors, and ascended to what had been the parlor floor of the original house. The housemaid was cleaning the room. On top of a basket of trash lay a white cardboard box about ten inches long, and Lee picked it up. It bore the business card of Schracht, a florist on Lexington Avenue. Also in the basket lay a sheet of oiled paper and the outer wrapping of the box.

"When did this come?" asked Lee.

"Don't know," grumbled the major.

"Must have been sometime yesterday, sir," said the maid. "I tidied the room yesterday morning."

Lee examined the wrapping paper. "No address on it," he said. "The giver must have brought the flowers. We may suppose that it was a man. Did Miss Mary have any gentlemen visitors yesterday?"

"No, sir. Not before I went home at eight o'clock."

"There was one came after eight, as I told you," put in the major.

"Surely," said Lee. "Then he must have brought the flowers. And since no flowers were found, she must have worn them when she went out."

Lee kept the box.

Nothing else of special interest was found in the living room, and they proceeded to Mary's own suite on the floor above. It consisted of two large rooms with bathroom and wardrobes between; in front lay Mary's sitting room with a south exposure, in the rear, her bedroom. Both rooms were gay with chintz upholstery and hangings. In the boudoir, Mary's desk was open, and it had the look of having recently been cleaned out. A little heap of charred paper lay in the fireplace.

"Looks as if she were clearing out for good!" said the major with excessive bitterness. "Leaving me with this house on my hands! I have no money to keep it going!"

"Nonsense!" said Lee sharply. "It would be totally unlike Mary to leave anybody in the lurch like that."

He knelt before the fireplace. On the edge of the charred papers lay two scraps only partly burned through. One bore the name of a place, Elkton, Maryland; the other showed part of a person's name in the same writing; it looked like McCallum. Lee examined the quality of the paper closely and held each piece to the light. They were clearly parts of the same sheet. He showed them to the major.

The old man shook his head sullenly. "Means nothing to me," he said.

Lee transferred the scraps to his pocket. All the other papers in the fireplace had been completely destroyed.

IN THE middle of Mary's bedroom lay a suitcase large enough to hold dresses, and a matching case, both very smart and expensive. It was evident from the weight that they had been packed.

Somebody came up the stairs. Lee looked out through the door and his anxious face lightened at the sight of Lottie Vickers, Mary's maid at the theater; middle-aged, portly, comely, and good-natured. She carried a satchel.

"Come in here, Lottie," said Lee. "We're anxious about Miss Mary. She went away last night without leaving any word. Do you know where she's gone?"

Lottie betrayed no alarm, but her reply was guarded. "She told me she was going to the country for a rest, Mr. Mappin. I am to sleep in her room until we hear from her further."

"But where did she go?"

Lottie hesitated. "She didn't tell me, sir," she said, glancing at the old man.

Lee observed the glance and found a pretext to get the major out of the room. Then he turned to Lottie.

"You were here yesterday, helping her pack?"

"Yes, sir."

"And she gave you no clue then as to what was passing in her mind?"

"Well, sir, it did come to me that something *very* nice was before her. I could tell it from the lift in her voice and from her eyes."

"Who is the man?"

She hesitated. "You won't tell him?" she said, pointing downstairs. "He hates him."

"I shall not tell him."

Lottie hung her head. "I'm afraid it's Mr. Jack Fentress."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Lee. "He's not fit to tie her shoe!"

"That's what I say, sir."

LEE paced the room savagely. "My beautiful, clever Mary! There seems to be a sort of electrical quality in that young man that no woman can resist. I never thought Mary would fall for it."

"She's a woman, too, sir," said Lottie softly. "She's been going with him since before I started to work for her. He never came around the theater much, but she saw him outside. She had his photograph in the drawer of her dressing table at the theater, and looked at it often."

"I never suspected such a thing!" groaned Lee. "When did she see him last?"

"At the theater, after the show on Saturday night. Miss Mary gave a little party and asked Mr. Fentress and Mrs. Gannon and Ewart Blanding—"

"Blanding!" said Lee, staring. "Her chauffeur?"

"Her former chauffeur. There's a fine fellow, sir. Much above his station. He's a law student and supports himself by driving a car. Handsome too. She made a friend of him while he was working for her," Lottie went on. "The poor young fellow was absolutely gone on her. The real thing. He couldn't hide it. I believe that's the reason she sold her car and let him go. She *said* that the car was too great an extravagance for her to keep in town. So she let him go and work for Miss Amy Dordress, the one the newspapers call the poor little rich girl."

"But she continued to see Blanding?"

"Oh, yes, sir. She wouldn't cut him off all at once. She was too kindhearted."

"And she asked him to supper Saturday night?"

"Yes, sir. He came to the theater. He and Mr. Fentress didn't like each other. They went to La Perouse Restaurant. Yesterday I asked Miss Mary if they had a good time and she shook her head. Said she was a fool to ask Fentress and Blanding on the same night. So I suppose they quarreled. . . . There was another gentleman asked to the supper party," Lottie went on, "but he refused to come. Miss Mary was sorry. That was Mr. George Restorick."

"The real-estate millionaire," said Lee.

"Yes, sir. He's been in love with Miss Mary, too, for a long time past."

Lee found Jack Fentress' number in the telephone book and called him, but there was no answer. With Nina Gannon he had better luck. She answered promptly, and would see him.

The moment Lee entered Nina's pretty living room, she exploded a bombshell: "Mary and Jack Fentress were to have been married last night in the chantry of St. Michael's and All Angels'. Jack's friend Jim Rutledge and I were on hand to stand up with them. But Mary never showed up."

"Good Lord!" cried Lee. "Why was she so secretive about it?"

"That was because she knew her friends didn't think much of Jack. . . . Oh, I never heard anything very discreditable about him. But he has no brains, he has no money, he isn't even particularly handsome. There's nothing to him but that curious magnetic attraction that he has for women—and that sort of thing doesn't last. But she was determined to marry him."

"Tell me exactly what took place last night," Lee said.

"Well, the wedding was set for nine o'clock in the chantry of St. Michael's and All Angels' Church. Jack was late, but only a minute or two. He breezed in with a policeman."

"A policeman!"

"He explained that he had run through a red light on lower Fifth Avenue in his excitement, and was stopped. He tried to talk himself out of it by saying he was on his way to be married, and, since the church was only a block away, the policeman came with him to check his story. Jack was in the customary state of a prospective bridegroom—dithering with excitement and scared as hell. Kept pulling the ring out of his pocket to make sure he had it. He was carrying a little box—"

"What was in it?" interrupted Lee.

"I don't know. It was never opened. Orchids for the bride, I suppose."

"You don't know what became of it?"

"No. It was lost sight of in the excitement. As the minutes passed without bringing Mary, Jack became wild with anxiety. At quarter past nine I called up Mary's house and the old man said she had left some time before, he couldn't say exactly how long."

"Had the old man been told of the wedding?"

"Certainly he had *not* been told," said Nina. "But he might have guessed what was up. Selfish old brute! The mere suggestion that Mary might marry and leave him put him in a rage."

"What happened after you telephoned?"

"Nothing. We waited nearly an hour. The parson was very patient. Jack was in a pitiable state. He assumed that he'd been jilted. He made up his mind that Mary had finally fallen for her millionaire admirer."

"George Restorick?"

"Yes. We finally left the church, after Jack had made the parson promise to say nothing of what had happened. The boys drove me home in Jack's car and went away together. I have heard nothing from them."

"You spoke a while ago of other men who were in love with Mary. Whom had you in mind?"

Nina said quickly, "Neither of the two men who loomed biggest in the picture would be capable of harming Mary."

"One was George Restorick," suggested Lee. "The other?"

"Ewart Blanding. A man in a thousand," said Nina. "The sort of young fellow who could take the job of chauffeur without apologizing for it, without losing a bit of his independence and self-respect. And how he loved Mary! He never had the slightest hope of winning her, poor fellow. Jack was ahead of him."

"What about Restorick?"

"A fine man!" said Nina. "Of course he's forty years old; that's too old for our Mary. She's only twenty-four."

"What's Restorick's history as regards women?"

"Oh, he's no Galahad, if that's what you mean. He has never married; too leery of the gals who were always chucking their caps at his millions. It was Mary's utter independence that got George Restorick going in the first place."

LEE took a new line. "Mary's maid spoke of a party after the theater on Saturday night."

"It was to be Mary's farewell to spinsterhood, but nobody was supposed to know that except me—and of course Jack. She asked George Restorick and Ewart Blanding to come because, as she told me, they were the two who loved her best. She loved them both, she said, simply because they loved her."

Lee shook his head at the folly of girls.

"George, naturally, refused to come," Nina went on. "He had too much sense. But Ewart turned up. I should explain that Jack Fentress hates Ewart, though I don't know why he should. It may be that he knows in his heart Ewart is the better man, and that is unbearable."

"Go on about the party," prompted Lee.

"We had a private room at La Perouse. The party was doomed from the start because of Jack's hateful sniping at Ewart. For a long time Ewart took it like an angel," Nina went on, "making a joke of it, laughing, trying to change the subject. But Jack seemed determined to provoke a quarrel. He kept hinting about the coming marriage, though Mary had expressly forbidden him to refer to it. Toward the end I could see the muscles of Ewart's jaw stiffening. Finally Jack suggested that Ewart would have to console himself with the riches of his present employer. That was too much. Ewart jumped up, knocking his chair over backward. Jack was up, too, and Ewart gave him a smashing blow in the face that stretched him flat on the floor. I didn't mention, did I, that Jack turned up for the wedding with a ghastly black eye? It had been skillfully painted out, but you could tell."

"How did Mary take all this?" asked Lee.

"She was angry with Ewart. She took Jack's part. How could you expect an infatuated girl to be fair?"

"What happened then?"

"That was the end. Mary was kneeling beside Jack on the floor. Ewart gave Mary a sort of desperate look and ran out of the place. We all went home."

"Good Lord!" said Lee. "Imagine the feelings of that poor young wretch when he ran out of the restaurant. That's dangerous—dangerous!" He jumped up. "Jack may have had some communication from Mary since I tried to get him on the phone earlier."

Nina nodded toward the telephone. "Try Jim Rutledge's place."

Lee looked up the number and asked for Jack. Presently Jack's surly voice answered: "Who is it?"

"Lee Mappin. A friend of Mary Stannard. Perhaps you have heard her speak of me."

Jack's voice became more friendly. "Sure, I know you, Mr. Mappin. What can I do for you?"

"Have you heard anything from Mary today?"

The voice hardened again. "What's that to you, sir?"

"Well, all her friends are wondering where she is. We're anxious."

The voice was electrified. "Do you mean she's disappeared? Nobody knows where she is?"

"That's right," Lee answered.

"That changes the picture! I haven't heard anything from her. This is terrible! I—I can't talk to you over the phone, sir. Where are you?"

"I was about to suggest that I come to you."

"Yes! Yes! I'll wait for you here at Rutledge's, sir . . . . But can you give me half an hour?" he added deprecatingly. "I'm—I'm not in very good shape, sir."

"I'll be there in an hour from now," said Lee.

He hung up and looked around for his hat. "Be of good heart," he said to Nina, who was weeping. "We mustn't give way to imaginary horrors. I'll keep in touch with you . . . . First I'm going to drive down to St. Michael's and All Angels'."

LEE was shown into the parson's study. The first thing his eyes fell upon was a spray of six blossoms of an exquisite rare green-and-black orchid standing in a slender vase on the desk. This, Lee knew, was Mary Stannard's favorite flower—perhaps because it was the most expensive.

The fashionable preacher entered the room, saying, "Mrs. Gannon telephoned that you were on the way, Mr. Mappin. Of course you are well known to me by reputation, sir."

"That saves explanations," said Lee. He pointed to the orchids. "One of the questions I came to ask you has already been answered. Those, I take it, were intended for the bridal bouquet."

"I assume so. I found the box on the floor after they had gone. It seemed indelicate to try to return them to the disappointed bridegroom, so I just put them in water. Lovely, aren't they? And scandalously expensive, I have no doubt."

"Quite," said Lee dryly. "Did you happen to notice what florist they were from?"

"Unfortunately, no," said the rector. Excusing himself, he left the study and returned in a moment with the box in his hand, the same size box as the one Lee had found in Mary's living room earlier. It was from Lamarr at Madison Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street.

"One more question," said Lee. "Did you happen to notice the time at which the bridegroom got to the vestry?"

"Yes. I had just looked at my watch. It was nine five." The rector added, "Your questions make me anxious. May I ask . . ."

"In your profession you must have learned to cultivate discretion," Lee said. "The young lady has disappeared."

"How dreadful!"

"If anything has happened to her, of course it must be published, but until we have something to go on, we wish to keep the matter private."

"Naturally," said the rector. "You can rely on me, Mr. Mappin. I am so sorry."

On his way uptown, Lee stopped at Forty-second Street to consult Stan Oberry. Stan's office door bore no lettering. He conducted a quiet and efficient private agency that Lee had employed with success in former investigations.

After he had laid his present problem before Stan in full particular, the latter pulled the telephone book toward him and searched for Miss Amy Dordress' number. Finding it, he said, "She lives on Park Avenue. I know that house; most expensive in town; triplex apartments. The girl is an orphan; has complete control over her money, they say. Every young fellow about town is after her, but she can't make up her mind."

When Stan got Miss Dordress, he held the receiver away from his ear so Lee could hear what the shrill angry voice was saying.

"No, I don't know where he is! I'd be glad if you would tell me! He took one of my cars last night without permission and I've seen neither hide nor hair of him since. nor the car either. If I don't hear from him within an hour I shall report it to the police!"

"Which car was it, miss?"

"The Packard. It's a red convertible with a khaki top. . . . Who are you, anyway? Do you know where he is?"

"No, ma'am. Just a personal friend."

She hung up.

"I'll follow it up, Lee," Stan promised.

LEE had seen Jack Fentress on a few occasions before —Jack was a familiar figure in the gaudier spots around town. But now, in his friend's apartment, Lee regarded him with new interest. What constituted his extraordinary attraction for women? He was in his late twenties, of average height and good figure; sufficiently good-looking, not remarkably so. Fentress had uncommonly thick and lustrous black hair. The notable thing about him was the quick turn of his dark eyes, the swiftness of all his movements. He was an actor, but he had never won distinction on the stage.

He was still wearing the fashionable suit he had put on for his wedding; but the skillful painting had partly worn off his black eye; both his eyes were bloodshot; his face was gray and haggard; he had not shaved.

"What do you know about Mary?" he asked imploringly.

"Nothing," said Lee, spreading out his hands. "She told her grandfather she was going up to Greencliffe Manor. But of course she's not there."

"That's right," said Jack. "We had planned to go to Greencliffe; but not until today."

"No reservation had been made."

"My fault. I forgot in my excitement. The whole thing was got up in such a hurry."

"When did you see her last?" asked Lee.

"Saturday night. I wanted to pick her up and drive her to the church last night. That would have been the natural thing to do. But she wouldn't have it. She wouldn't even let me see her during the day yesterday; but I phoned her several times. I was so afraid something might happen. You see, there were other men in the running."

"Blanding?" suggested Lee.

Jack said contemptuously, "Mary never took him seriously. A mere chauffeur! There's another man, a man who constitutes a real threat!"

"Who?"

"George Restorick. I've always feared him. He's been after her for years. Restorick was continually asking Mary to marry him. Once when she turned him down he flew into a rage and told her that if he couldn't have her, no other man should. Mary herself told me. She laughed it off, but I couldn't."

"We'll investigate that," said Lee. "First describe your movements before you went to the church."

Jack dropped on the sofa. He passed a hand over his face. "Let me think," he murmured. "My brain's in a muddle! . . . I started to dress about five o'clock, I guess. At six thirty Jim and I went out to eat, but the food choked me. At seven thirty I phoned to the garage for my car, and soon after I sent Jim Rutledge downtown to pick up Nina. Soon after Jim left, I couldn't stand it any longer, and I started out in my car."

"Where is your apartment?"

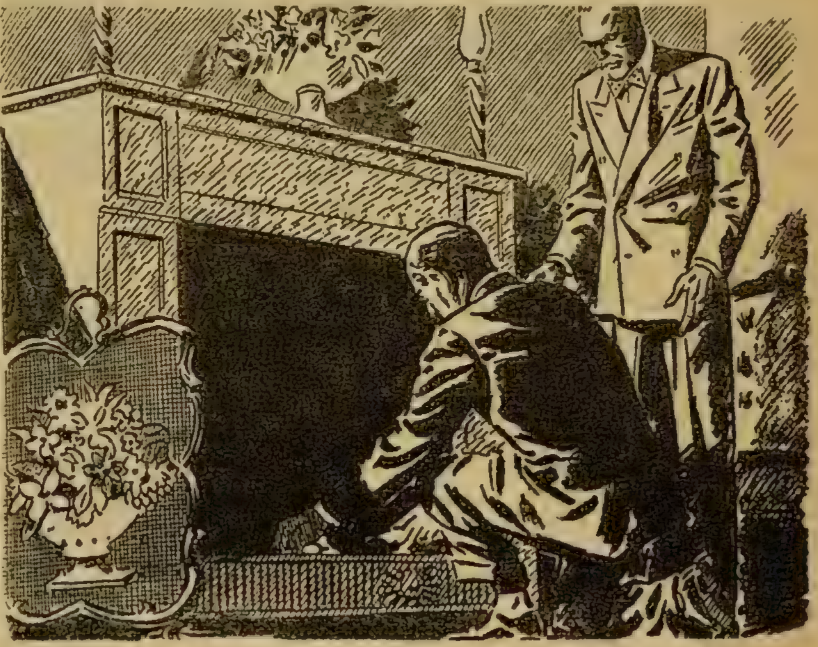
"Madison Avenue between Eighty-seventh and Eighty-eighth. My first stop was to pick up flowers at Lamarr's, down the street. Orchids. It's a special kind that Mary likes—green and black. They were to go with a black suit and green hat she was wearing."

"The flowers are now on the parson's desk," put in Lee.

"The hell with them!" said Jack. "So you've been to the parson's too?"

"Go on with your story."

"I was looking at my watch every minute," said Jack. "It was eight five when I left the florist's. I cut through Third Avenue and filled my tank at the Yorkville Garage.



Eight twelve when I pulled away from there. When I got to Madison Square I saw by the clock in the Metropolitan tower that I had half an hour to spare.

"I just drove around. Made a circuit of Gramercy Square and down Irving Place. Parked my car for a few minutes and went into Luchow's to get a drink. I needed it. When I came out, a clock across the road said three minutes to nine. I got in a hell of a rush then, hustled down Fourth Avenue and west through Ninth Street.

"I was in such a sweat that I ran through a red light at the corner of University Place, there by the Café Lafayette. A cop stopped me and I lost some minutes more arguing with him. Told him I was on my way to be married. The church was just around the corner. So he came with me, saying if my story checked, he wouldn't give me a ticket. It did check and I got rid of him. It was nine five when I arrived at the church."

"You can skip what happened at the church," said Lee. "Nina told me. Where did you and Rutledge go afterward?"

"We hung around, waiting for Mary until after ten. Then we took Nina home and proceeded to tank up. I left for a few minutes and went over home to see if there was any message. There wasn't. So I came back here. Toward morning I went over to my place again. No message. It was impossible for me to stay alone, so I came back. That's all."

"I see."

"Why don't you call up George Restorick?" asked Jack.

Lee called, and got no answer. But at the Restorick Estate office in East Thirty-sixth Street, he was answered by a courteous male voice. "Mr. Restorick is out of town. Is there anything I can do for you, sir?"

"No, thank you. It's a personal matter. Where is Mr. Restorick?"

"He took a plane at LaGuardia Field for Mexico City an hour ago, sir."

"Have you a forwarding address?"

"Not yet, sir. Presumably that will come along later."

"This was an unexpected trip, then?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Restorick had to buy out another passenger in order to secure a place on the plane."

"Did he go alone?"

The voice sounded surprised. "Why, yes, sir."

"I thought he might have taken a servant."

"No, sir, the servants have been paid off and the cars put in dead storage."

"He'll be away for some time, then?"

"No date has been set for his return, sir."

Lee considered for a moment. "I was negotiating with Mr. Restorick for the purchase of one of his cars."

"In that case, you should communicate with the garage where they are stored, sir. It's the Atlas in East Fifty-first Street."

"Thank you very much," said Lee, hanging up.

He and Jack exchanged a glance. "What did I tell you? What did I tell you?" cried the latter excitedly. "Restorick is the man!"

Lee shrugged dubiously. He called up Stan Oberry's office. "Stan," he said, "first, have you turned up anything about Ewart Blanding or the red convertible?"

"No. He seems to have disappeared."

"Well, here's another item for you. George Restorick boarded the eleven o'clock plane for Mexico City at LaGuardia Field. Have you a good agent down there?"

"One of the best, sir."

"Telegraph him to watch for the arrival of that plane and to notify us if Restorick gets off. If so, he is to keep Restorick under constant surveillance and report daily."

Lee hung up. "Jack," he said, "we have now reached the point where we must let it be known that Mary has disappeared. I will go to my friend, Police Inspector Loasby, and ask him to send out a general alarm."

"The reporters will hound us," groaned Jack.

"Just refer them to me."

"Just as you say, sir. Can I drive you down to police headquarters? My car is at the door downstairs."

"Glad to accept a ride," said Lee.

WHEN Lee came from police headquarters after a brief interview with Inspector Loasby, the head of the detective force, he found Jack looking much better. "I had myself shaved while I was waiting for you," he said, "and the barber touched up my eye."

They drove uptown and stopped at Schracht's the florist, on Lexington Avenue. Jack went into the shop with Lee. In response to Lee's question, the salesman told them that there had been eight or ten sales of orchids last evening.

"How about the Investia orchid?" put in Jack. "That green-and-black kind, very expensive."

The salesman's face lighted up. "Why, yes, sir! There was one such sale."

"Who bought them?" asked Lee.

"He is a stranger to me, sir. A cash customer. Ordered them last week and paid cash for a spray of six—ninety dollars. A handsome well-built young fellow, sir. Blond. I happened to notice his car standing at the door, a big red convertible with a khaki top."

"Thank you very much. Come on, Jack."

When they had left the shop, Lee said, "What made you think of Investias?"

"Just a guess in the dark," said Jack. "Blanding knew as well as I that Mary was crazy about them. . . . Damned cheek," he growled. "A chauffeur! Spending ninety dollars for flowers to give my girl!"

Lee murmured softly, "Mary must have been wearing those lovely blossoms when she—"

IN THE Atlas Garage on East Fifty-first Street, Lee said to the manager, "Can I see Mr. George Restorick's cars? His agent referred me to you."

"Which car was you interested in, sir? I didn't know he was thinking of selling. That's the coupé back of you. It's waiting to be washed."

"That's the one," said Lee. "Let's look it over."

"Beautiful custom-made job," said the manager. "Mr. Restorick don't employ a chauffeur while he's living in town and his cars ain't taken out much. He says taxis are cheaper. Even a millionaire looks after the pennies."

"They always do," said Lee.

"The limousine hasn't been out since Lord knows when," the manager went on, "but this job was called for at eight-thirty last night, unexpected. I took it up to Mr. Restorick's house myself. Mr. Restorick returned it himself about two o'clock. Nice man, he is; easy as an old shoe. When he come in last night I noticed he'd picked up some mud under the fenders, and I says, 'Been for a drive in the country, Mr. Restorick?' And he says, 'Just up to Black Maple, my place in Connecticut. I'm going away tomorrow and I had to get some papers.' "

"Was he alone?"

"Yes, sir."

While the man was talking, Lee made a close and attentive examination of the car's interior and luggage compartments.

"Tell me something as man to man. When Mr. Restorick came back with the car last night, how did he look?"

"Since you ask me, mister, he looked decidedly upset. He looked like a man who had lately stopped a haymaker."

"Much obliged," said Lee. "Let's go, Jack."

Back in their own car, Jack said, "That's pretty conclusive!"

"Hardly that," said Lee. "Do you want to drive me up to Connecticut?"

"Sure! I was hoping you'd say that."

A FRESHLY painted FOR SALE sign had been planted beside the entrance gate of Black Maple. A smart little gentleman came out of the house, the typical "realtor," who lost no time in beginning his snappy sales talk about the property.

"Mr. Restorick would like to sell the contents with it. You could move in tonight if you wished. Will you go over the house while we're here, sir?" he invited.

Lee took his own time in following the little man from room to room, using his eyes to the fullest advantage, but he was not rewarded by finding anything significant. By the time they had gone over the house, he was thoroughly bored with the brisk little man.

"I interrupted you at your work," he said politely. "My friend and I will stroll about the grounds now."

He found Jack talking to Restorick's farmer, a young man named Barmby. Barmby followed a few paces behind them as they walked around.

To the south of the house the lawn rose in the middle to a picturesque round rustic summerhouse, completely covered with a vine of white wistaria now in flower. Surrounding the little pavilion was a bed of hyacinths, white, pink, and purple, freshly planted out, the whole making a charming springtime bower. Lee searched to see if the flower bed had been freshly disturbed anywhere. Apparently it had not. The floor of the summerhouse was about a foot higher than the surrounding ground. This space had been filled in with a lattice of thin wooden strips. Chains had been stretched across the entrance to the little house.

"Mr. Restorick had them put up before I came," said Barmby. "He said he suspected that the floor was rotten, and he didn't want anybody to go through and break a leg. He wouldn't have it pulled down because the vine was so beautiful."

Lee leaned over the chains to look inside. In truth, the floor was covered with a scum of earth and rotting leaves that obviously had not been disturbed in years.

Barmby glanced at his watch. "It's my milking time, sir. I'll be leaving you, if there's nothing more I can do."

Lee and Jack went back to the house, passing through a rectangular flower garden. Under the open fronds of a peony bush gleamed a scrap of white. Lee picked it up. A lady's little folded handkerchief of the sheerest linen. On the visible corner, a spray of flowers was exquisitely embroidered, odd green-and-black blossoms.

Jack, looking over Lee's shoulder, gave an agonized cry. "That's one of Mary's wedding handkerchiefs! See! The Investia orchid! She ordered them embroidered specially! Oh, God!"

IN town, Lee's first act was to talk to Inspector Loasby. In any criminal investigation, Lee made it a rule to take the police into his confidence. He told the whole story of the disappearance of Mary Stannard as far as he knew it.

"Let's not give it to the press until we're a little surer of where we stand," he urged.

Loasby agreed. "I will take immediate steps to have Restorick arrested," he said.

Lee shook his head. "Better not! The evidence is not sufficient, inspector. I'm not satisfied that Restorick is the man we want."

Loasby stared. Then he grinned a little ruefully. "Well, sometimes I've been sorry in the past when I didn't listen to your hunches. I'll wait."

"Heard anything further about the other suspect, Ewart Blanding?" asked Lee.

"Not a word."

Lee called up Stan Oberry at his home. Stan had news for him. He said, "Ewart Blanding called up his employer, Miss Dordress, at one o'clock today. He had smashed up her car last night on Pelham Bay Parkway. The accident happened shortly after nine o'clock. A passing motorist carried him to Pelham Manor, where Blanding reported the accident to a garage and engaged them to tow the wreck in. Miss Dordress ordered him to come to her and report in person, but he declined with apologies. Promised her he would pay for the car just as soon as he could earn the money. Boy! Was she sore!

"She telephoned the repair shop to send up to Pelham Manor and get the car and send her an estimate of repairs. Blanding lodged in a room in the neighborhood of the Dordress garage. She went around there, but found that he had already been to fetch his things and was gone. She said she was going to lay a complaint with the police, but I don't think she meant it.

"I hustled right up to Pelham Manor," Oberry continued. "There was no other car involved. Blanding, traveling north at great speed, simply left the road on a curve and wrapped his car around a tree. Found a householder who witnessed the accident. Another car had stopped, he said, and the driver of the wrecked car carried a woman, who appeared to be unconscious or dead, to the car which had stopped. They got in and were driven away. Blanding was alone when he turned up at the garage a few minutes later."

"Could the witness describe the woman?"

"Young and slender, he said; had medium blonde hair and was wearing a black tailored suit. If she had a hat, it had fallen off."

Lee groaned. "Sounds like her. Was Blanding hurt?"

"He was limping when he turned up at the garage; said it was nothing serious. I found that no injured woman had been brought to any doctor or hospital in Pelham."

"We're suffering from an embarrassment of evidence," said Lee when he had repeated this to Loasby. "Better spread a net for Blanding at once. Let's put a personal ad in all the newspapers asking the motorist who picked him up to come forward and testify."

Inspector Loasby reached for the telephone.

NEXT morning Lee had a caller: Miss Amy Dordress. Wealth enabled her to present a smart appearance, but beyond that, one was aware of a meager little woman with a small sharp-featured face that bore an ingrained expression of ill-nature.

She burst out, "What's this I read in the papers about the disappearance of Mary Stannard and the fact that the police are looking for my chauffeur, Blanding? What's the connection?"

"I wish I knew," said Lee.

She stamped her foot. "I won't be put off! I came here to learn the truth and I won't leave until I do!"

"Do sit down," Lee said with silky politeness.

"I prefer to stand."

"My interest in this case," Lee went on, "is that of a friend of Miss Stannard. We don't know where she is and we are very anxious."

"Probably run off with some man," sneered Miss Dordress. "It might even be Blanding."

There was a pause while Lee struggled with his temper. "Have you any evidence to suggest that they have gone away together?" he asked.

"Mercy, no!" she said. "I'm not interested in such people!"

"Can you suggest any other explanation of Miss Stannard's disappearance?"

"I told you I wasn't interested."

"Then what *is* your interest?" he asked softly.

She bit her lip. "It's simply that I resent having my name dragged into such a disgusting affair."

"Your name?" said Lee with an innocent air. "What have you got to do with it?"

"Nothing!" she almost screamed at him. "But the mere fact that I employed this creature Blanding is excuse enough for the newspapers to rehash all the lying gossip about me of years past."

"Dear! Dear! How distressing!" murmured Lee. "I wish I could do something to keep all this stuff out of the newspapers."

"Never mind that now," said Miss Dordress. "Suppose the Stannard girl *has* been made away with, whom do you suspect?"

"Well, there's Blanding."

"Of course!" she said, with obvious satisfaction. "Have you got a strong case against him?"

"Strong by inference," said Lee. "Everything waits on the discovery of the body."

"You can count on any help that I can give you," she said viciously. "That —— Blanding"—Miss Dordress used a very unladylike word—"has cost me several thousand dollars. I'd like to see him punished. . . . Do you suspect anybody else?"

"There are certain suspicions," Lee said guardedly.

"Who? Who?" she demanded excitedly.

"I'm not sure I ought to mention names now."

She burst out in an extraordinary fashion, cursing Lee, stamping her foot, screaming.

But when she saw that her tantrum wasn't having any effect, she abruptly turned it off. She said, "I'm sorry I lost my temper, Mr. Mappin. It was so dreadfully annoying this morning to find myself spread all over the papers."

"I sympathize with you deeply," said Lee.

"Now you'll tell me, won't you," she went on cajolingly, "whom do you suspect besides Blanding?"

"You mustn't repeat this to anyone. There are two men the police are investigating: George Restorick—"

"Surely," she said, with the sneer that was habitual to her. "He's been keeping her for years, hasn't he? Maybe he got sick of it at last. . . . Oh, I'm sorry! I forgot she was a friend of yours. Who's the other man?"

"The old grandfather—but that's no more than a suspicion."

After she had gone, Lee was called to the telephone by Stan Oberry. Stan reported that George Restorick had landed from a plane in Mexico City and was registered at the Reforma; that Ewart Blanding had not been found; and that, several months earlier, Mary Stannard had insured her life for fifty thousand dollars in favor of her grandfather. The major had already demanded settlement, but the insurance companies, naturally, were holding out for proof of death.

Soon afterward, Lee was much surprised to receive a telegram from George Restorick himself, dated Mexico City:

GREATLY DISTRESSED TO READ PRESS REPORTS OF MARY STANNARD'S DISAPPEARANCE. AM WIRING CERTAIN INSTRUCTIONS TO MY ESTATE AGENTS IN NEW YORK. PLEASE GET IN TOUCH WITH THEM.

Lee lost no time in calling up the office of the Restorick Estate. The call was answered by the same man he had talked to the day before. Lee said, "This is Amos Lee Mappin speaking. I have had a telegram from Mr. Restorick." He read it over the wire.

"Yes, Mr. Mappin," said the agent. "I have just received the communication that Mr. Restorick speaks of. Can I bring it to you?"

"I'm on a direct wire," Lee said. "There can be no leakage at this end."

"Very well, sir, I'll read it: '. . . Inform Mr. Amos Lee Mappin it is my earnest desire that as a friend of Miss Mary Stannard he should conduct the fullest possible investigation into the circumstances surrounding her disappearance. Tell him he is to stop at no expense. Tell him he may draw on me for any amount in connection with such an investigation up to the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, and let this be your authority to honor any drafts he may make on you without asking for an accounting. This offer will be withdrawn if it is revealed to the press. George Restorick.' "

Lee felt a little breathless. "Well!" he said. . . . "Telegraph Mr. Restorick that I am already devoting my entire time to the investigation that he proposes. Say that I deeply appreciate his generous offer and shall not hesitate to take advantage of it, should it become necessary."

LEE spent the balance of Tuesday in the routine work of investigation. After lunch, he went over to the repair shop and examined the wrecked car.

He discovered a piece of tragic evidence. A small faded blossom was lodged in the crack between the seat and the upholstered back. There was still some color in the petals, and when he had carefully smoothed them out, he could make out the green-and-black markings of the Investia orchid. With a somber face, he deposited it in an envelope and put it in his pocket.

Back in town at the end of the afternoon, he went to call on Major Dunphy.

"My days have become one long annoyance," grumbled the old dandy. "There is no such thing as privacy left. . . . Look! Look!" he cried, pointing through one of the back windows with his stick. "You see those men in the garden? Police. Acting as if they owned the place. Positively insulting! Prodding in the flower bed with pointed sticks, as if they expected to find my granddaughter's body buried there!"

"I am told that Mary has insured her life for fifty thousand dollars, naming you as the beneficiary," Lee interposed. "Is it true?"

"Yes. So what? Do you dare to imply that I put my granddaughter out of the way for the sake of the insurance money?"

"Not at all! But all the circumstances must be gone into. Somewhat unusual for a young person to insure herself for the benefit of an old one. Of course," added Lee carelessly, "if Mary married, she would naturally change the name of the beneficiary."

The old man shot a scowling glance at Lee. "Well, that question had never come up," he said.

Lee shot out an accusing forefinger. "You knew that Mary was going to marry Jack Fentress!"

The major's glance shifted. "Well—well—yes, I did!" he said defiantly. "So what?"

Lee shrugged. "Nothing," he said. "It's a suspicious circumstance, that's all."

The major mounted his dignity. "If you have concluded your cross-examination, perhaps I may be allowed to go out for my walk."

"By all means," said Lee. "I want to talk to Mary's maid."

"I came to ask you a question, Lottie," Lee told her when she answered his summons. "Miss Dordress came to see me this morning. You know who she is?"

"Sure. The great heiress."

"Were she and our Mary ever friends?"

Lottie shook her head. "Not in my time, Mr. Mappin. I suppose they met around different places, but not to say friends. . . . Wait a minute. I mind now that they did meet once and Miss Mary spoke about it afterward. Miss Mary said the rich girl was so rude that she just walked out on her."

ON Wednesday morning Lee was making his way east on Forty-second Street, on the way to Stan Oberry's office, when a man's voice at his ear said, "Can I speak with you for a moment, Mr. Mappin?"

Lee turned his head. He found a stalwart young man at his shoulder; was aware of fine blue eyes, tortured with anxiety.

"Who are you?" asked Lee.

"Charles Foster," said the young man hurriedly. "You don't know me. . . . I'm not a beggar!" he added.

"You don't look like one," said Lee. "What can I do for you?"

"I can't talk to you in the open street, sir," faltered the young man, "among all these people. If you'd be kind enough to sit down with me in the Commodore bar—"

"All right," said Lee.

The young man looked exhausted—from lack of sleep, perhaps. The blue eyes were rimmed with red.

"It's about Miss Mary Stannard, sir," he began imploringly, over their beers. "What has happened to her?"

"What's your interest in Mary Stannard?" asked Lee.

The young man turned his head aside.

"You're Ewart Blanding!" Lee exclaimed suddenly.

The young man looked at him with eyes full of terror. "You've got me wrong. My name is Ned Foster."

"You just said Charles Foster," Lee smiled.

The young man made a gesture of surrender.

"If you're innocent," said Lee, "why didn't you give yourself up at once so you could help us discover the truth?"

Blanding looked at him in surprise. "It never occurred to me that *I* could help. I was nothing in Mary's life. I expected every hour to read that you had found the real criminal—if a crime has been committed. Moreover, if the police persisted in their suspicions of me, why, I had no money to hire a lawyer."

"Tell me everything that happened on Sunday," said Lee. "I already know about the fight you had with Jack Fentress on Saturday night."

"Sunday I walked the streets like a crazy man," Ewart began. "It was only Saturday night that I'd learned she was going to be married. I didn't want to see her again. Not alone. Because I was afraid I wouldn't be able to hold myself in. But I had told her I was going to bring the flowers Sunday night and so I had to go. I meant to stay a few minutes only. As a matter of fact, Miss Dordress had ordered the car for later."

"For what purpose?" asked Lee.

"She gave a big party on Sunday night—dinner, followed by music and dancing. I was instructed to call for a woman—an opera singer—at nine thirty and take her to Miss Dordress', and carry her home again after she had sung."

"Go on," said Lee. "What time did you call at Miss Stannard's house? That's extremely important."

"It was a few minutes past eight, sir."

"Was she all ready to go out when you came?"

"Yes. She even had her little overnight bag in her hand. She pinned my flowers on the breast of her jacket and I ran out of the house like a crazy man, carrying the picture in my mind of Mary wearing my flowers and standing up to be married to another man. I jumped in the car. My only idea was to get out of the city. Up on Pelham Bay Parkway I took a curve to the left at too great a speed; both my right-hand tires blew; I lost control and crashed."

"Can you tell me the exact time that you crashed?"

Ewart held out his left wrist. "My watch stopped at ten minutes to nine. It's broken and it's still stopped."

"And what became of Mary?" asked Lee softly.

Ewart stared. "Mary? What are you talking about?"

"Mary was beside you in the car."

Ewart laughed scornfully. "That's silly! Would I have been driving like a madman if Mary was beside me?"

Lee put his hand in his inside pocket. "Yesterday, when I examined the wreck of the red coupé, I found this. It had slipped behind the seat." He laid the faded flower on the table between them.

Ewart stared at it. Then he broke into a high-pitched laugh. "It was planted on me! It was planted!" He seemed to collapse in his chair.

"You must understand that I have to turn you over to the police," Lee said.

Leaping to his feet, turning his chair over backward, Blanding dashed out of a rear entrance to the bar giving on one of the great passages leading to the Grand Central Concourse.

Lee followed as fast as he could, but there was a throng of people moving each way in the passage, and when he got to the door, Ewart Blanding was lost among them.

Lee went back and paid the check. Then he set out in the direction of Stan Oberry's office.

When he arrived, Stan said, "Inspector Loasby just called up to see if you were here. Ewart Blanding has been nabbed. Loasby wants you there while he's questioning him."

"O. K.," said Lee. He was astounded.

He then took a taxi to headquarters. In a private room he found Loasby, a clerk, a uniformed officer, and Ewart Blanding, stiff-lipped and stubborn.

"Won't talk," said the inspector disgustedly. "Says he has told his whole story to you."

"That's right," said Lee "—or what he says is his whole story." Lee described his meeting with Ewart. "How was he taken?" he asked.

The man in uniform explained: "I was on fixed post outside the main door of Grand Central Station. I hears a little disturbance in the station and I looks in. Sees this prisoner making for the door, and everybody gaping at him. Nobody offered to interfere with him, but I hears a voice from the back somewhere shouting: 'Stop that man! It's Ewart Blanding!' So I collars him."

"Did you see the man who called out?" asked Lee.

"No, sir. I holds the prisoner there for a few minutes, expecting the man to come up and identify himself, but he didn't. Then, as the prisoner admitted he was Blanding, and knowing he was wanted, I took him to the station house and telephoned headquarters."

"Ewart," asked Lee, "did you hear the voice that named you? Did you recognize the voice?"

The prisoner unbent a little toward Lee.

"No, sir. I was too excited, I guess. Wasn't paying any attention."

When Lee had given Loasby the main points of Ewart's story, Loasby addressed Ewart. "Do you wish to make a statement at this time? It is my duty to warn you that anything you say may be used against you."

"Nothing to say," answered Ewart stonily.

Loasby sent for a warden and had him taken away.

"Well, I guess that cleans up the Stannard case," said the pleased inspector. "I was right, you see."

"We are far from the end of it," said Lee gravely. "We have still to find the body!"

ON Thursday morning a timid breathless voice came over Lee's wire: "Mr. Mappin—Mr. Mappin," it faltered, "I am the woman who was in the car with Ewart Blanding on Sunday night when he crashed."

Lee's face became one great O of astonishment. "Well! . . Where are you now?"

"Speaking from a pay station on First Avenue."

"Take a taxi and go to Thirty-nine West Forty-second Street. Meet me there in Room 918. There's no lettering on the door; you walk right in. It's the office of my friend, Stanley Oberry. I'll be there in ten minutes."

He found waiting in Stan's outer office a pale, pretty young woman, who reminded him vaguely of Mary. Beside her sat a young man, scowling and grim but with her hand in his. She was trembling. Their name, they said, was Carlyle. Lee led them into Stan's private office.

"Let me tell him," said her young husband with gruff sympathy. But the girl shook her head. "I must do it.

"My husband and I spent Sunday at the house of some friends in the country. On the way home we quarreled. . . . Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Mappin. We are *very* fond of each other. That's what made it so bitter. . . . Must I tell you what we quarreled about?"

"Not unless it concerns Blanding," said Lee.

"Oh, no!" she said. "I had never heard of him then."

"I'll tell," the young man blurted out, "because it was my fault. There was a red-haired girl at this house in the country, sir. I made up to her just to tease my wife a little, but she took it seriously, and on the way home I lost my temper."

"The quarrel got worse and worse," resumed the girl, "and finally, when we stopped for a red light on First Avenue, I opened the door and got out and he—he drove on without me. I didn't expect him to do that."

"I don't know what got into me!" groaned the young man. "I didn't mean to leave her really. I drove around a couple of blocks and went back to pick her up. But she was gone. When I got home she wasn't there."

Mrs. Carlyle picked up the story: "I started to walk home. A car drove up beside me and stopped. The young man jumped out of it; he was looking at me very strangely. 'Mary!' he said. I told him he'd made a mistake. 'I know,' he said. 'You look like somebody I was crazy about, and I lost her!' There was nothing fresh about him, and he looked absolutely heartbroken.

"Well, I imagined I was heartbroken, too. Something more was said, and when he asked me to take a little drive with him so he could imagine he had Mary beside him—well, I got in the car. It was an insane impulse. I suppose I had some notion of teaching my husband a lesson.

"You know the rest. When the car left the road and crashed, he flung himself in front of me to save me. I came to my senses as he was carrying me up the steps of a hospital. I begged him to put me down. I wasn't injured. So we left the hospital. We went to the railway station. He left me there while he went to the garage to order the smashed car towed in. Then he came back and we took the first train to town. He took me home in a taxi. It wasn't yet eleven o'clock.

"This morning I told my husband the truth. I couldn't let him learn it first from the newspapers. He forgave me. Your name was mentioned in the newspaper stories and we thought it would be easier to tell you than to go to the police. So we came."

"Have you got the courage to repeat your story to the police?" asked Lee.

"Must I?" she asked piteously.

"If you want to get Blanding out of jail. You couldn't expect the police to release him just on my say-so."

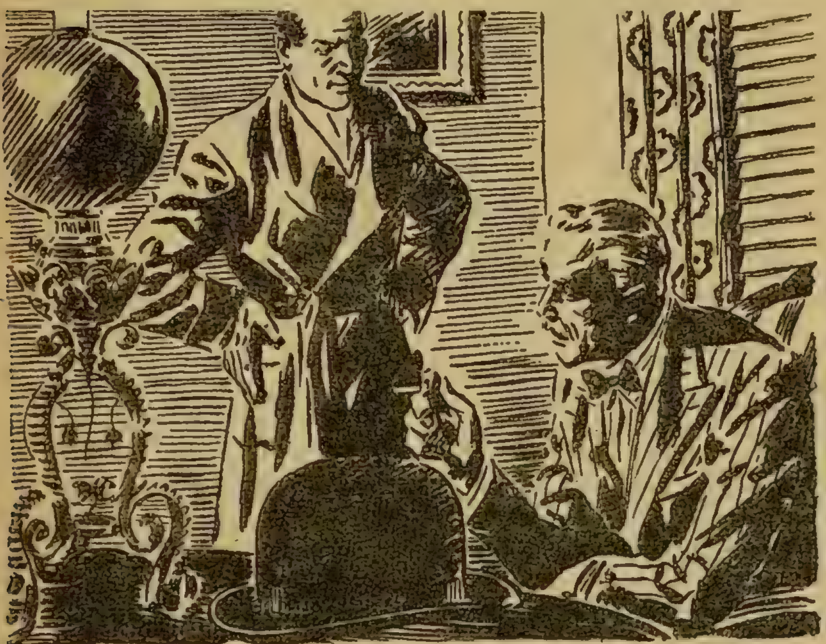
"If I must!" she murmured.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Carlyle was telling her story to Inspector Loasby in his private office. He was a man who hated to have his ideas upset, and he put her through a sharp cross-examination. But the young woman was transparently honest. Her tale never varied one iota.

When the Carlyles had left, Loasby paced his office in a very bad temper. He had Blanding brought in.

But now that he had nothing to conceal, Ewart's story tallied with the girl's at every point.

"Well, I'm going to release you," said Loasby, "on condition that you agree not to leave town, but to hold yourself ready to appear whenever wanted."



Ewart smiled. "That's easy, sir. I'm just as anxious to see this mystery solved as you are."

Lee took Ewart with him in a taxi. "I telegraphed George Restorick yesterday morning that you were locked up. Now I'll have to let him know you're out again," he explained.

IN THE Restorick office, the face of the old clerk wore an excited smile. When Lee proposed sending another telegram to Mr. Restorick, he said, "That's hardly necessary, sir. It seems that when Mr. Restorick got your telegram yesterday morning, Mr. Mappin, he immediately chartered a plane and flew to New York."

George Restorick entered from the rear office. He and Lee, while shaking hands, studied each other.

Then Restorick caught sight of Blanding over Lee's shoulder and his jaw dropped. "Blanding!" he cried. "What the hell? I thought you were locked up!"

"How are you, Mr. Restorick?" said Ewart. "I have just been released, thanks to Mr. Mappin."

"The case against him has collapsed," explained Lee.

"Hm!" said Restorick sardonically. "That changes the whole face of things." He turned to his agent. "Mr. Eversman," he said, "call up LaGuardia Field and get my pilot on the wire. Find out from him how soon he can take off for the return journey."

While this was going on, Lee murmured to Ewart, "Take a taxi to my apartment and wait there. Restorick will talk more freely if you are out of the way."

Ewart made his exit.

Lee said to Restorick blandly, "You and I should have a talk before you leave."

"Charmed," said Restorick carelessly. "But is it necessary? Go to work and dig up another suspect and I'll back you to the limit. In the meantime I'm returning to Mexico."

"Why did you come back?" persisted Lee.

"Come in here," said Restorick, jerking his head toward the back room. Behind the closed door, he said with a more courteous air, "You must excuse my brusqueness, Mr. Mappin. I *hate* to be questioned."

Lee spread his hands. "There are a few questions I must have the answers to. Why did you come back to New York?"

"I've already answered that one. It was to get Blanding out of jail. I couldn't let him be railroaded. I happen to know that he's not guilty of this charge."

"How do you know that?"

Restorick smiled obstinately. "That's one I won't answer. Shake and call it a day, and let me fly back to Mexico."

"Wait a minute," said Lee. "Since Blanding has been eliminated, I *have* another suspect."

"Who is that?"

"You," said Lee.

"This is ridiculous!" said Restorick.

"Did you drive up to your country place on Sunday night?" asked Lee suddenly.

Restorick gave him a keen look. "You know that? Sure, I drove up there. So what?"

"What was your purpose in making that late trip?"

"I decline to state."

"Did Mary Stannard accompany you?" asked Lee.

"Certainly not!" cried Restorick heatedly.

"I found one of Mary's handkerchiefs under a peony bush in the garden."

"It must have been dropped on a previous visit."

"This was one of her wedding handkerchiefs, embroidered with a spray of Investia orchids. She would hardly have carried that on an earlier occasion."

RESTORICK paced the room, scowling.

"Did you on one occasion a couple of years ago say to Mary, 'If I can't have you, no other man shall!'?"

"Yes, I did," said Restorick unexpectedly. "Who told you that?"

"I decline to answer," said Lee with a dry smile.

"It is one of those things anybody might say in the heat of passion," Restorick went on. "I loved her! . . . When a man is hit for the first time at thirty-five, he is hit hard! . . . Maybe if I had been a poor man she would have had me!" His face was haggard with feeling.

"You haven't yet told me how you knew that Ewart Blanding wasn't guilty," Lee pointed out.

"The police suspected Blanding because they thought he was the last to see Mary alive," said Restorick abruptly. "Well, he wasn't. On Sunday night, after Blanding had left her, I saw Mary and talked with her. It was about half past eight. She came to my house. I knew she was going to marry Fentress some time or another, and when I saw the perfection of her costume, I guessed it was going to be that very night, and she told me it was."

"You were alone in the house?" put in Lee.

Restorick smiled at him grimly. "Setting the stage for your drama, eh? Yes, we were alone in that big house. . . . I told her exactly what I thought of what she was doing, marrying a second-rate guy. She only smiled."

"Did Mary give you any reason for this unexpected visit?"

"Yes. In the first place, she was afraid I was angry because I had refused to come to her party the night before. Her second reason was to ask for her letters to me. There was a big bunch of them; perfectly innocent letters, but Mary and I had fallen into the habit of chaffing each other in the most outrageous fashion, and they would have sounded terrible to an evil-minded person. The letters were in my little wall safe at Black Maple, and I promised her I would destroy them. Mary was in a tearing hurry, because the unexpected call from Blanding had detained her. She didn't stay more than ten minutes."

"Can you tell me the exact time she left?" asked Lee.

"Yes. As she was going out of the door, she asked if the clock was right, and I said it was. It was then twenty-two minutes before nine. She said she had to go home for a moment, that she had forgotten something. I stood in the open doorway and watched her turn into Fifty-second Street. That was my last sight of her."

"Can you describe her costume?" asked Lee.

Restorick closed his eyes. "She was wearing one of those marvelously fitting little tailored suits, black, something green at her throat, a pair of green lizard pumps, an absurd little green hat like a bunch of chicory, and a spray of the green-and-black orchids pinned to her jacket. She had walked from her house to mine and she was carrying a little alligator overnight bag."

"How many blossoms in the spray of orchids?"

"Six."

"What did you do after she had gone?"

"I walked the floor," said Restorick grimly. "I knew I could never see her again. I would have been forced to kill Fentress. I drove up to Connecticut. I got her letters from the safe and destroyed them. I drove back to New York. In the morning I gave my man a bonus and let him go. I instructed the Estate office to arrange with local agents to sell Black Maple and its contents as it stood. Everything there reminded me of Mary's visit. I bought out a man who had a reservation on the plane to Mexico City, and I took his place. That's all. Do you want anything more of me?"

"Not I," said Lee, "but I am bound to work with the police. Won't you talk to Inspector Loasby before you leave town?"

Restorick's face darkened with anger. "No! I've told you the whole story. You can tell him what you like." He thrust out his hand. "Good-by! Whenever you find the guilty man, I will return to see him tried."

LEE lunched at home with Ewart Blanding. When they had finished eating, Lee called a telephone number. "Is Miss Dordress at home?" he asked. "Just ask her if it will be convenient to see Mr. Mappin for a few moments. . . . Thank you very much. I'll be right over."

"What do you expect to get out of her?" asked Blanding.

"I don't know," said Lee. "But that young woman has some unexplained connection with this case."

In the grandest of the grand apartment houses on Park Avenue, Lee was shown into an immense salon or living room with a ceiling twenty feet high. He looked around him curiously. It was filled with *objets d'art* expressing the last word of the mode in decoration. At intervals around the floor stood immense wooden bowls filled with colored glass balls. Many abstract paintings hung from the walls, of which Lee could make nothing.

The mistress of all this pattered into the room wearing a scarlet negligee which had tight breeches to her ankles and an abbreviated skirt above. With it she wore scarlet clogs and a little beanie with a long tassel.

"Mr. Mappin!" she gushed. "How sweet of you to come and see me! What's the news? Do sit down."

"I was hoping you might have some news for me," said Lee. "I am pretty well up a tree."

"Really!" she said. "You have the guilty man safe in jail. All that remains is to find the body. Surely you didn't expect me to help you there!" she added archly.

A manservant entered with an afternoon paper. He was putting it on a table when his mistress said sharply, "Bring it here. . . . I have to read them as fast as they come out," she added deprecatingly to Lee, "though there's seldom anything new."

The servant handed her the paper and left the room. Amy Dordress, affecting a bored air, unfolded it. An involuntary cry escaped her; she stood up suddenly and the paper fluttered to the floor. Lee could read the staring headline:

EWART BLANDING SET FREE!

She dropped back in the chair. Her face was paper white. She snatched up the paper. Her teeth sank deep into her lower lip as her eyes skimmed over the lines of the story. "Who dared set this man free?" she demanded.

"The police," said Lee.

"It's a scandal! It's a disgrace!" Her face was red now.

"When the Carlyles testified—" Lee began.

"They were lying!" she interrupted shrilly. "Any fool could see that! Ewart Blanding is as guilty as hell! That inspector must have been bribed! He can't get away with anything like that! I'll have him broke!"

"My dear young lady!" protested Lee in seeming astonishment—his glasses were glittering wickedly. "What is it to you if Ewart Blanding is set free?"

She turned on Lee with baleful eyes. She tore off the little red cap and flung it on the floor. "What is it to me?" she screamed. "Wouldn't you like to know? You knew what had happened and you never told me! You came snooping in here to entrap me. You've been bribed, too!"

"Upon my soul, I don't know what all the excitement's about!" murmured Lee.

Running across the room, she pressed a bell beside the door. "Get out!" she screamed. "You dirty spy! Posing as a nice old gentleman!"

The manservant appeared.

"Show this old man the door!" she screamed. "And if he ever shows himself here again, shut it in his face!"

At home, Ewart Blanding evinced no surprise when he heard Lee's story. "That's the way she acts," he said.

"But why should the news of your release from jail excite her so?" asked Lee. "Has she fallen for you?"

Ewart grinned. "Don't sound much like it, sir. Right from the beginning she treated me like the dirt under her feet. It's her way with servants. The fact that I was a law student cut no ice with her."

"How did you get the job?"

"Mary sent me to her. She had heard somehow that Miss Dordress was looking for a chauffeur. But Mary told me not to say that she had sent me, or that she had fired me. Miss Dordress hired me on the spot when I told her I was working for Mary. She thought she was getting back at Mary by taking her chauffeur, and of course I never let on. She hated Mary like poison."

"Why?"

"Mr. Mappin, I never got any hint of the reason."

The telephone rang and Jermyn reported to Lee that it was Inspector Loasby.

Loasby's voice sounded excited over the wire: "Lee—Lee, is Ewart Blanding still there?"

"Yes."

"Thank God! Don't let him out of your sight! The body has been found!"

Lee's heart sank. "Mary?"

"Yes. In a cellar opposite the hospital in Pelham. I'll stop for you on my way up."

INSPECTOR LOASBY, accompanied by two plain-clothes men, entered the apartment full of grim satisfaction. To Ewart he said, "You're under arrest." And to the two officers, "Take him in charge."

They went down in the elevator. Ewart and his two guardians were dispatched to headquarters in a taxi while Lee and Loasby entered the police limousine. Accompanied by two outriders on motorcycles equipped with sirens, they headed north up First Avenue at great speed.

In Pelham they were taken through the empty house and down cellar by one of the headquarters men. Floodlights had been led in from the yard and the place was brilliantly illuminated. Lee, wrenched with pain, was forced to look at what he dreaded. The body lay where it had fallen against the side wall of the cellar below a window. The blonde hair was soiled and matted, the face streaked with dirt; the neat suit was stained with muddy water, the skirt half torn away at the waist. Around the upper part of the body there was a deep crease, as if made with a rope that had passed under the arms. Near by, the smart green hat and the alligator overnight bag lay on the cellar floor. The spray of orchids was missing; Lee could see a broken end of the stem pinned to the girl's jacket.

Inspector Loasby said in his official voice, "First we must have a formal identification of the remains."

Raising his head, Lee said quietly, "It is the body of Mary Stannard." He turned away quickly and went back to the street floor of the house.

"Did those who brought the body here break into the house?" he asked a headquarters man.

"They didn't have to, Mr. Mappin. The original sash in that window had rotted away. A wooden frame had been nailed up on the outside. The murderer had only to prize that off. When I stuck my head through the window, there lay what I was looking for on the cellar floor."

"Did you find any tracks?" asked Lee.

"No, sir. Presumably the murderer brought his car in from the street by the driveway leading to the garage at the back. The driveway is paved with cinders, and hard as a stone. It shows no tracks."

Later, Lee met the medical examiner leaving the house. "The victim met her death as the result of strangulation," he said in a businesslike tone. "Apparently she was throttled by strong fingers. She has been dead about five days. Impossible now to say for certain. Apparently she was taken by surprise; there are no indications that she put up a struggle for her life."

"What about her jewels?" Lee asked Loasby.

"Robbery was not the motive," answered the inspector. "She was wearing pearls and a wrist watch studded with diamonds, also a gold ring. The stone has fallen out. Want to see the things?"

"Only the ring," said Lee.

It was one Lee had often seen on Mary's finger. It had contained a small solitaire diamond. Inside the ring was some lettering: A. J. to M. B. Mary Stannard's right name was Mary Brown, which explained those initials. Lee had never heard of any man in her life whose initials were A. J. The private mark of Tiffany and Company was also engraved inside the ring.

Lee took note that, though the cellar was dry, Mary's clothes were damp all the way through to the skin, as if her body had lain in water. Her clothes were beginning to mildew. There was another sourish smell about her clothes that he could not identify. Clinging to her clothes and to her hair were some shreds of a blackish fibrous substance that disintegrated between the fingers. Lee collected some of those shreds in an envelope.

WHEN he got back to town, Lee stopped at the office of the Restorick Estate to send Restorick a night letter telling him what had happened.

On Friday about eleven he drove down to the office and found that the reply to his telegram had just arrived. He read:

YOUR LATEST NEWS THROWS THE CASE INTO COMPLETE CONFUSION. I CAN MAKE NOTHING OF IT. YOU SEEM TO EXPECT THAT I SHOULD RETURN TO NEW YORK. BUT I CAN SEE NO REASON FOR DOING SO. I HAVE ALREADY DEMONSTRATED TO YOU THAT EWART BLANDING IS INNOCENT. DIG UP SOMETHING NEW AND THEN I WILL COME BACK.

GEORGE RESTORICK

"May I sit quietly in your private office while I go over things in my mind?" Lee asked the old clerk.

"By all means, Mr. Mappin!"

Lee lighted his pipe and, sitting at the broad-topped desk of old walnut, applied himself to discovering the "something new" that Restorick demanded. Half an hour later he came out and asked for a copy of the deed to the property at Black Maple and for the latest figures on receipts and expenditures for that property. When he had examined these he returned them to the old clerk, saying, "I'm going to drive up to Black Maple."

On the way uptown, Lee stopped and picked up Stan Oberry.

At Black Maple they found Barmby, the young farmer, planting onion sets. Naturally, he had read the newspaper stories and he greeted Lee and Stan somewhat warily.

"Can you take time out to answer a few questions?" asked Lee.

"Sure, Mr. Mappin."

"Mr. Restorick got you out of bed late last Saturday night?" said Lee.

"That's right, sir. He blew his horn outside my window and I came down."

"How did he look, Barmby?"

The young farmer hesitated. "He looked upset."

"What was the first thing he said to you? I want his own words."

"Well, sir, as near as I can remember, Mr. Restorick said he was going to travel; that he didn't know how long he would be out of the country, and so he had decided to sell Black Maple."

"What was said after that?"

"That's all, sir."

Lee looked at the young man sternly. "You have left out the most important thing."

Barmby's ruddy face paled. "What's that, sir?"

"Mr. Restorick offered you a gift of a thousand dollars."

Barmby looked down. "That's right, sir."

"Why did you try to conceal it, Barmby?"

The young man jerked his head up. "Mr. Restorick told me not to tell anybody."

"Why did Mr. Restorick give you this money, Barmby?"

"He said I had done a good job up here. He said he would like to see me on a little place of my own."

"Had you performed any other service for Mr. Restorick beyond that of farming?"

"No, sir! . . . I was nothing to him but his farmer."

"How long did he remain up here on Sunday night?"

"Not long, sir. Half an hour, maybe. When he finished burning some letters he was ready to go back."

"What did he leave with you, Barmby?"

"Nothing, sir." Suddenly a change came over the farmer's face. "Oh, my God! Now I see what you're getting at! Oh, you're wrong! You're wrong!"

Lee took another line. "What cars have you on the place?"

Barmby's lips were trembling. "There's—there's my little Chevvy that I take my family out in. And a pickup truck that belongs to the place. The Chevvy's in the yard at my house, the truck in the big garage."

"I'll look at them before I go," said Lee. "Let us see the icehouse first."

When the three of them reached the little rustic summerhouse, Lee searched the surrounding bed of hyacinths. There was a section where the gay flowers were drooping. He dropped to his knees to examine the latticework inside the bed.

"You knew there was an icehouse under this, Barmby?" he asked as he rose.

"Yes, sir. But it hasn't been opened in my time."

"Let's see. Unhook the chains at the entrance."

Barmby did so, and Lee said, "Can't you see that there are a lot more leaves, fresher leaves, scattered on the floor than there were when I was here before?"

"Yes, sir," said the trembling Barmby.

Lee went down on his knees outside the entrance to the little building. He lightly brushed the leaves aside and immediately the lines of a double trap door began to appear in the floor, clearly visible because the trap had lately been opened. As he brushed the loose leaves farther back, it could be seen that when the trap was raised after so many years, one side of the door had pulled the screws to the hinge out of the rotting wood.

"Now do you say this place has not been opened?" Lee asked Barmby.

"Not by me, sir! I swear it!"

WHEN the trap doors were thrown back, a dank breath rose from the pit beneath that turned Lee a little sick. He recognized the same sourish smell that was clinging to Mary's clothes.

The end of the descending ladder could now be seen. "I am going down," said Lee.

The pit was about eighteen feet deep. In the bottom lay the straw which had been used to cover the ice years before, now a sodden rotting mass, into which Lee sank halfway to the knees. The reek of it well-nigh suffocated him. Switching on his flashlight, he cast it all around. On top of the straw lay a rope in sprawling loops. It was a new rope and had not been there long. There was nothing else visible. Lee started a minute search of the place, squelching into the saturated mass at every step.

When he issued out into the light of day, Stan Oberry, seeing his face, said, "You found something!"

Lee stepped out on the ground, and showed a faded spray of small green-and-black flowers. There were five blossoms on the stem. In the cold wet pit they had been preserved enough to be recognizable as the Investia orchids.

"That's conclusive," said Stan solemnly.

"I wish I could think so," murmured Lee. "However, it makes many things clear. Mary's body was dropped in this pit at some time *after* my visit here on Monday afternoon. There it lay until last night. Wednesday night the man who had hidden it here hauled it up with this rope. You can see where the rope chafed the sill under the trap door. To drop the rope back in the pit was the quickest way of getting rid of it. He then carried the body to Pelham and thrust it in the cellar opposite the hospital. His idea was to pin the crime securely on Ewart Blanding. The murderer did not know, of course, that Blanding had been cleared. It was his fatal error."

Archie Barmby, standing by, listened to this with a face of horror and dismay. "I don't understand it at all!" he cried. "*I* didn't do it! I swear I had nothing to do with it!"

He followed them miserably to the garage, where Lee gave the little truck a careful going-over. It revealed nothing; nor did Archie's own car. Lee and Stan took the rope with them, returning to New York by way of Danbury. In the principal farmer's supply store of that city the rope was identified as a length that had been sold to Archie Barmby a week or so before, and charged to the Restorick account.

Bowling along Route 22 on the way to town, Stan said to Lee, "It must have been either Restorick, or Barmby acting under Restorick's orders. Nobody else knew of the existence of that pit."

"Not so fast," said Lee. "I made a new discovery today. I didn't speak of it because Barmby was there. . . . You noticed, I suppose, that the flowers in a certain part of the hyacinth bed were drooping. When I examined the lattice at the bottom of the summerhouse in that spot, I found that a section of it had lately been removed and put back again."

THE morning newspapers on Saturday provided a further sensation, albeit a mild one, to share the front pages with the latest commentary on the Stannard case. Miss Amy Dordress, "the richest girl in America," announced her engagement to Mr. Wilbur Foulkes. The wedding would take place in six weeks, she said.

The story of the engagement in the Herald Tribune was signed by a reporter called Tom Cottar, a friend of Lee. Lee phoned him, and later dropped in on him.

"Who is this Foulkes fellow?" Lee asked Tom.

"Oh, a harmless little panty-waist; his nickname is Imby, short for Imbecile, and he loves it. Nobody knows anything about his beginnings. He's asked out a lot because he's always got a choice new morsel of dirt on his tongue."

"Why does Amy Dordress want to marry such a one?" asked Lee.

"Bless your heart, she has no intention of marrying him. When she announced it yesterday she scarcely troubled to hide her contempt for Imby. You could see, too, that he knows this is only a stall of some kind. But of course he's tickled pink to enjoy even a day in the sun." Tom leaned forward eagerly. "Mr. Mappin, is there any connection between this and the Big Case?"

Lee raised a pair of eyes as innocent as a babe's. "Why, how could there be?"

When Lee returned home, Jermyn said dryly, "Major Dunphy is waiting in the living room, sir."

There sat the old man in all his elaborate panoply for the street. He hastened through some perfunctory expressions of grief. When he came to the real object of his visit, his old eyes glittered. "The newspapers said that you identified poor Mary's body, Mr. Mappin. So you are the right one to sign these affidavits for the insurance companies, giving proof of death."

Lee looked at him without speaking, and complied.

The major said fretfully, "I hope they'll pay promptly now. I can see no further excuse for delay, can you? I am entirely without money."

Lee shrugged. "There's something I want to check on, major. Restorick has said that when Mary left his house, she told him she was going home for a moment. He watched her cut across the street and turn into Fifty-second Street. This would be about eight thirty-nine."

"I don't know anything about that," said the old man with a curious indifference. "I didn't know she had ever left the house until Nina Gannon called up at nine fifteen to ask for her. I don't believe she came back after she first went off."

He asked many questions about the case. The combination of mean curiosity with an entire absence of grief was too much for Lee. "I can't discuss it," he said, ringing for the butler.

"Major Dunphy is leaving, Jermyn," said Lee.

That evening, while Lee was finishing his dinner, the doorbell rang. Jermyn went to answer it.

"Mr. Mappin," he stammered, coming back, "it's Mr. George Restorick!"

In the living room, Restorick confronted Lee, scowling. He thrust out a telegram, sent from his New York office the day before, reporting Lee's discovery in the icehouse at Black Maple.

"What damned nonsense is this, Mappin? Barmby is as honest as the day!"

He was interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell. The moment the door was opened Loasby marched in, followed by two plain-clothes men.

Loasby said pompously, "Mr. Restorick, I have to ask you to accompany me to police headquarters."

"Says you!" sneered Restorick with contempt. He lit a cigarette with insolent deliberation.

"Will you come with me or do I have to take you?"

"Try taking me," said Restorick with a hard smile. He backed away a little, looking around him to make sure he had room to swing in.

Loasby addressed one of his men: "Go fetch the others."

The officer turned to go. Restorick sprang into action, and a mad scene succeeded. There was an appalling series of crashes as chairs went over, and tables. In spite of the odds, Restorick succeeded in wrenching and kicking himself free of those who tried to hold him.

Loasby gasped to Lee, "Telephone downstairs for help."

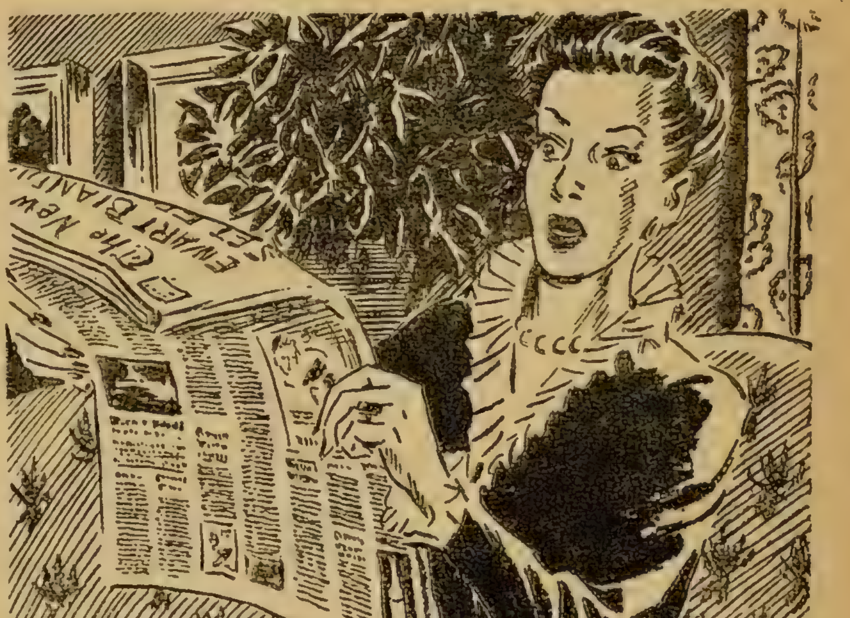
As Lee went out the door, he heard the crack of fist on jaw, and a body fell to the floor. Then the smack, smack, smack of close fighting. One of the plain-clothes men came tearing through the gallery with Restorick at his heels. The officer flung Lee to the floor and Restorick fell headlong over him. The officer got through the front door and slammed it shut behind him.

Restorick turned his bloody face toward Lee and grinned. "Reckon he's had all he wants."

"Listen!" Lee said urgently. "They'll be right back in a body."

"Well, why not?" said Restorick.

"Man, they'll beat you to a pulp if they take you now! Keep out of the way for awhile! Let everybody cool down! . . . This way! Go down the service stairs clear to the basement. Drop out of one of the windows to the rocks along the river shore. You can make your way to the end of the next street. Get me?"



"I get you, cock sparrow! It was a good scrap, wasn't it? Best workout I've had in years. So long!"

THERE was one clue that Lee had not taken pains to follow up, since it had not seemed to have any importance. Now he determined to find out if there was anything in it. It consisted of the two scraps of partly burned paper that he had retrieved from the fireplace in Mary Stannard's room.

His first move was to board a morning train at the

Pennsylvania Terminal. He was back in New York soon after three o'clock, with half a clue to the mystery that tormented him—but only half. He set out on his hunt for the other half. On the first newsstand he passed, he saw in black headlines four inches tall:

RESTORICK IN CUSTODY

Restorick had been stopped by customs men at the Canadian border near Rouse's Point, New York, and, being recognized, had been taken into custody. Upon being notified by telephone, Inspector Loasby had immediately dispatched men by plane to Plattsburg, the nearest commercial airport, and Restorick was already on his way back to New York in the care of these men. He was expected to arrive at police headquarters about four.

At five o'clock next morning, Lee was standing on the corner of First Avenue, looking thoughtfully down the side street. Mary Stannard's little house was about halfway through this block on the north side. Fifty-first, like all the odd-numbered streets, was westbound and if, as Lee suspected, Mary had been picked up by a car in this block on the night she was murdered, the car must have continued westward at least as far as Second Avenue. But Lee had reason to believe that the car had gone downtown by First Avenue, so he did not make the long detour around by Second Avenue.

Continuing down First Avenue, he paused on each corner. He was looking for a certain cross street that he knew would make a perfect setting for the kind of crime he had doped out. He remembered the exact look of the street, and the fact that it ran east from First Avenue to the river, but he had forgotten its number.

He had walked half a mile before he found it—a block not more than two hundred yards long, stretching from First Avenue to the East River Drive. The left-hand side was entirely filled by a meat-packing establishment, the right-hand side by a station of the Electric Light and Power Company. The original paving stones were still in place, now very rough and uneven. No motorist would have chosen to drive through it, unless he had a special reason for doing so.

With a magnifying glass in one hand and a tiny folding rake in the other, Lee undertook a search. After two hours of grueling work he found the object he was looking for.

SHORTLY before one o'clock that day Stan Oberry called Lee at his apartment.

"The operative I put on the trail of Miss Amy Dordress this morning succeeded in following her to the —— Hotel without being discovered. Amy Dordress often goes there to lunch, but today, instead of entering one of the restaurants, she went up in an elevator and got out at the seventeenth floor.

"My operative, by the use of a judicious bribe, learned from the switchboard girl on that floor that Miss Dordress had entered Room 1709 without knocking. She is still there, and an order has just been received by room service to send up lunch for two. My operative learned at the office that 1709 is occupied by a Mr. Amasa Johnson. Undoubtedly an assumed name."

Lee was smiling broadly. "On the contrary, it happens to be the fellow's right name. We have them, Stan! I shall go around to the hotel at once, and I will telephone Inspector Loasby to follow me."

Five minutes later, Lee was getting out of the elevator on the seventeenth floor of the hotel. Two waiters went past him, pushing a wheeled tray with luncheon under covers. He followed them idly down the hall. Knocking on the door of 1709, the waiters were admitted and went in, leaving the door slightly ajar. The temptation was too much for Lee. He pushed the door open and followed them into the room.

Amy Dordress was lounging in an easy chair near the window. On the other side of the room stood Jack Fentress.

"Hello, you two!" said Lee. "I saw you when they opened the door and I took the liberty of barging in."

The woman and the man stared at him, exchanged a lightning glance, then stared at him again. But whereas the woman's face turned red with anger, the man was both angry and frightened.

Not a word was said until the waiters had finished arranging the lunch table and eased themselves softly out of the room.

"I see you are about to have lunch," said Lee cheerily. "I've had mine. Go right ahead and I'll just sit here and watch you."

After another and briefer silence, Amy said sharply to Jack, "Well, aren't you going to invite him to leave?"

Jack's glance quailed. "He's a friend," he muttered.

"Friend nothing!" cried Amy. She approached Lee with flashing eyes. "Get out!"

Lee stood his ground. "Sorry you're taking it this way," he said. "I have a little business to transact with Jack—and with you!"

"He's only bluffing!" said Amy. "He can't hang anything on you! Aren't you man enough to tell him to go?"

Jack tried to pull himself together. "She's right, Mr. Mappin. Whatever you want, you've got no right to push yourself into a person's room unannounced and uninvited. Get out!" He pulled a gun from his back pocket.

Lee smiled. "That won't do you any good. The police are on the way here. If they find another body, it won't improve your case any."

Jack's brief access of courage failed him. He turned the gun over in his hands, looking down at it with a sick desire. Lee could read the thought in his mind, and so could Amy. The woman was the quicker. Springing across the room, she snatched the gun out of Jack's hands and sent it spinning out of the open window.

"Get a grip on yourself!" she cried. "This little meddler has no standing. He's just trying to trap you!"

Jack muttered to Lee, scowling, "What did you come here for?"

"Well," said Lee, "a free confession would save the state time and money."

"Not a word!" cried Amy.

"Not going to," muttered Jack.

"You see—you see," she went on. "He hasn't got a thing on you. He's only fishing for information."

"Don't try me too far," murmured Lee. "My business has brought me into contact with some pretty low characters, but of all the human swine I've ever known, this one—"

"You lie!" cried Amy. "If you won't leave this room, I will."

Lee backed against the door.

Amy turned to Jack and whispered a word. Lee, reading her lips, slowly shook his head. "No good," he said. He pointed to the telephone. "The alarm would be spread before you reached the bottom of the first flight of stairs."

They gaped at him.

"To try to escape would be an admission of guilt," said Lee. There was a sharp rapping on the door. "And now it's too late," he added. He opened the door and stood aside.

Inspector Loasby entered with three of his detectives. Jack Fentress' face was gray with fear, but the woman kept her chin up.

"What accusation do you bring against these people?" Loasby asked of Lee.

"This man," said Lee, "killed Mary Stannard by strangulation. This woman was his accomplice both before and after the fact."

"He lies!" screeched Amy.

"Must—must be out of his wits," stammered Jack.

"I'll tell you the whole story," said Lee. "Let us sit down."

Nobody sat but Lee himself.

"THE first time I interviewed Miss Dordress," Lee began, "it was clear to me that she, like so many other women, had fallen in love with Jack Fentress—strange, isn't it?—and I inferred that she had offered him a handsome settlement if he married her.

"But I couldn't understand why, if Fentress wanted to marry Miss Dordress and her millions, he didn't just throw over Mary Stannard. Yesterday I discovered that Mary Stannard and Jack Fentress had been man and wife for more than a year. I got the entry from the register of the Rev. McCallum, in Elkton, Maryland. They were married under different names; Mary Brown and Amasa Johnson. Mary Brown I recognized at once, because I knew that was my friend's real name. I went to the theatrical agency with whom Fentress does business, and the agent told me he had advised his client that his name, Amasa Johnson, would never do for a juvenile or leading man. So he became John, or Jack, Fentress.

"Mary Stannard was an especially frank and candid girl. When her play closed recently and she saw a holiday ahead, she insisted on ending the anomalous situation and on being publicly married in a church.

"I suppose Fentress could have divorced Mary," Lee continued. "But an actor is a public character, remember. It seemed better to him to put her out of the way and pose as a jilted bridegroom. Mary's insistence on a public marriage gave him just the opportunity he wanted.

"On the night arranged for the ceremony, it was arranged between Jack and Mary that Jack should pick her up in his car in Fifty-first Street where she lived, and drive her to the church. After Blanding had left Mary, and before it was quite time for her to meet Jack, Mary ran around the corner to pay a call on an old friend, George Restorick. She thought he was angry with her, and she wanted to square herself with him, if she could, before the ceremony. She was probably a minute or two late in keeping her engagement with Fentress.

"There are many deserted little streets running from First Avenue east to the river. East Fortieth Street in particular offered an ideal situation for murder. Fentress turned into that street and stopped his car. What excuse he gave Mary for this detour, I don't know. At any rate, he strangled her in that deserted street, and he shoved her body into the luggage compartment of his car and locked it."

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Loasby. "What proof have you that this took place in Fortieth Street?"

"You will remember," answered Lee, "that when Mary's body was found, the diamond in her ring was missing. It was not robbery, because she was wearing a string of pearls and a wrist watch worth many times the value of that little diamond. So it was obvious that it had fallen out. When I looked inside the ring, I saw the legend A. J. to M. B. and Tiffany's mark. Of course A. J. meant nothing to me then, but now I know. It was Mary's engagement ring. She couldn't wear a wedding ring.

"There was undoubtedly a struggle in the car. Her hand knocked against the outside of the door and the diamond was thrown out of the ring. I found it this morning, hidden in the mud of the gutter on Fortieth Street. At Tiffany's they told me it was of the same weight and same style of cutting as in the ring sold to Amasa Johnson.

"A very cunning plan had been made for the disposal of the body," Lee went on. "The plotters assumed that it could be made to appear that Ewart Blanding was the last person to see her alive. That evening he was to fetch one of the entertainers to Miss Dordress' musicale and take her home again, then put the car up in the garage. Later in the evening Fentress was to drive to the Dordress garage and simply transfer the body from his car to the luggage compartment of the red convertible. *Ewart Blanding had been given permission to use the red convertible during the whole of the following day.* The plotters were confident that the crime would be discovered before the day was out.

"But Blanding, distracted, smashed the red convertible against a tree near Pelham. So Fentress was left with the body on his hands. He stayed that night with his friend, Jim Rutledge. He told me that he had driven over to his own place twice during the night to see if there was any message for him from the missing Mary. This was palpably a falsehood, because he had only to telephone to his own apartment house. What he *did* do was to drive twice down to the Dordress garage to see if the red car had been returned.

"When I saw him in the morning, I had some reason to suspect that George Restorick might be the guilty man, and Fentress offered to drive me up to Restorick's country place. Little did I suspect that the body of my poor friend drove with us in the luggage compartment behind. While we were looking over the ground at Black Maple, Fentress saw what looked like an ideal place of concealment under the floor of a little unused pavilion in the grounds.

"After he had put me on the train at Bridgeport, he returned to Black Maple after dark, and, after removing a section of latticework, shoved the body under the floor of the pavilion and carefully covered the traces of his work. He did not know that this pavilion covered an old pit for the storage of ice, and he must have received a shock when he heard the body fall to the bottom.

"Perhaps Fentress had foreseen that Miss Dordress might doubt that he had carried out his part of the job, and in order to prove it, he pinched off one of the blossoms of a spray of orchids that Mary was wearing, and gave it to her.

"Miss Dordress was angry, I am sure, when the facts of the smashing of the red car came out and when it was unexpectedly revealed that Blanding had a woman with him who looked like Mary Stannard, who was lifted out of the car unconscious—or dead; and who subsequently vanished. Miss Dordress thereupon put the orchid I have referred to in the wreck of the red car, where it was certain to be found, and commanded Fentress to retrieve the body from the place where he had hidden it.

"Fentress had the good fortune to find a piece of rope hanging in the garage at Black Maple. He opened the trap doors leading to the ice pit and, descending the ladder, fastened the rope around the body and drew it up to the surface. He failed to notice, however, that the balance of the spray of orchids had broken off and was left lying in the pit. I found it there. I don't know whether the body was carried from Black Maple back to Pelham in the little farm truck or in Fentress' own car. Anyhow, we know that the body was shoved through the cellar window of a vacant house opposite the hospital where Blanding had been seen carrying an unconscious woman in his arms.

"There's your case, inspector. Of course I have only given you an outline. There are other bits of supporting evidence. You will find that it was Jack Fentress who cried out, 'There goes Ewart Blanding!' in Grand Central."

"THERE'S only one question I'd like to put to you," said Loasby. "How do you account for Mary's wedding handkerchief that was found in Restorick's garden?"

"I left Fentress standing on the porch at Black Maple while I went in to search the house. I have no doubt that he dropped the handkerchief in the garden then, and afterward made sure that I found it."

With a groan, Fentress covered his face.

"Get a grip on yourself!" said Amy Dordress sharply. "This story is only a tissue of speculations. A good lawyer could tear it to pieces in an hour."

"It's no use! It's no use!" groaned Fentress. "It all happened just as he says! There's no use trying to fight a man like that. He's not human. He's a devil!"

THE END.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

IN **War and Peace,** Leo Tolstoy argued that the tactics of military leaders had very little meaning on the battlefield. Even the much advertised genius of Napoleon, he said, was an illusion, since Boney's elaborate combat orders were never actually carried out. It was the crude weight of mass psychology, said Tolstoy, that decided the issue.

C. S. Forester

But this line of reasoning could hardly be applied to naval warfare, where the brains and daring of a commander can decide a battle in a matter of seconds. The sea has become the last resource of those of us who love traditions of individual prowess. Possibly that's why the vivid stories of **C. S. Forester** have found so large and grateful an audience.

Mr. Forester's new novel, **Commodore Hornblower,** is a book that ought to please romanticists and realists alike, for its swashbuckling adventures never do violence to history or logic.

The irascible, quick-thinking, self-confident Horatio Hornblower, promoted by the British Admiralty and Mr. Forester to the dignity of a commodore, sails his little squadron into the unknown perils of the Kattegat Straits, not knowing how Sweden stands in the line-up of Napoleonic Europe. He forces the hand of this neutral by blasting a French privateer that has sought its shelter, then makes sail for Russia, where his ingenuity helps lift the siege of Riga.

Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston. Price $2.50.

"BEING Americans, we are overprone to look for developments in Russia which indicate that the Soviet Union is becoming more like ourselves," says **Richard E. Lauterbach** in **These Are the Russians.** "And often the Soviets do nothing to discourage our vanity. Objectively, however, I believe the most significant development in the Soviet Union during the war has been the growth and the strengthening of the Communist party."

Richard E. Lauterbach

Mr. Lauterbach, however, isn't one of the viewers-with-alarm on the subject of Russian-American relations. He cites this conversation between Stalin and Eric Johnston:

"Stalin said: 'I suppose you'll have a bad depression in your country after the war.' Johnston replied: 'Many people feel so.' Stalin snapped back, 'How much will we have to buy to keep all your people employed? . . . I think you ought to start getting those figures together so we'll know how much we'll have to buy from you.' . . . Surprised, Johnston asked, 'Why do you want to do this?' Stalin answered, 'Because you did us a big favor and we want to do one for you.' "

Another Stalin anecdote tells of the visit of Finnish Minister Paasikivi to Moscow in 1939 to learn Russia's terms for a peaceful settlement. When he heard them, the Finn protested: "If we brought back to Helsinki such terms as these, there would be no crowds in the streets to sing and cheer for us as there were when we left to come to Moscow."

Stalin's answer, says Mr. Lauterbach, was: "Don't worry about that—Molotov, Zhdanov and I will come to sing and cheer for you."

Published by Harper & Bros., N. Y. Price $3.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

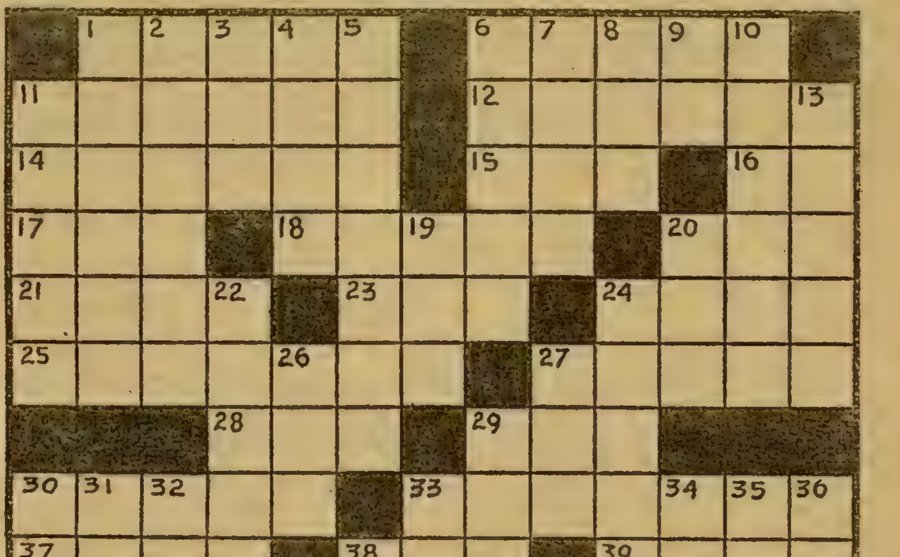
1 Complete: Bing Crosby in —— My Way received Academy Award—
6 —and A Bell for —— received Pulitzer Prize
11 The Pentagon Building employees threatened to strike for from what-to-what pay?
12 What's slang for "Football with a British Accent"?
14 Name the largest (unstolen) island of Japan
15 Name the Mrs. of that tough bird from Europe
16 What's a common expression used by bank presidents?
17 What instrument besides a sextant can determine a ship's position?
18 Who holds the world's record for long-distance ball carrying?
20 Soft bribe
21 To save growing time, gardeners don't plant onion seeds; they plant onion whats?
23 It's anagram
24 Cognac is the essence of what?
25 Name Samuel Butler's famous book about a Utopia
27 Krivoi Rog and Scranton are known for whats?
28 Hero of a Euripides tragedy
29 Glanders or wind sucking would be treated by a what? (coll.)
30 Name the old hoss of the old song
33 Bach and Handel are experts in what form of long song with a story?
37 What set couldn't exist in Russia?
38 Helpless cry
39 What forward person is a little squirt in reverse?
40 Complete: —— Roget champagne
41 Space between a vessel and her anchors
43 The members of what colonies kidnap workers and keep them as slaves?
44 Printer's measure
45 Stuff stuff inside insides
46 Exact retribution
48 Tender boat
50 Shakespeare advised against being a borrower or a what?
51 The beet supplies Russia with most of its what?
52 What golfer's known as Slammin' Sammy?

VERTICAL

1 What was a Civil War conscript from North Carolina nicknamed?
2 What's a fancy term for fancy?
3 Pronoun
4 Name the capital of Okinawa
5 Göring might be called a what for punishment?
6 Name a French city leveled early in this war
7 Lodge sums of money'd be what?
8 What is it women don't do much after thirty?
9 Vowelless negative
10 Who was Mrs. Paris (ditched for Helen of Troy)?
11 Any specific aspect of the moon
13 Donations we would like to make to war criminals
19 Give the first name of Mr. Yutang, Chinese author
20 "My subject shall be ——, And that's what I'm agin."—*Accentuate the Positive*
22 Circe turned Ulysses' men into what?
24 Name the Russian diplomat who got such a good deal with the Japs after the Russo-Japanese War
26 Complete: "Get ——, get ——, get —— of my house," cried the Father to the Errant Dotter
27 Name the favorite diet of the Cyclops
29 Name the willing stooges of the feudal system
30 Dignified visitors are whatted aboard a warship?
31 Who was the Glamor Boy of Olympus?
32 Lucas is U. S. senator from what state? (abbr.)
33 The bull's better half
34 Mad Ann, an old-fashioned gal
35 Slightly colored
36 —— ego: a real pal to you
38 A dev'lish fellow
41 Name that sunken fence that sounds so comical
42 Kind of song, tide or horse player's dream of being
45 What food item contains proteins, fats, salts, and vitamins A, B, D?
47 Compass point (abbr.)
49 What Greek letter is ever fresh?

B	A	L	D	■	W	E	A	T	H	E	R	M	A	N
A	P	S	E	■	O	G	L	E	■	R	O	U	G	E
T	P	■	P	O	L	O	■	A	D	I	T	■	I	G
H	A	Y	L	O	F	T	S	■	I	N	■	A	L	L
S	L	O	O	P	■	I	C	O	N	■	D	R	E	I
■	■	K	Y	■	T	S	A	R	■	V	E	E	■	G
D	O	E	■	M	U	T	T	■	P	O	M	A	D	E
E	R	■	B	A	G	S	■	X	I	I	I	■	E	E
M	E	L	O	N	S	■	H	A	N	D	■	B	B	S
O	■	E	O	N	■	B	A	N	K	■	M	A	■	■
C	R	A	B	■	Y	O	S	T	■	V	A	L	E	T
R	O	D	■	P	A	■	H	I	R	O	H	I	T	O
A	D	■	P	E	K	E	■	P	A	G	O	■	H	A
T	E	P	E	E	■	L	A	P	P	■	U	S	E	D
S	O	U	R	P	U	S	S	E	S	■	T	A	R	S

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Mind at work
MAKE VICTORY COMPLETE
★
Buy More War Bonds

SOMETHING has clicked in that young head. Some word or phrase has struck a spark and he's off on a lonely tangent of thought all his own.

Be careful — don't disturb him. Something important is going on in that busy little mind. Maybe a little piece of tomorrow is being born.

ASK the engineers where the good, new things come from and you may be surprised to learn that most of the big problems are solved first in people's heads.

The test tubes, the laboratories and the drawing boards come after. Before that, somebody has to get an idea — even as this young fellow has.

Go back, for instance 29 years ago when General Motors engineers were trying to find out what made an engine knock and how to stop that knock.

Their experiments made them think that color in the fuel might be the answer. They tried coloring gasoline red by adding iodine. The knock stopped.

Then they found that a property of the chemical and not color stopped the knock — but adding color started them on the right track. Years of work and thousands of chemical compounds were necessary before Ethyl gasoline was perfected.

From that came the high compression engine and today's 100-octane fuels which power the giant air armadas clouding our enemies' skies.

So let the young dream their dreams. Their everlasting quest for the new and better is one of America's greatest guarantees of a finer future.

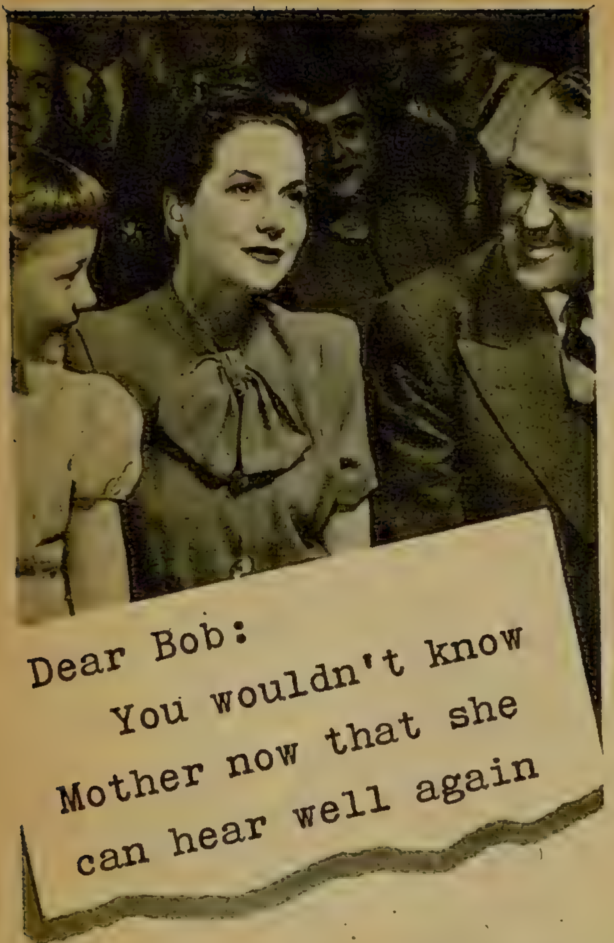
And you may be sure that, in a world restored to peace, they will find General Motors in the forefront of those who work for more and better things for more people.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK
CADILLAC · BODY BY FISHER · FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK AND COACH · GM DIESEL

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network



. . . SHE goes to the movies and church with us and hears everything for the first time in years. She can hardly wait to hear about your experiences and share her new-found joy with you.

Our friends say it's a miracle. And I'll always bless the day I got her to go with me for a demonstration of that New Zenith Hearing Aid. She wouldn't part with it now for a thousand dollars.

* * *

If you have friends or relatives who do not hear well, suggest that they visit the nearest Zenith dispenser and try a new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid. Their own ears will decide how much better they hear. No one will ask them to buy.

There are three new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aids, priced at $40 and $50, to aid practically every type of correctable hearing loss. And the new Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord is *so inconspicuous*...makes wearing a Zenith Hearing Aid as little noticeable as eyeglasses.

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Please send me your FREE booklet about the Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid.
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LOVE AND LET LOVE

Continued from Page 21

she had her own employment problems. There could be no mistaking the unrest in the kitchen as Celestine began loudly to sing:

"Mister McKinley, he went there for fun,
But shol-gosh, he shot him with an Ivor
Johnson gun. . . ."

Throughout her married life Mums had been frightfully bullied by servants. She envied them their lordly moods, and sometimes she pictured herself talking back with the same fine insolence. Yet the test always found her wanting, for it made Mums feel like a small girl to have people shout at her.

There was a Wagnerian overture of banging pans, then Celestine stalked through the swinging door, depositing the children's orange juice with a haughty swish. Tall and statuesque, her dyed hair set in a determined wave, she was too well preserved at fifty to be disheartened by unfortunate past romances.

Last spring, Mums had tried an ounce of prevention by redecorating the maid's cozy little apartment over the garage. But far from reconciling Celestine to a sedate widowhood, the new wallpaper suggested a love nest. Immediately she struck up her mail-order courtship with the Kansas City tree surgeon: and Mums had been saved only when the aspiring groom was detained on an old charge of bigamy. No such luck could be expected a second time, yet the outlook grew darker as another verse vied with the temperamental crash of dishes in the sink:

"Missus McKinley, she hollered and she
swore
When she learned that her good man
wasn't coming home no more. . . ."

EUNICE applied herself to her cereal with the air of a blighted tragedienne as Peter did his imitation of a tank. She had opened her eyes this morning to the treacherous illusion that something nice awaited. Then she remembered—Bruce was to play his violin at junior-high assembly. Once it might have been nice, but not when she remembered how he had spurned her yesterday afternoon. Moreover, she had quarreled with Edward on the way home, and now there would probably be nobody to ask her to the Junior Prom.

Assembly was just beginning as she tardily took her seat. She pretended to be disinterested when Bruce strode out on the platform like a soldier marching into battle. He clamped the instrument under his chin with unnecessary firmness, wiggling it a few times as he glanced toward the piano. Miss Riggs nodded and struck the chord, whereupon his brown glossy face remained frozen in resolve until he finished Mendelssohn's Spring Song slightly in the rear of the accompaniment.

Eunice became aware that Edward was trying to catch her eye with a view to reconciliation. But her gaze never wavered from the platform in front. Edward was shallow. Edward, like the swingeroos he wore, was an animated surface upon which life would always scribble trite silly little messages.

Bruce had character. Some day Bruce would be a great maestro, with everybody paying tribute to his talent. She could almost see him bowing to a thunderous sea of gleaming shirt fronts and colorful evening gowns. (He would never know that far up in the balcony sat a faded, lonely woman who had loved him long before he won the plaudits of the crowd.)

Her eyes being still a little misty, she found it confusing to meet Bruce in the hall before she had quite disassociated him from the maestro. Miss Riggs was strict about the vice of Unauthorized Communication, so he had to confine himself to a furtive aside:

"Eunice, I want to talk to you at noon recess."

She nodded, no longer feeling faded.

At twelve o'clock he waited outside the cafeteria. "I've been thinking," he began bluntly.

A hopeful smile flickered over her fresh lips, then retreated before the solemnity of his brown eyes.

"I've been thinking about the love letter you got from that foreign soldier." He paused and gulped. "Eunice, you're going to be awfully mad at me—you've got to show it to your mother."

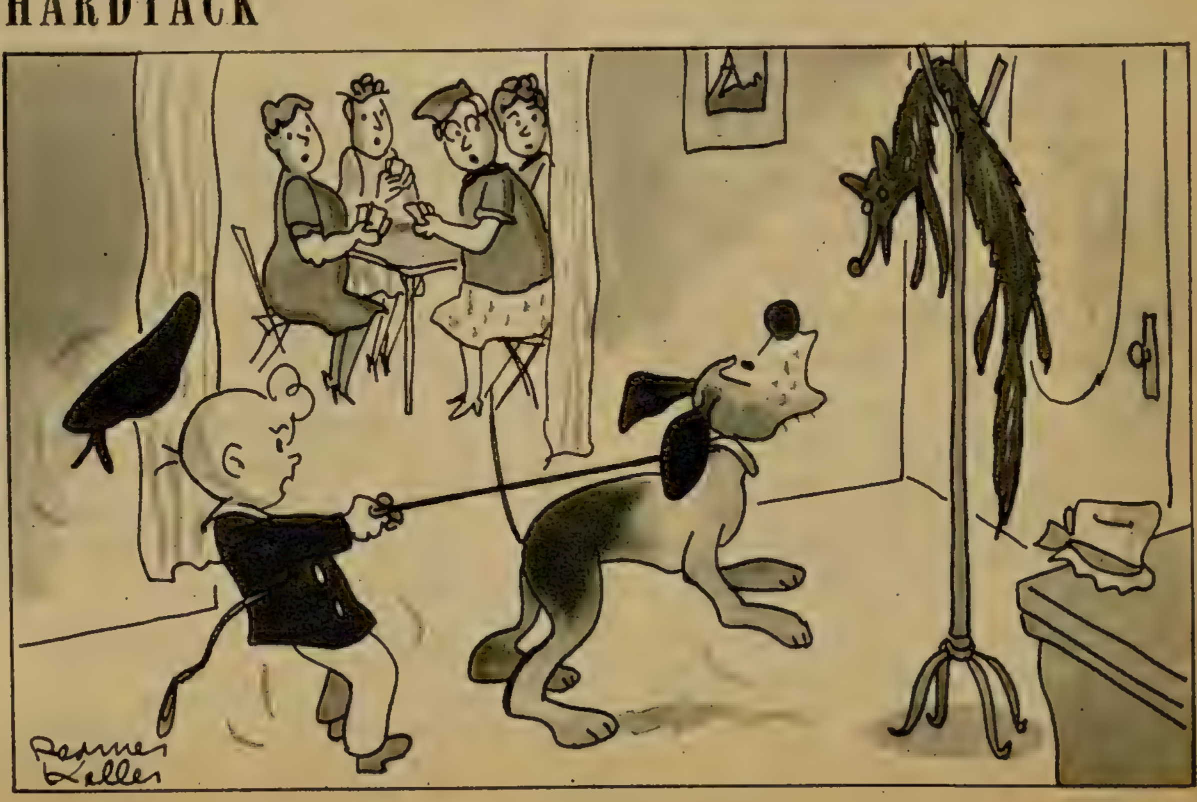
"I can't!" she said in a small scared voice. "I won't!"

"I've got to protect you," he went on, "even if you hate me for it. You don't know all the things that could happen to a nice girl!".

At this point he bogged down in shyness, but there was no relaxing of the deter-

(Continued on page 58)

HARDTACK



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NOW AVAILABLE for you . . . Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo combines mild Cocoanut Oil and vegetable oils into a perfectly blended shampoo. As recognized authorities on hair care for over 50 years, The F. W. Fitch Company ask you to try this beauty shampoo.

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"MOUNTAINS" OF LATHER . . . In either hard or soft water, a small amount of Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil gives huge swirls of billowy lather that loosens and floats away all dirt, dust and other hair accumulations.

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FOR DANDRUFF

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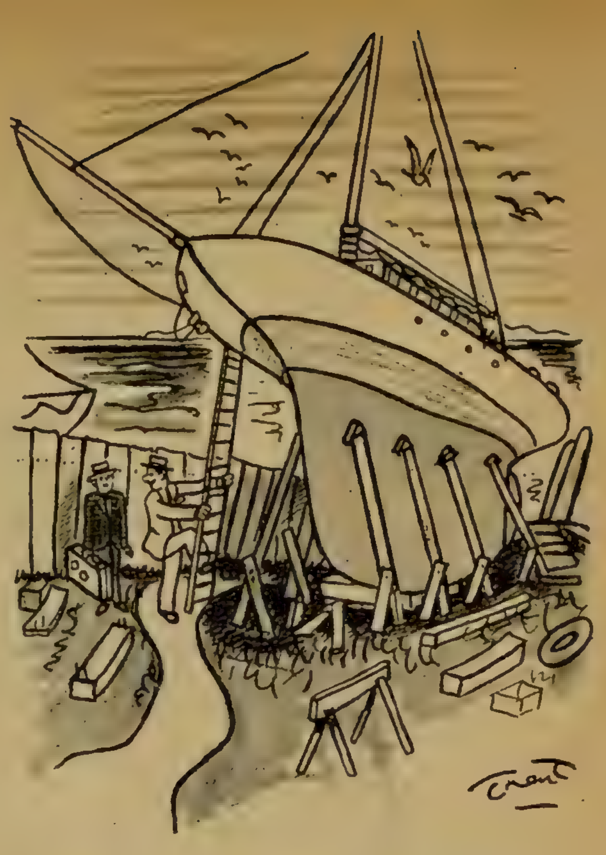


"It leaked. So the owner rented it to us as an apartment!"

(*Continued from page 56*)

mination in his eyes. "If you won't tell your mother," he finished, "I will."

In imaginary flights Eunice had often dwelt on the drama of some good man saving her from herself. But now that the moment had arrived, she recoiled in fright. "You couldn't!" she said weakly. "You wouldn't!"

"I wouldn't tell about anything else," he persisted, "but this is serious. You make up your mind. I'll be waiting for you after school."

The world tumbled about Eunice's head, slowly suffocating her, as she watched his sturdy shoulders receding across the yard. Never before had she suspected the dismal capacity of the male for having his own way in moral issues.

She had no appetite for lunch. Instead, she wandered outside the yard to be alone. But even solitude was denied her as an ancient and dusty jaloppy pulled up at the curb. From the driver's seat a swarthy man smiled, and Eunice fled with a self-conscious snap of skirts. It was simply too much when a person couldn't be miserable without an awful-looking foreigner grinning like an ape.

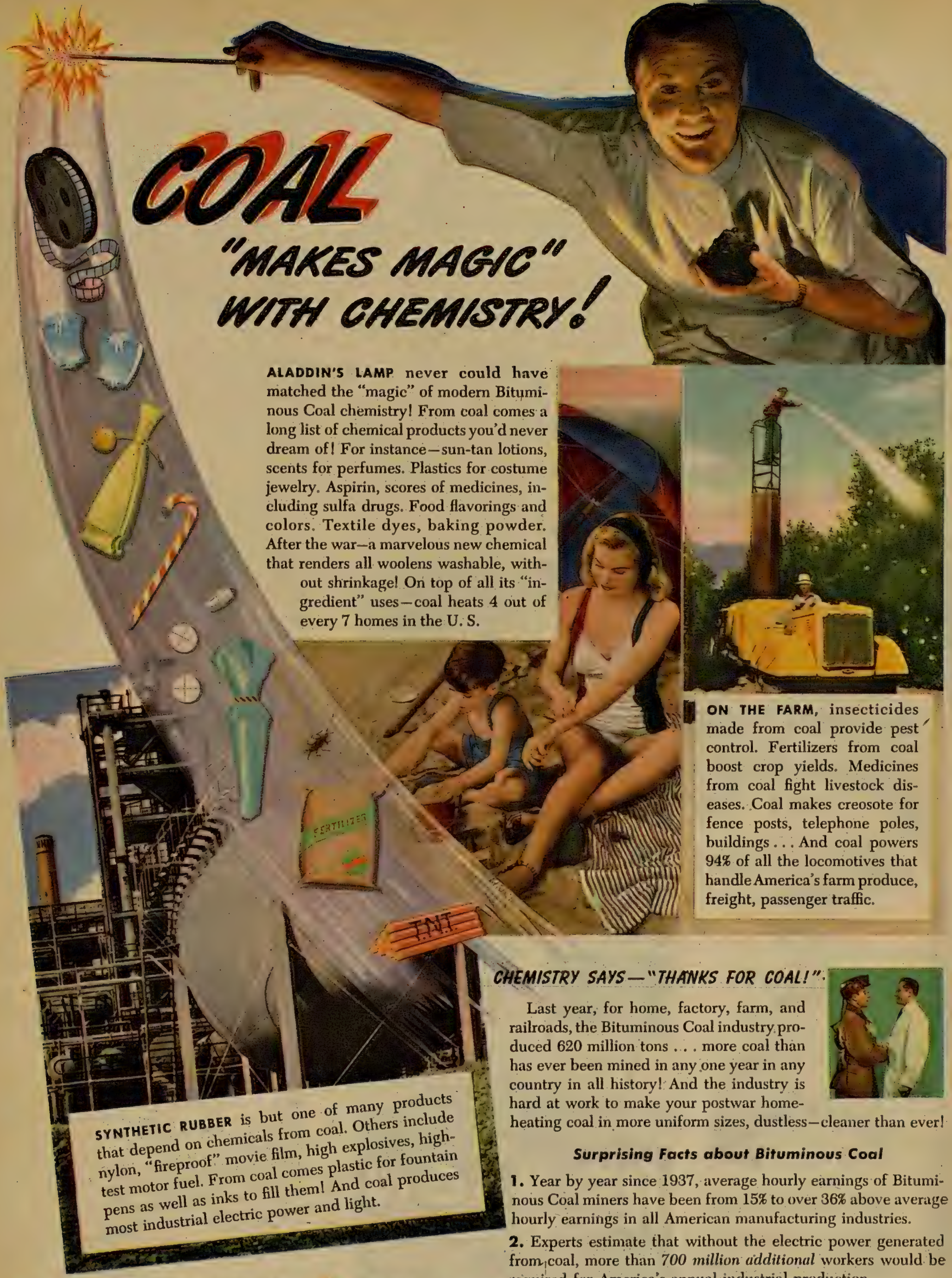
BEHIND the wheel Ahmed Bjorka continued to smile benevolently, never suspecting that he annoyed the little girl. Ahmed loved children. In his Balkan homeland, whence he had emigrated before the war, children were so esteemed as to be excused by the *bessa*, or truce, from participation in mountain feuds.

It had been an all-night drive and he felt the need of nourishment. From the tool box he produced a loaf of rye bread which he demolished with enthusiasm. He then devoted himself to several large onions, thoughtfully munching them while referring again to the letter.

The envelope was already creased and eroded, though it bore a recent postmark. But the affected backhand script did not fascinate Ahmed so much as the enclosed snapshot. For the picture showed Mums waving affectionately from the veranda in response to Eunice's photography. It confirmed Ahmed's faith in his favorite matrimonial journal.

Last week he had mailed a reply composed by Slim and Whitey, two fellow workers in his Pittsburgh war plant. But a letter hardly seemed enough, since other suitors would doubtless be calling in person on the pretty American lady. On reflec-

(*Continued on page 60*)



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Last year, for home, factory, farm, and railroads, the Bituminous Coal industry produced 620 million tons . . . more coal than has ever been mined in any one year in any country in all history! And the industry is hard at work to make your postwar home-heating coal in more uniform sizes, dustless—cleaner than ever!

Surprising Facts about Bituminous Coal

1. Year by year since 1937, average hourly earnings of Bituminous Coal miners have been from 15% to over 36% above average hourly earnings in all American manufacturing industries.

2. Experts estimate that without the electric power generated from coal, more than *700 million additional* workers would be required for America's annual industrial production.

3. All steel depends on coal! About a ton of Bituminous Coal goes into the making of every ton of steel!

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CHEMICAL "STOREHOUSE" OF WONDERS

Bituminous Coal Institute, 60 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 58*)

tion, Ahmed had quit his job and invested in a battered 1936 coupé.

After his early-morning arrival it remained only to find 18 Winthrop Parkway, but Ahmed did not make a first impression which encouraged suburbanites. In the coal mine or munitions factory his social position had been as good as the next man's. Now, to his bewilderment, people took one startled look and hastened on their various ways.

People did not suspect that behind such a rugged human façade dwelt a trustful and childlike soul. They stared dubiously at mustaches which had been a popular mode in the Balkans. They stared at black and menacing eyebrows which could only have been described by the throaty word *noir*. They stared, but they did not reveal the way to 18 Winthrop Parkway, even when they understood the explosive accent.

As a consequence, Ahmed had been driving about the suburb in futile circles since seven o'clock. After lunch he resumed the quest, but even in midafternoon he might not have found his destination except for the good offices of a Boy Scout whose daily deed remained yet to be consummated.

On the way to a side door, Ahmed hopefully visioned himself as master of such an estate. There would be plenty of room in the back yard for chickens. Maybe even for keeping a pig.

Unlike her fellow citizens, Mums was not uneasy when she answered the gentle tap. Mums prided herself on a broad sociological outlook, and she opened the door with the smile reserved for honest toilers and deserving tradesmen.

Ahmed beamed toothily in greeting. Contrary to strong misgivings he had entertained, the lady was just as pretty as she had appeared in the snapshot.

"I like house," he remarked, feeling the silence was growing a little awkward.

Mums supposed that he must be someone sent by her husband to rake the lawn. But her smile grew doubtful as he entered the sunroom. "The garden tools?" she suggested. "You will find them in the basement."

Ahmed perceived at once that a warmer and more personal note would have to be introduced.

"You like me, please?" he inquired.

Somehow the caller had seemed familiar to Mums, and now she placed him as the foreigner seen this morning. Stories of wartime prowlers came to mind, and her knees went weak.

Noting her alarm, Ahmed regretted that he hadn't been more tactful about presenting himself. Women were fussy about such matters, which made it fortunate that he was armed with his credentials.

"Joosta minute, please," he said uneasily. "I got writings here—"

There was a horrified squeak as Eunice preceded Bruce through the door. At a glance she recognized the awful-looking foreigner who had grinned at her this noon. Even worse, she recognized the letter he was producing from his corduroy jacket—her own mauve stationery and new backhand writing.

"Bruce!" implored Eunice. "Oh, Bruce!"

ALL the way home from school the two had disputed about duty. Eunice begged, stormed, and cajoled, only to discover that martyrs to principle are usually of the other sex. She had thought never to speak to Bruce again, but now in blind panic she called on him as her protector.

Ever since reaching the age of a bimonthly shave he had occasionally dreamed the old masculine dream of rescuing beauty in distress. Sometimes in his imaginings he had put to rout a very formidable array of ruffians, but never had he pictured anyone quite so massive as the intruder in the sunroom.

"Now, see here!" he said, stepping defensively in front of Eunice. His voice wasn't so authoritative as he would have liked, but at least it didn't break into an adolescent falsetto.

Breathing heavily, Ahmed glanced from one to another of the three faces.

"See here!" Bruce repeated. He feared that the situation would soon call for more drastic measures, even though one's opponent did happen to be twelve feet tall.

But Ahmed's eyes were not glittering in rage—they were seeing morbid visions of police interference. For a moment flight seemed the only resource, then he decided to go back to the beginning and tell everything. "I put ad in my marriage paper," he explained hoarsely, "and comes to me thees picture and thees letter—"

Eunice shrieked helplessly just as Celestine joined the group in the sunroom.

Thirty years ago, at the outset of her domestic career, Celestine had studied the art of applying an ear to portières and swinging doors. She had gained a knowledge of American family life which might have astonished a psychologist, thus giving her the advantage in dealing with stubborn employers.

Today the words "marriage paper" naturally reminded her of recent letters she had written in reply to advertisements. But Celestine had not overawed a hundred mistresses without acquiring poise. She even managed an air of hauteur as she swept into the sunroom.

"I think," she said with dignity, "that this gentleman is calling on me."

Mums looked as if she wanted to sink into a chair. Eunice was wildly telegraphing encouragement, while Bruce's honest face expressed an emotion which could only be interpreted as gratitude.

Yet more than all the rest, Ahmed needed help. His forehead was damp with despair, and his eyes rolled piteously.

"I go with you!" he said, tendering Celestine his letter.

Their withdrawal eased but did not remove the tension in the sunroom. Always the gentleman, Bruce essayed a few comments on the weather before concluding that his hearers were not in the mood. For Eunice continued to fidget, and Mums to reflect. It was bad enough, Mums reflected, to be mistaken for one's cook by the suitor of one's cook. But it was worse to have mere children exposed to the counterfeit romance of the matrimonial journal.

Contrary to a general impression, only ten minutes passed before Celestine emerged. "I'd like to speak to you in the kitchen, ma'am," she said primly.

In deference to the mistress's entry, Ahmed edged humbly into a corner beside the gas range. But there was a new peace on his swarthy countenance which hinted

(*Continued on page 62*)

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5 Extra-length RONSON-REDSKIN 'FLINTS'
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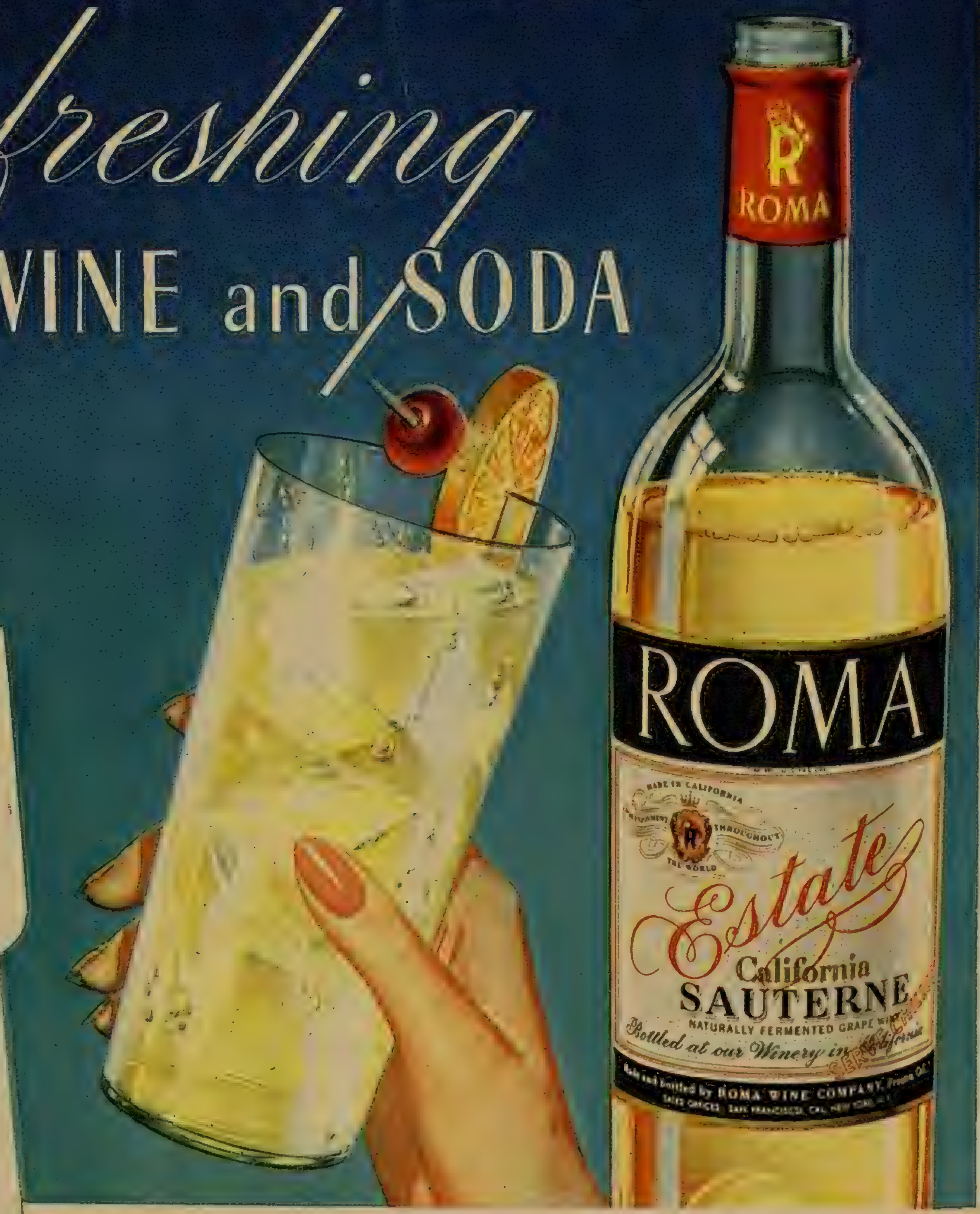
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ROMA California

Sauterne and Soda

NEEDED: Roma Sauterne (or Burgundy), sparkling water and sugar (if desired).

METHOD: Half fill tall glass with Roma wine. Add ice cubes and sparkling water. Stir slightly. For sweeter drink, add sugar and stir well before adding water.

ROMA California

Burgundy Lemonade

NEEDED: Roma Burgundy (or Sauterne), lemons, sugar, sparkling water.

METHOD: Dissolve 1 tbsp. sugar in juice of ½ lemon. Pour Roma Burgundy over ice cubes in tall glass till ¾ full. Add sparkling water. Stir slightly.

ROMA California

Cobbler (Sherry or Tokay)

NEEDED: Roma Sherry or Tokay, sugar, lemons.

METHOD: Dissolve in tall glass ½ tsp. sugar. Add 4 oz. Roma Sherry or Tokay. Then, 2 tbsp. lemon juice. Fill glass with cracked ice. Stir well.

For dressing up ROMA "refreshers," serve in frosted glasses. Garnish with slices of fresh fruit—cherries.

Says ELSA MAXWELL: *"It's smart, 1945-style American hospitality"*

America's distinguished hostess—Elsa Maxwell suggests: "Hot? Then enjoy the taste-thrill of long, cool—and truly moderate—ROMA Wine 'Refreshers.' A smart way to entertain . . . a sure way to cool off!"

ROMA Wine "Refreshers" are all truly *delicious* because they *begin with delicious* ROMA Wines . . . from the finest vineyard areas of California . . . their goodness and flavor perfected by the care and ancient wine-skill of famed ROMA Wineries. That's why they're *unvaryingly* fine, *always* good. Yet, ROMA Wines are inexpensive.

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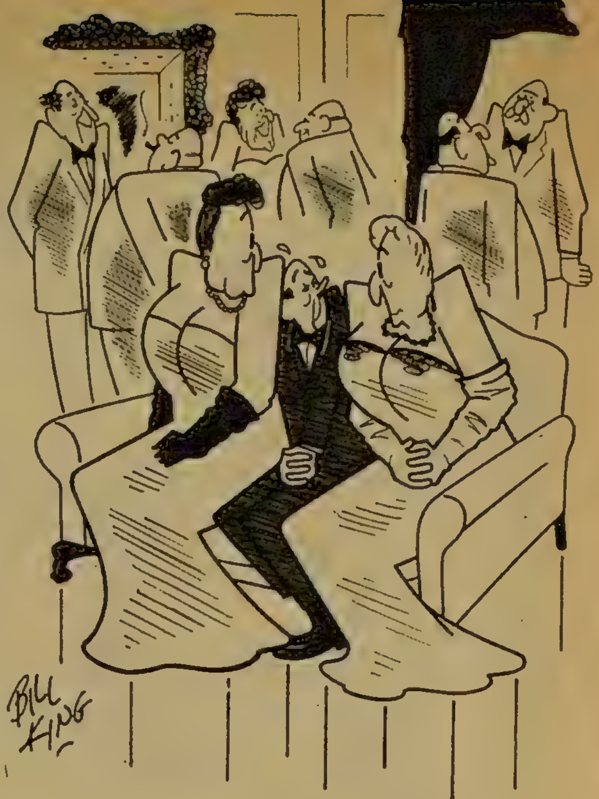


"Small world, isn't it?"

(*Continued from page 60*)

that terms had been arranged. Ahmed had no regrets even about the pretty lady of the snapshot. He understood. After all, hadn't he subtracted twenty years from his own age and mailed the 1928 photo of a cousin who had been a corporal in the Albanian Army?

"I wanted to tell you private-like, ma'am," said Celestine, "that I and Mr. Bjorka are getting married. After the nuptials at the City Hall tomorrow we're driving to Pittsburgh, so he can take his old job back."

"Yes?" said Mums. Her tone was dangerously indulgent.

Celestine read the storm signals and hurried on like a wayfarer seeking shelter. "Yes, but I won't leave until after I get dinner tonight. Then, if you'll please make out my check—"

Afterward, Mums could never remember her own words, though she supposed that she must have scolded like a fishwife. It was the mood she remembered—a mood to be compared only to flinging away all one's garments in public. She said things she had always longed to say to Celestine and kitchen bullies who had preceded her.

It was glorious! Never, since the age of nine, when she washed a little boy's face in snow, had Mums ever felt such a primitive joy of combat. "You don't have to get dinner!" she cried. "You can go when you please—the sooner the better!"

Ahmed cringed in terror and Celestine paid the perfect tribute of silence.

AMID the sudden stillness, with her own furious voice no longer in support, Mums wondered if she had been hasty. She had gained the advantage of surprise, but Celestine was doubtless thinking of angry retorts. Already Mums could picture the bleak prospect of an empty kitchen, the dreary round of consulting agencies.

Then, before either of her adversaries could recover, she had an inspiration. Addressing the cowering figure beside the stove, she said in a queenly tone, "I'd just like to see your wartime statement of availability."

Ahmed tremblingly produced the official certificate. He and Celestine exchanged unhappy glances at this ominous new turn of affairs. They might have coped with the mistress alone, but both were awed by the alphabetical forces of Washington, D. C.

"All right!" said Mums. "My husband can use a mechanic at his plant, and after hours you can take care of the lawn. There is room for a couple over the garage—*if* I decide to give Celestine another chance."

With an air of dismissal she turned her back. But, like so many presidents and prime ministers, Mums found the taste of power too intoxicating to be relinquished easily.

"You may have dinner in the kitchen before you leave," she informed Ahmed. "Tomorrow I'll allow both of you the afternoon off to be married. But remember, Celestine, no more insolence or horrid songs or banging of pans!" And she ended in the grand-lady manner: *"Do you understand?"*

"Yes, ma'am," said Celestine.

It was Mums' solitary triumph over the kitchen, and she did not make the mistake of lingering on the field of battle. After it was all over, after she was safely back in the sunroom, her temples throbbed.

For a while she felt near to tears. The house seemed reproachfully silent, as if the very walls were aghast at her outburst. Then, gradually, she was reassured by little groping evidences of habitation. From the kitchen came a subdued click of dishes, despite Celestine's efforts to keep a funereal hush. And from the living room came sounds of excited whispering, followed by Eunice's blithe voice:

"Oh, Mums!"

"Yes, dear."

The two youngsters stood framed in the doorway, and she wondered guiltily if they had overheard her tirade. Somehow it seemed to her that Eunice's eyes were clearer, as if last week's adolescent secretiveness had vanished.

"Mums, can I—*may* I go to the Junior Prom with Bruce? He just asked."

"Of course, dear," she smiled.

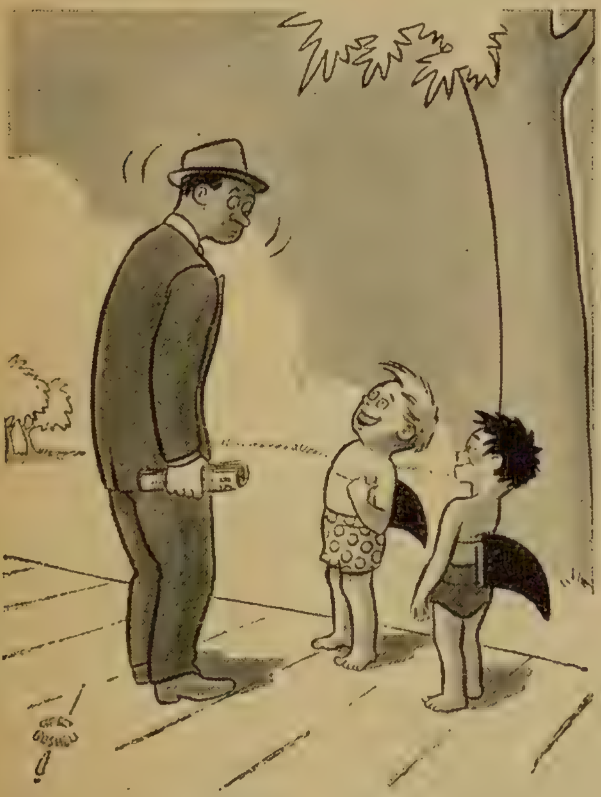
Mums was glad that her willful daughter had chosen the Glossy Boy instead of the boy with the tattooed shoes. For you had only to look into the brown eyes of the Glossy Boy to know that Eunice would always be cherished.

She watched fondly out the window as the youngsters paused on the flagstone walk to scuffle with Peter. As a result she scarcely heard the entrance of Celestine, wearing an unwonted white cap and apron.

"Dinner at the usual time, ma'am?" she asked respectfully.

Mums nodded, for she was thinking. Mums was thinking of a firm answer for Junior Prom night, when Eunice would inevitably ask to borrow her last pair of prewar stockings.

THE END



"We're going down to the swimming pool and scare hell out of everybody! . . .

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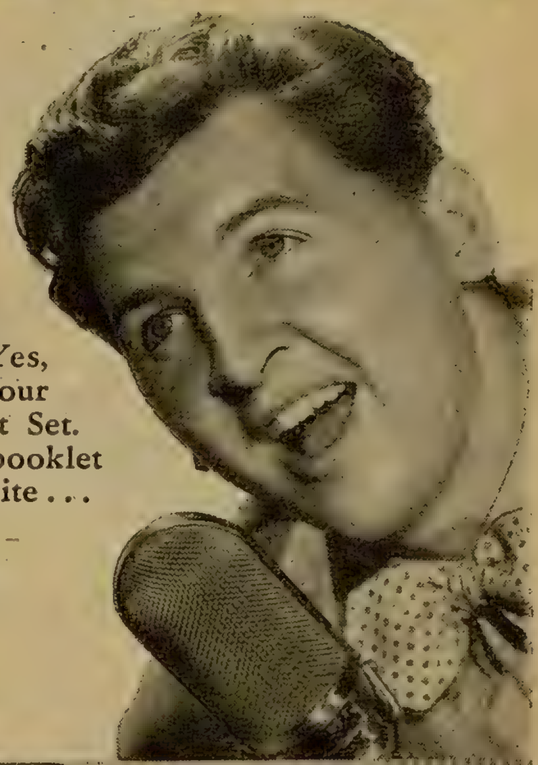

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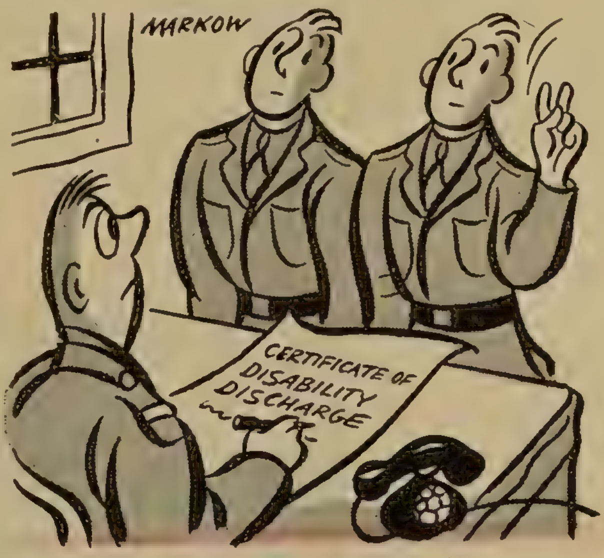
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WOUNDED MARINE, San Diego, Calif. The job the Marines have done in this war will long be remembered in story and song, but in the operation you mention—the invasion of Leyte—only some Marine aviation groups plus a few scattered artillery outfits fought with the Army.

* * *

Pfc. R. W. T., Denver, Colo.—The Army does everything it possibly can to keep twins in service stationed together when they request it; but don't you think you're carrying it a little too far when you ask whether you can be discharged just because your twin is getting a CDD?



Too far?

* * *

Mrs. Bob Waine, Louisville, Ky. Your son's story is just a rumor. Neither the Army nor the USO has any rule prohibiting USO entertainers overseas from going out with enlisted men. USO Camp Shows says it will immediately return any entertainer making such a statement, and will bar that person from ever making another trip.

* * *

K. T., Azusa, Calif. According to AR 40-590, paragraph 2B(5), you, as a veteran, can arrange for your civilian doctor to obtain your medical history at any time by applying to the Adjutant General's Office, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C. He must enclose a letter with his request, said letter being a statement signed by you saying that you are willing to have it sent to him.

* * *

Mrs. J. Patterson, Billings, Mont. The rumor that Nazi prisoners of war in this country are given free beer is untrue. It is also untrue that they censor their own mail and reading material. Such censoring is done by American Army Officers.

* * *

L. M. W., Reidsville, N. C. When a soldier is killed overseas, it is the usual practice for his commanding officer to write the next of kin a letter. The serious press of work at hand may have kept your late son's company commander from getting to such a letter immediately, but you will hear from him in time.

* * *

Sgt. L. L. L., Attalla, Ala. You can prefer charges against any officer who, as part of his duty, censored your mail and then discussed the contents of that mail with anyone else. The act you describe—the censoring officer reading your mail aloud to other enlisted men—is likewise punishable by court-martial.

* * *

Pvt. W. G. B., U. S. M. C., Oceanside, Calif. A discharge due to "unsuitability" is not a dishonorable discharge. It is a "good" discharge, and a man so separated from the Service is entitled to veteran's benefits under the G. I. Bill of Rights.

* * *

Capt. Edward J. Sharp, China. You could have knocked Old Sarge over with a left hook when he found out that the answer to your question was "yes." According to A. A. F. Headquarters in Washington, an Air Corps Reserve Officer, if he does not hold a commission in the Regular Army and is not a candidate for one, is entitled to a $500 bonus upon being honorably separated from the service.

* * *

Cpl. W. P. Reukauff, Leyte. I think your suggestion—that everyone serving in the Armed Forces be given a $2,500 income-tax exemption for as long a period after the war as he or she served in uniform—is very good.

* * *

B. T., Memphis, Tenn. Sergeant Joe Louis, the heavyweight champion, has fought ninety-seven bouts overseas for servicemen audiences. Old Sarge thinks he has been a fine soldier and a credit to his uniform.

* * *

Sgt. Andrew Bronson, A. A. F., Orlando, Fla. The late "Billy" Mitchell is referred to as "General" correctly. After his court-martial in 1926, and his demotion from brigadier general to colonel, he was posthumously awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor and raised to the permanent rank of major general.

* * *

Mrs. Harry Weiss, Seattle, Wash. There are almost 16,000 WACs now serving overseas. They are all over the world, from Germany to Ceylon.

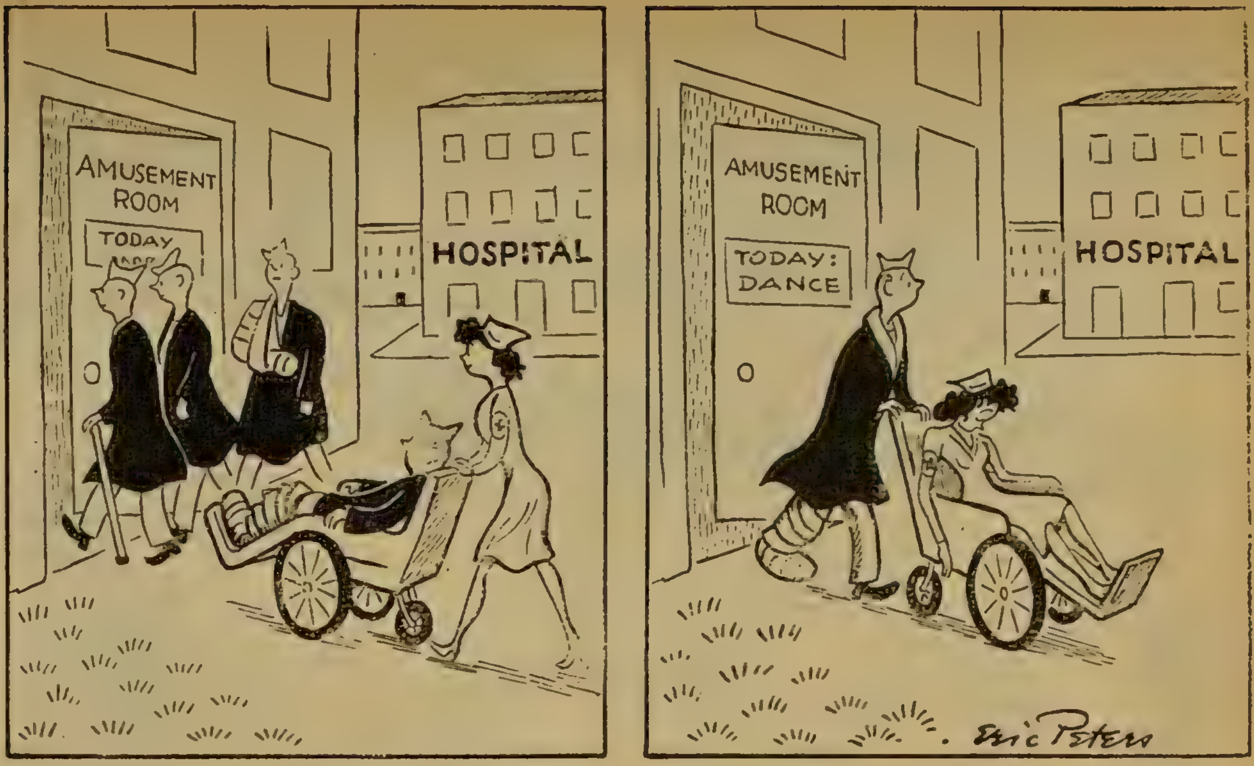
* * *

S. G., Chicago, Ill. You are quite right. It is a national disgrace that more than a million Americans have been classified 4-F because of poor schooling. One of our postwar aims should be literacy for all.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

QUANDARY IN THE PACIFIC

Continued from Page 23



a pound. The soap companies, chief customers for the oils, would undoubtedly substitute the cheaper palm kernel oil, which comes from the British Empire, mostly from Africa, and which has been used to a large extent during the war.

Other island industries such as tobacco would probably be wiped out by the U. S. tariff.

The fact is that, although we have worked toward political independence for the islands, we have tied them economically to the United States with bonds so strong that they could not exist without some help from us.

The destruction of trade and industry during the war and the systematic looting of the country by the Japanese have aggravated all these problems. The fact is that the only going concern in the islands today is the American Army. There is no trade, no industry, no commerce, except in the bare essentials of living. To a large degree the visible aspects of modern civilization in the islands have been effaced by this war. Unless some way is found to aid them materially, Philippine industry will be about as healthy as were the starved prisoners of the German prison camps.

Moreover, we have made our policy in the Philippine Islands the basis of our propaganda in the Far East. We have contrasted our independence legislation with the bogus "independence" granted the Philippines by Japan. On the other hand, the islands' economic collapse would afford enormous propaganda possibilities to the Japanese.

Furthermore, the difficulties which would attend the establishment and maintenance of military and naval bases in an economically devastated country would be tremendous. Still further, there are the purely humanitarian reasons for preventing such a collapse.

Undeniably the islands were warned of the economic dangers inherent in independence. Senator Millard E. Tydings, in an address widely distributed throughout the islands before they adopted the provisions of the McDuffie-Tydings Act, pointed to all of the dangers that I have mentioned, and tried to soften the parting by provisions in the act which would gradually reduce the amount of imports from the Philippines.

Paul V. McNutt, now War Manpower Commissioner, and then High Commissioner to the Philippines, in 1937 called for an economic re-examination of the question of Philippine independence.

Nevertheless the Philippine Islands chose independence. What proud people would do otherwise? They could hardly be expected to foresee at that time the devastation which the war and the Japanese would wreak on their islands. Nor could we.

Several solutions of the problem which

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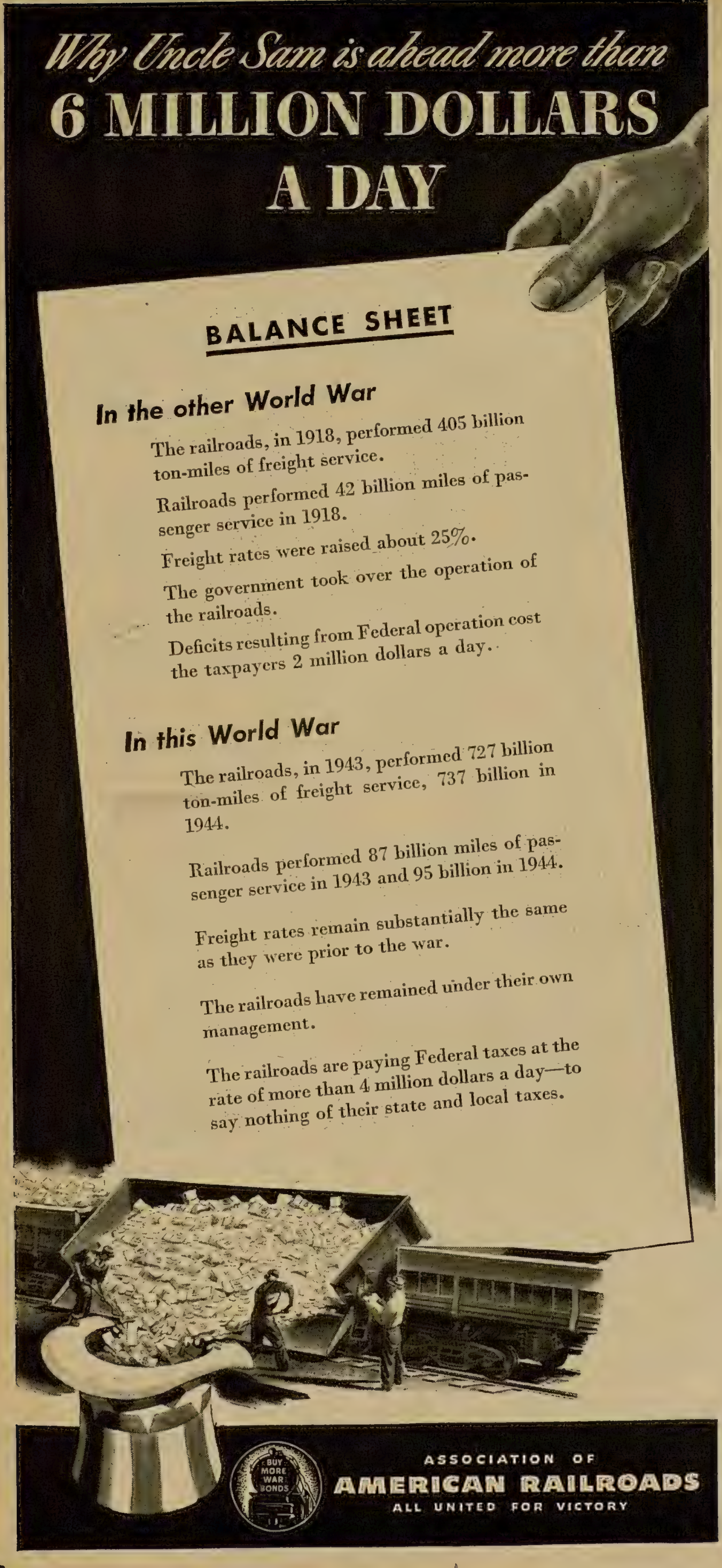

Why Uncle Sam is ahead more than
6 MILLION DOLLARS A DAY

BALANCE SHEET

In the other World War

The railroads, in 1918, performed 405 billion ton-miles of freight service.

Railroads performed 42 billion miles of passenger service in 1918.

Freight rates were raised about 25%.

The government took over the operation of the railroads.

Deficits resulting from Federal operation cost the taxpayers 2 million dollars a day.

In this World War

The railroads, in 1943, performed 727 billion ton-miles of freight service, 737 billion in 1944.

Railroads performed 87 billion miles of passenger service in 1943 and 95 billion in 1944.

Freight rates remain substantially the same as they were prior to the war.

The railroads have remained under their own management.

The railroads are paying Federal taxes at the rate of more than 4 million dollars a day—to say nothing of their state and local taxes.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

ASSOCIATION OF
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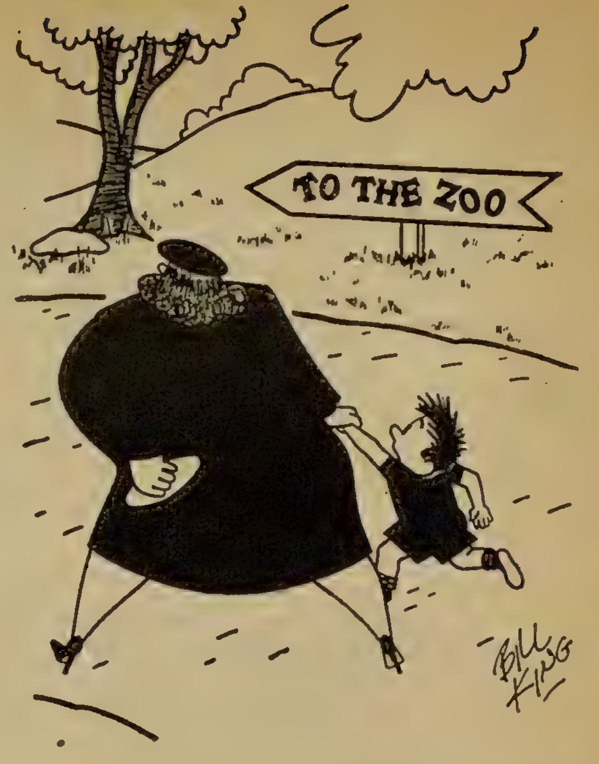
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



"Mom, what's a hippopotamus like?"

confronts both us and the Philippine Islands have been suggested. The Filipino members of the Rehabilitation Commission propose that the problem be solved by granting the Philippine Islands their independence plus twenty years of free trade, war-damage compensation, rehabilitation of the financial system, and grants in aid.

The proposal for twenty years of free trade will encounter serious opposition, and the best that can be devised as a compromise may prove inadequate.

Senator Taft has already introduced a bill to increase the compensation for war damage done to the Philippines. This bill will probably pass. But it's questionable whether American industry destroyed by the Japs will reinvest in the islands money it receives for war damages. With no prospect of operating under the protection afforded by free trade with the United States, many industrialists reportedly are planning not to.

Obviously these industrialists cannot be blamed for not wanting to put such funds into an industry—sugar, for instance—which is doomed by the American tariff under the proposed terms of independence. Yet, if this money be taken from the islands, the wherewithal to rebuild their industrial structure will be gone.

The rehabilitation of the financial system, an imperative necessity, has not yet been worked out.

OTHER solutions have been proposed. One is to postpone independence, thus permitting the existing trade arrangements between the two countries to continue. It is doubtful whether this could be achieved, and, further, it would be hardly fitting for the United States to propose postponement of Philippine independence. Such a proposal, if made at all, should come from the Philippines.

There is the possibility of making the islands the forty-ninth state, but such a proposal runs into several objections. For instance, they have a population of about 18,000,000, approximately that of New York and New Jersey combined, and these two states have fifty-nine members in the House of Representatives.

Another suggestion is to give the Philippine Islands dominion status, thus making their position somewhat like that of Canada in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Politically, the islands are in such a ferment that it's hard to predict how they will solve their problems. Under the act granting them their independence an election was scheduled for this fall in which the officers chosen would hold office when the scheduled independence came on July 4, 1946. In view of the unsettled conditions in the islands, it is questionable whether the election can be held. Yet, President Osmena has asked that independence be granted on August 13 of this year.

Also, the men and women who remained in the islands and harassed the Japanese for three years are demanding a bigger share in the government. Many of them were guerrilla leaders. They will and should be heard. Further, there is the circumstance that an astonishing percentage of members of the Filipino House and Senate, chosen at the last election before Pearl Harbor, turned out to be notorious collaborationists with the Japanese. Muddying the situation still further are the reports that a growing number of Filipinos really want independence under the American flag.

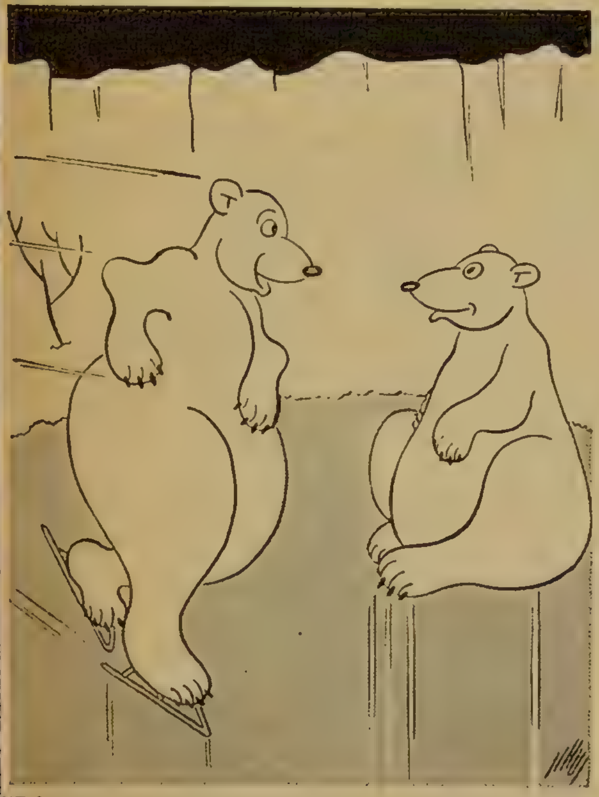
BUT this description of the economic and political situation which obtains today is based upon the most meager information —information originally designed to help shape the military strategy and tactics necessary to eject the Japanese from the islands.

Before we can act sensibly on these problems, we need a thorough investigation of the facts of economic life in the Philippines today. Considering that we are already committed to the establishment of military and naval bases there, we must know just what obligations we may be called on to assume. Before we act, we should have the answers to a number of complex questions.

Already a commission headed by Senator Tydings has made a hurried trip to the islands. Its work might well be supplemented by other fact finders who would survey the economy of the islands completely and thoroughly.

Political problems are not peculiar to the Philippines. We have them in this country. Also, many big U. S. firms with Philippine interests have figured largely in the fight to give the islands their independence. These interests will have to be reckoned with in working out any solution to the Philippine problem. However, it is clear that we have to find a solution or run the risk of winning the war in the Pacific but losing the fruits of peace in that area.

THE END



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TOUGH

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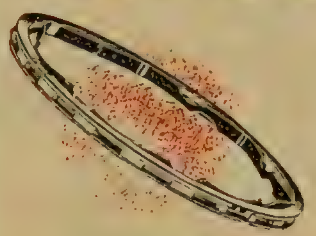

TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

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FREDDY WINS THE PEACE

Continued from Page 33

"Hi-ho," I says casually. "How did Demosthenes disport himself yestereve?"

"Oh, Freddy," says Connie, "Pomfret was simply wonderful. The audience was spellbound. But weren't you there?"

Her tone implies that, even had I been, I would have all the attention value of the hall's third assistant janitor.

"No," I snaps. "I am a doer, not a dreamer. But, that one side, I assume the pressure on your time has now eased. So how's about?"

"Freddy," says Connie, "I hope that for the next few days you won't be on this phone until our house sounds like the head office of the OPA. You see, Pomfret is concentrating."

"WHAT?" I yells. "You mean he's there?"

"Well," says Connie, "Pomfret's next speech is to be given before the Youth Society of Omaha, Nebraska. The YSONPPWP, you know."

Ha! Those are the letters that enigmatic Al mutters into his beard.

"Now, see here!" I says, nonplused. "It is a fair cry from Shadow Orchard to Omaha. So why is he littering up your living room?"

"Please don't shout, Freddy," Connie says. "Pomfret's Omaha address comes ten days from now. And it seems he feels that I was of—of—well, he said 'inestimable value' in helping him prepare his speech here. So he has decided to stay in Shadow Orchard and work on the Omaha talk. And I just couldn't have the poor boy at the Stalton all that time."

"Hold it!" I barks. "You're telling me that he's hanging out at your place?"

"Freddy," says Connie, "the answer is yes. Pomfret is our house guest. And I shall thank you to respect his privacy." With that Partisan shot the loved one hangs up.

I AM greatly perturbed as I go to Al's to report this sinister development. And Al's conduct is not such as to relieve my mind.

"In my poor fashion, Freddy," he says, "I tried to warn you."

"What?" I start. "You knew about this, yet you mumbled vague generalities? Why didn't you sound off, like a man?"

"Now, Freddy," says Al. "I did not know about it definitely. I merely suspected some such thing. Connie and Mr. Day have talked unguardedly while patronizing this fountain. And I have perceived that Mr. Day is loath to leave Shadow Orchard."

The dispassionate way he states this irks me. "But, jeepers," I says, "don't you realize that this sliver-tongued orator is fixing to stay nearly ten days under the same roof with my girl? Even you, Al, can see that he won't write speeches all the time. What's wanted here is constructive thinking."

"Freddy," Al says, "I have wrecked my brains. But I haven't an idea. Except—" He hesitates.

"Speak up, Al," I says.

"Well," Al says, "if I were you, Freddy, I would show some disposition to co-operate with Connie and Mr. Day. You could even join this youth society."

I stare at the man. "Is that the best you can do?" I says.

"At the moment, yes."

"Then listen, Al!" I tap the counter. "That is the sickliest, most senile suggestion that ever emerged from this soda bar. It is clear to me that I am leaning on a broken weed."

"I am doing my best," protests Al.

"A pathetic effort," I says. "Since when, Al, have you observed a Sandford thrusting himself in where he's not wanted? No, I have been commanded to eschew tinkling the Parker telephone and I obey. But I wrap myself in a mantle of silence until the female comes to her senses."

"I don't advise this course," says Al.

I crush him with a look. "Advice, Al," I says, "is evidently not your forte. Suppose you remain in your own spear and rack me up a banana split.

"That," I adds pointedly, "is something you understand."

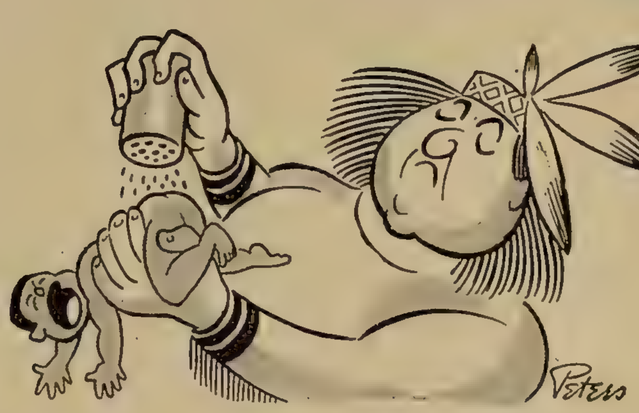
FOR the next few days Sandford is a man of iron. With rare courage, I shun the telephone and/or the Parker street. Wearing my mantle of silence, I meditate in sequestered places.

On a cold, rainy afternoon I am brooding austerely in my domicile when the doorbell rings. I answer in person. There is Connie Parker, likewise in person.

I am dumfounded. "To what," I inquires, icily polite, "must I ascribe the honor of this visitation?"

"I happened to be passing, Freddy," says Connie, "and I thought I'd run in to ask if you wouldn't spend the week-end with us at the beach cottage?"

I gaze upon this beautiful and misguided girl. There is innocence in the dark blue



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

POW-WOW-DER: Talcum for a papoose.

SHANGRI LA.: A beautiful unknown spot in Louisiana.

MODULL: One that's beautiful but dumb.

AL-EYES: They are watching Germany.

EELECTRICITY: What makes the lamp-ray.

BREWM: For sweeping out a distillery.

UNIFORUM: A toga.

TINTATIVE: Experimental color.

WHEREHOUSE: If you have your stuff stored and can't find where you stored it.

STROPERETTA: Barbershop scene in a small musical drama.

eyes and raindrops in the platinum hair on account she wears no hat.

"Step inside," I says. "Now, why would you be going to a beach cottage in this foul weather?"

"Because," says Connie simply, "Horace was given a snare drum for his birthday." She refers to her kid brother, popularly known as Beanie. That one is twelve, and a menace to the civilized world.

"So?" I says. "You wish to go to your beach cottage in order that Beanie may play the snare drum?"

"Don't be dumb, Freddy," says Connie. "We're going to get away from Horace and his drum so Pomfret can concentrate."

"But," I says, "why not just shove Beanie up in the attic?"

The damsel shakes her head. "We tried that. But, Freddy, you have not heard Horace on the snare drum. The racket is probably distinct in Seattle."

"Then bop Beanie," I suggests. "You're bigger than he is."

"I tried that too," says Connie, "and father put his foot down. He says it's Horace's home, and if he can't play his da— his snare drum there, where can he. So Horace bangs the thing until Pomfret is going out of his mind."

"That's no trip," I says.

"Freddy, you haven't even met Pomfret. Anyhow, we decided that the beach cottage is simply indicated. This week-end is all-important to Pomfret. Do you see?"

"No," I says. "For my dough, your father is always a sensible business man. But now it looks like he's mentally disarranged. You actually mean he's letting you go off with this tub thumper?"

"Oh, Freddy," Connie says, "Aunt Charlotte MacPherson is coming to chaperon."

"And where," I asks, "do I fit into this blissful picture?"

She chooses her words. "Well," she says, "in his Omaha speech Pomfret is dealing with the mental attitude of the returned soldier. And he is most anxious to converse with one over this week-end to get his reactions and—er—opinions. Naturally, I thought of you and—"

"That'll do!" I interrupts. "I flatly decline to be made a guinea pig out of."

"Now, Freddy," says Connie, "it isn't that. Pomfret merely needs your help, your advice. Oh, Freddy, won't you, please?"

The look she gives me would melt the Great Stone Face. And—well, wishy-washy is the word for Frederick.

"You will come, won't you, Freddy? We'll call for you Friday afternoon. You're tops, Freddy."

"Yeah?" I says, aware of faint misgivings. "In dopes, maybe."

WELL, come Friday, comes the Parker family hack. Constance is at the wheel, and by her side sits the lug Day. Aunt Charlotte MacPherson has dug herself a foxhole in the back.

Right off I tape Pomfret for the collegiate politician type. He's also got the publicized teeth.

"Glad to meet you, Sandford," he says, tossing off a golden smile.

"Likewise," I says, and climb in alongside Aunt Charlotte.

"Hello, Freddy dear," she says, like I am encased in rompers, instead of a grizzly veteran of the Italian campaign.

"Now, the first thing," Connie says briskly, as we reach the cottage some fifteen miles distant, "is a roaring fire."

She's got something there. After a cold rainy spell the living room could be from an igloo by Birdseye. Pomfret looks around in dismay.

"Freddy will have a lovely fire going in a moment," Connie assures him.

Connie takes my arm and pulls me into the kitchen. "You don't mind, do you, Freddy?" she says. "Pomfret wants to get to work."

"We-e-ll—" I begins.

"Good," says Connie. "There's wood in the woodbox."

So there is. Just enough for one fire. Commenting under my breath, I build this. Pomfret stands by, rubbing his hands.

"Why, Sandford, you're a regular woodsman," he says. With that, he sets a card table in front of the fire and gets out a briefcase. I retire to the kitchen. There I find Connie and Aunt Charlotte fluttering over a large hamper.

"Pomfret thought he would like the Swiss steak tonight, Aunt Charlotte," says Connie. "How long does it take to cook?"

Miss MacP. holds up her hands. "Mercy, child, don't ask me! I haven't cooked in thirty years."

"Well—" says Connie, and stops. Two pairs of eyes swing on me.

Right here I must remark that my wizardry at the culinary art has made the name Sandford a one to conjure with in Shadow Orchard. At corn roasts, clambakes, barbecues, and associated functions, I generally take over by popular acclaim.

"Freddy?" says Connie, the wheedle in her voice ill disguised.

"Since you ask me, an innocent bystander," I says, "no Swiss steak should be taken from the stove in under three hours. Furthermore, it has got to be pounded."

"Freddy dear," says Connie, "you're wonderful! And I do believe there's a kind of thing for pounding here. And the butcher told me just what to buy. Carrots, a small onion, flour, and—and stuff. Pomfret is simply perishing for a Swiss steak."

Before I can protest, Connie hands me a wooden mallet. Then suddenly the kitchen is devoid of all save Frederick and the prospective Central European tidbit.

Mumbling implications, I deluge this beef with pepper and salt. Then I sift flour on it. And then I pound. To me, the cut is a double for Pomfret R. Day and it is like I work on him in the flesh.

But all at once I look up. Pomfret himself is in the doorway. "Good Lord, Sandford," says Pomfret, "can't you prepare a simple meal without all this to-do?"

I stare at the fellow. "Listen," I says. "Intelligence comes from G. H. Q. that your lordship fancies a Swiss steak. Well"— I tender the mallet—"do you care to take charge?"

He jumps. "Me? I haven't time." And he backs out.

PRESENTLY, however, the heart balm reinvades the kitchen. "We need more wood," she announces. "Hurry and bring some in, will you, Freddy?"

Hurry, ha! The wood is in a shed thirty feet from the house and it's raining pitchforks. When I finally stagger in, heavily laden, Pomfret has the gall to look annoyed at the interruption.

By this time Golden Head and Golden Smile are both at the card table, going to town on behalf of Omaha, Neb. Aunt Charlotte bivouacs at a gate-leg contrivance, shooting solitaire to her own music.

I drop the logs on the hearth.

"Freddy," says Connie sharply, "must you crash around so?"

"Sorry," I says. "They slipped. If you need me further, I shall be in the scullery."

No one replies.

I pass briefly over the remainder of that evening. I serve the dinner. I wash up afterwards. After which I sit ignored in a corner, listening to Aunt Charlotte's symphony in red and black.

Only once do I speak. "When," I says finally, "do we get around to the reactions and opinions of the common soldier?"

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Dave Gerard

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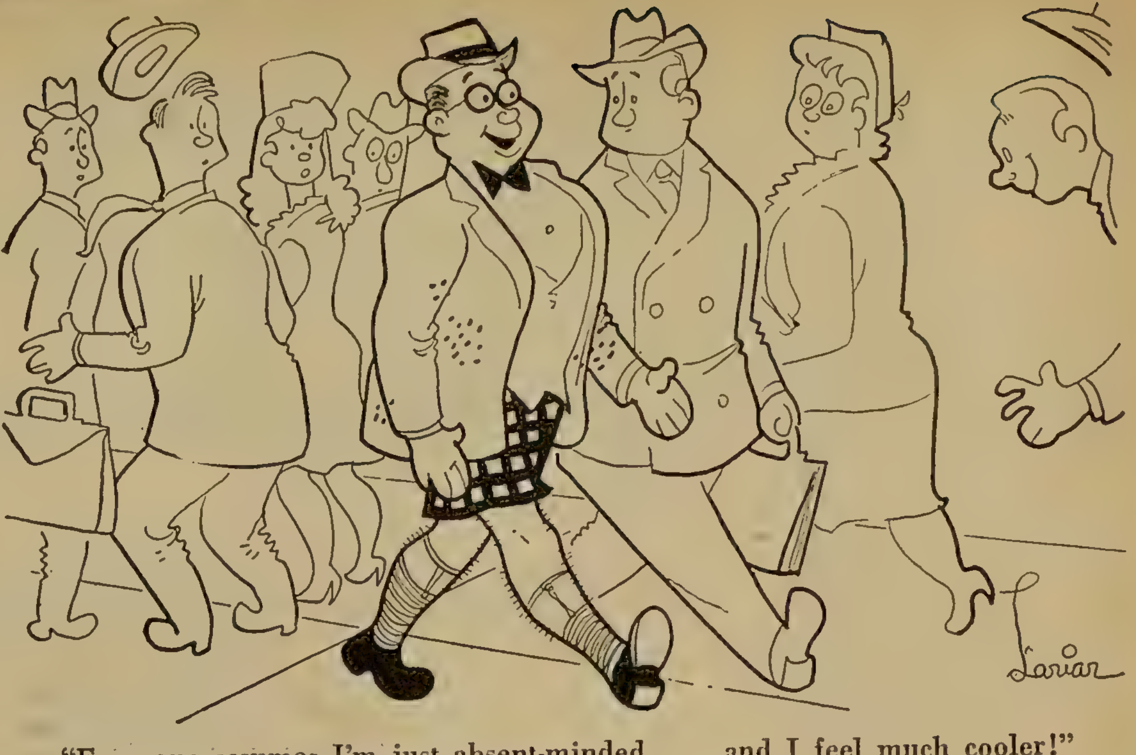
THE HOME FRONT



"Everyone assumes I'm just absent-minded . . . and I feel much cooler!"

Pomfret's head jerks up. He begins gnawing his nails. Connie skewers me with the Mediterranean eyes. "Please, Freddy!" says Connie. "We must have quiet here."

WELL, the dawn comes up with thunder, as the poet says, and out of the downy rolls Frederick. It's a cinch there'll be no breakfast unless I get it.

So I squeeze oranges, and then, while the bacon is simmering, Connie trickles into the kitchen. She is fetching in a blue silk dressing gown with white dragons dragoning around it.

"Fix a tray, will you, Freddy? Pomfret is breakfasting in bed," she informs me. "The poor boy caught a slight cold last night, and we can't take chances with his voice."

I can only goggle dumbly. The spectacle of this once-proud girl practically groveling fills me with concern. Frederick has fought a game but losing fight, and alone. With scorn I think of Al. From him I get no help, no co-operation.

"Listen," I says to Connie. "I quit. You lured me here through chicanery, in order to make a slavey—"

"Now, Freddy," she cuts in, "please don't let's have trouble today. Pomfret is upset, as it is. He scarcely got a thing done yesterday."

"Oh, well," I says, "what's a day out of a droop's life?"

My love blisters me optically and traipses off with His Majesty's sustenance.

Tempus, as the Romans aptly put it, marches on. So does the holy work in the living room. Pomfret, swathed in a blanket against the sniffles, is at the card table, with Connie hanging herself on his words. Aunt Charlotte thumbs cards, and as for Sandford, that forgotten man retires to the kitchen to think dark thoughts.

And then suddenly, at three P. M. of an afternoon which grows progressively grimmer and grayer, comes a tumult to demand respect from Niagara. A second later—*thump-bang* on the back door.

I leap to open it. Without stands Beanie Parker, complete with snare drum.

"'Lo, Freddy," says Beanie. "How you like this?" And he beats a tattoo on his drum.

I gaze at the lad. "Very pleasing," I says. "But why—"

I cease. Into the kitchen pops Connie, like a blonde gin reporting to Aladdin.

"Horace! What are you doing here?" cries Connie.

"Pop sent me," Beanie says nonchalantly. "Freddy, do you know if Tommy Dorsey needs a snare drummer?"

"Father?" Connie blinks. "But who brought you?"

"Some friend of pop's," says Beanie. "He was comin' past here an' pop says for him to bring me, or him—pop, I mean—is goin' plain nuts."

"Oh, heavens!" Connie does a little dance. "Well, don't you dare come into the living room! You stay here with Freddy. And if you beat that thing once, I'll—"

"O. K. with me," Beanie interrupts. "I wanna talk to Freddy. I got a chance to get a trumpet, Freddy. An' maybe it'd be better to blow hot an' sweet on a trumpet than do this"—he smites the drum to terrible effect—"becuz that's nice, but it ain't exactly music. See what I mean?"

I am saved the trouble of replying. The door flies open and Pomfret R. Day charges in. He spots Beanie, claps hands over eyes.

"Oh, hell!" moans Pomfret, and makes like he is a bobby-socker chucked into the same ring with Sinatra.

"Pomfret!" shrills Connie. "Please don't get excited! I didn't know Horace was coming."

"Ha!" The prospective beguiler of the YSONPPWP goes in circles. "This is a madhouse, I tell you! It isn't enough that I should freeze to death and catch cold in some shack in the wilds. But when an idiot boy rushes at large through the place beating tom-toms, I—oooh!" Head in hands, Pomfret exits.

For just a second Connie is floored. But there is good stuff in my bride-to-be. She straightens up and Shadow Orchard's loveliest lip line is a thin red. The next instant she follows Pomfret.

RIGHT then something—it could be my old pal Kismet—whispers to Sandford. I shove Beanie into a chair.

"Beanie," I says, "give! Get it?"

"I gotcha, Freddy," says Beanie. "Comin' up!" The rafters ring.

Well, I hit the living room. Aunt Charlotte, looking mildly surprised, still solitaires. But from Pomfret's bedroom issue sounds.

"Pomfret Day," Connie is saying, "you listen to me! We've extended our hospitality. But are you grateful? You are not. I think it would be better, Pomfret, if you packed your things and—"

"How I do need a black king!" cuts in Aunt Charlotte at this point. "What's all the trouble about, Freddy dear?"

(*Continued on page 72*)

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(*Continued from page 70*)

"Miss MacPherson," I says, transported, "what do you mean, trouble?"

"And, Freddy," this from the bedroom, "will drive you to the station. You're a great disappointment to me, Pomfret."

I wait for no more. I whisk to the kitchen.

"Beanie lad," I says, oo la Sam Small, "beat the retreat on thy dhr-r-rum!"

LONG afterwards, I converge on Al. "Al," I says, with some disdain, "I assume that a simple dish, such as a chocolate nut sundae, would not be beyond your capabilities. And it will interest you to know that I have just put Pomfret R. Day on the six-forty-nine. Further, Miss Parker dissolves in my arms while Mr. Day packs his suitcase. All this is done, moreover, without the slightest assistance from you. Alone and unaided I have caused a defunct love to arise like Felix from the ashes."

"Freddy—" begins Al. But just then enter Beanie Parker.

"Al," Beanie says somberly, "I done what you said. An' I didn't say nothin' to nobody. So where's the trumpet?"

Al reaches under the counter and comes up with a tarnished implement. "There you are, Horace," he says.

"O. K." Beanie examines it, nods, departs.

I squint at Al suspiciously. "Al," I says, "what is the meaning of that transaction?"

He looks guilty. "Oh," he says, "Horace and I had a gentleman's agreement involving silence and a trumpet. In the car today, Horace stated—" He checks it, too quick.

"What were you and Beanie doing in a car?" I says. "Did you bring Beanie out there?"

"Well, yes," says Al, "but I requested Horace not to disclose the fact."

"Al," my eyes are slits, "how else do you figure in this?"

"Freddy," says Al, "I am not a one to steal limelight. But recently Connie and Mr. Day spoke of a certain quandary, the nature of which you know. And I took the liberty of pointing out that the Parker beach cottage might furnish excellent refuge from Horace's drum."

"So!" I says. "What more did you point out?"

He shrugs. "Well, I did urge that Miss Charlotte MacPherson be included in the capacity of chaperon. I have known Miss MacPherson some thirty years, Freddy, but I have never known her to desist from speech or from singing. And since there is but one living room in the beach cottage, I considered Miss MacPherson inconducive to concentration."

I am impressed. "Excellent thinking, Al," I says. "Continue!"

"I then said," continues Al, "that I would get in touch with Mr. Harry Mooney, a cousin of mine. Mr. Mooney resides in the village of Daisy Dell, near the beach, and is by profession a plumber. Mr. Mooney, I felt, would be happy to turn the water on. But an objection arose. Connie admitted, unblushingly, that neither she nor Miss MacPherson is a cook. Mr. Day, of course, could not be expected to assume this function. However," says Al, "I met the emergency with a stratagem which, if I do say it, verges on the scintillant."

It sweeps over me then like a wave. "Wait!" I yelps. "You proposed that they take me along, to moil and toil over a hot stove, to fetch and carry like a Cheesepeak Bay receiver, to—"

"Freddy," says Al, "let me finish. I felt strongly that the situation had the essentials of dynamite. I once remarked that young Mr. Day is a devotee of good living. He is also something of a spoiled boy. And I thought it probable that, what with the

(*Continued on page 74*)

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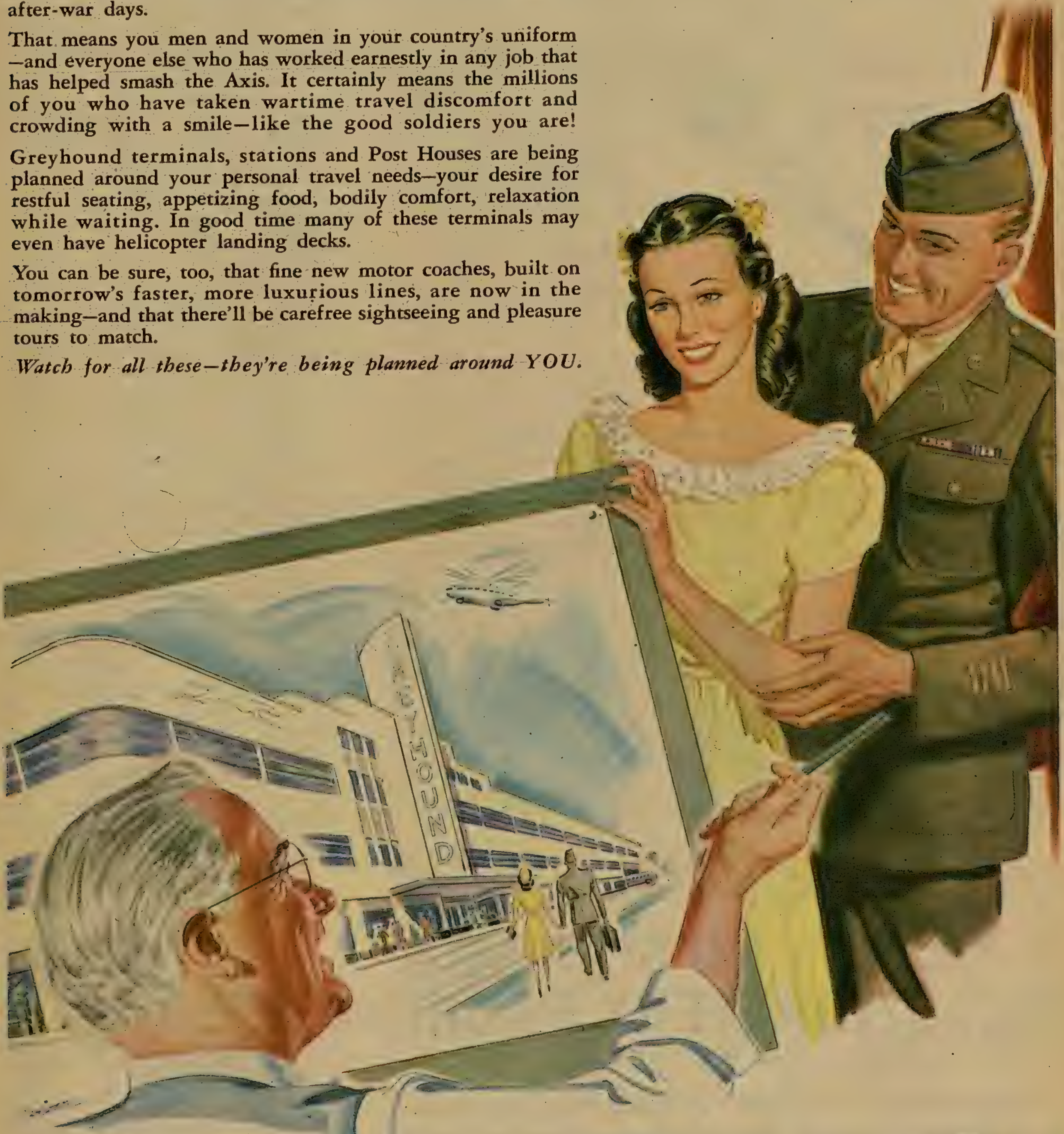

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(Continued from page 72)

cold, and Miss MacPherson, and the general discomforts of a summer cottage out of season, he might easily display unappealing traits of character. And if this happened, Freddy, I wished you and your unquestioned steadfastness present. But I could not foresee that we would have the benefit of Horace."

"Al," I says, "I am finding it in my heart to forgive you."

"This afternoon," Al ignores me, "Mr. Ely K. Parker appeared in a state of agitation. Mr. Parker deposed that his home was no longer habitable. While he was talking, I happened to recall that I had not seen Mr. Mooney, my cousin in Daisy Dell, for some time. Accordingly I suggested that since I was going that way, I might drop Horace at the cottage. I may add that Mr. Parker approved the idea."

"Al," I says in a hushed tone, "were this England, they would intern you in West Minister's Abbey."

"Oh, I don't know, Freddy," Al says modestly. "I make my little mistakes. For example, when Horace and I were discussing musical instruments, I mentioned that Mr. Mooney owned an old trumpet. Horace immediately coveted this and I had to undertake to get it for him. I feared lest, if denied, he might sulk at the cottage and refuse to beat his drum."

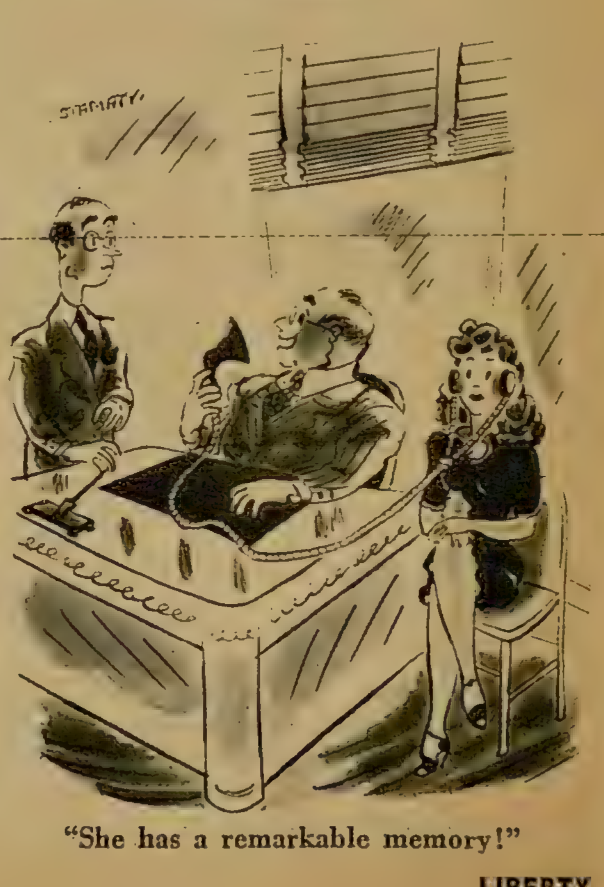
"Don't apologize, Al," I says reverently. "The fact that while nincompoops and incompetents shape the peace, you will be jerking sodas is a sad commentary on our civilization. However, in the History of the Twentieth Century, which Sandford is thinking of writing, you will be alluded to as 'Al the Great.' But so long now! The lovelight awaits me with impatience in her eyes."

AL coughs delicately. "One small thing, Freddy. My cousin, Mr. Mooney, churlishly declined to part with his trumpet save for a consideration of three dollars. I haggled, but to no avail."

"Think nothing of it, Al!" I fling folding dough on the counter. "Never was money better—" I pause, struck by a thought. "But, gee, if Mr. Parker ever finds out that you got Beanie a trumpet on top of his snare drum—Al, I shudder to think."

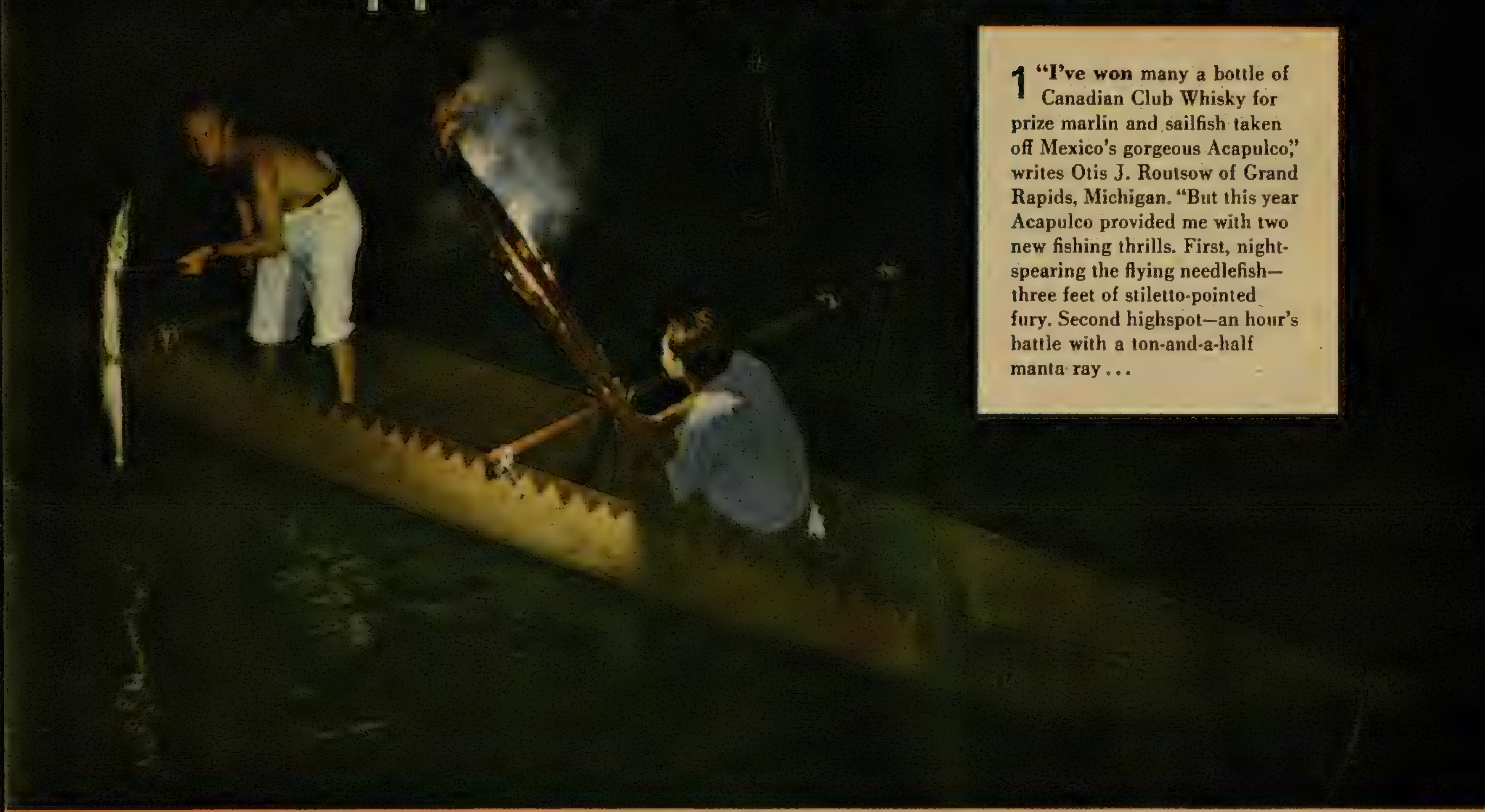
Al glances nervously at the door. "Confidentially," says Al, "Mr. Parker is no problem. But I am expecting certain difficulties with Horace. You see, Freddy, that trumpet doesn't play."

THE END



"She has a remarkable memory!"

It happened in ACAPULCO



1 **"I've won** many a bottle of Canadian Club Whisky for prize marlin and sailfish taken off Mexico's gorgeous Acapulco," writes Otis J. Routsow of Grand Rapids, Michigan. "But this year Acapulco provided me with two new fishing thrills. First, night-spearing the flying needlefish—three feet of stiletto-pointed fury. Second highspot—an hour's battle with a ton-and-a-half manta ray . . .

2 **"On our way out** for smaller fry I spied the manta, lazily flicking its lethal whiptail. I harpooned . . . it attacked, murderously. I was mighty relieved when it rolled over and slid from sight.

3 **"But fishing thrills** are not the *only* kind this Pacific paradise offers. There are Acapulco's famed divers, plummeting 135 feet into a narrow rock-toothed gorge . . . Riviera-like beaches.

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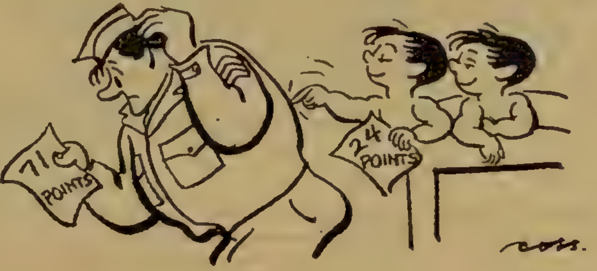
Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

FIREPLACE FASHIONS: Decorators are suggesting various fireplace treatments for summer. The simplest is a curtain made of material to match your slip covers. Nature lovers will prefer grouping plants across the fireplace, or arranging them in metal containers, such as copper or brass. One New York store shows an attractively scrolled plant holder of wrought iron designed to stand in front of a fireplace. It has well-placed sockets for three pots. The whole works can be moved occasionally to a sunny window for the good of the greenery. . . . Many stores offer outdoor grills for summer picnics, and prices range from a few dollars to over a hundred. The idea is pleasant, but I *wish* the advertising copy would desist from suggesting that the jolly picnicker should barbecue steak, chicken, or hot dogs!

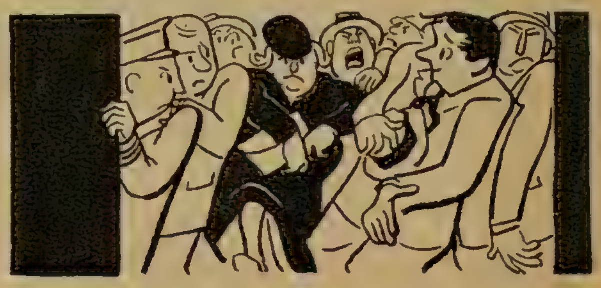


HEIR WARDENS: Twin sons born to Master Sergeant Thomas Conroy and his wife are looking after papa very nicely. After twenty-eight months overseas, Sergeant Conroy had 71 points, or 14 too few for release from the Army, until Thomas P. and John Francis arrived, on April 6, at Camp Lee, Virginia, thus adding 24 points to his nest egg, or 10 more than he needed to become a civilian and stay home with his family.

CULINARY CRISES: Richard K. Schwarz, baker second class, tells a heart-rending story of cake trouble in the Pacific. When the landing ship on which he was doing his stuff approached Leyte, he had a batch of cakes rising in the ovens. Says he, "Every time our forty-millimeters would go up, my cakes went down." . . . Mrs. Arthur Smith of Ellenville, New York, baked a fruitcake last September for her son Arthur, who was then in England with the Army. The Smith fruitcake took the cakewalk of all time before it reached its beneficiary. When the cake got to England, Arthur had left. Everywhere that Arthur went the cake was sure to go; but by the time it arrived, Arthur was always somewhere else—until at long last Arthur was released from the Army with a medical discharge. Back home in Ellenville, Arthur and the cake finally met, and Arthur ate the eight-month-old masterpiece and pronounced it fine.

THE TRUTH, UNVARNISHED: After Sergeant Jake Lindsey received the Medal of Honor, our highest military decoration, from President Truman, he proceeded to Lucedale, Mississippi, and was married to Miss Beverly Hargreaves of Lexington, Massachusetts. Said the bride, "It's the most wonderful thing in the world to be married!" What a pleasure to hear the simple, enthusiastic, unvarnished truth from feminine lips. Nineteen-year-old Mrs. Lindsey obviously feels no need to be coy or play games. Honest and happy, she doesn't pretend she was chased into matrimony by a persistent suitor. . . . Sixty-two war brides from England, many of them with babies, recently arrived in Manhattan aboard a troop transport. Most of them looked thoroughly American, though their speech was distinctly British. Said one, "In England a man would threaten to divorce you if you wore crimson nail varnish. But my American husband told me to get used to it so my fingers wouldn't stand out like sore thumbs." She had followed his advice! . . . The U. S. Census Bureau recently pointed out that half the women who marry for the first time do so before they are twenty-two, and half the men before they are twenty-five.

EDUCATING PARENTS: At a two-day parent-education forum held recently, Dr. Milton I. Levine, consultant to the New York City Bureau of Child Hygiene, predicted that infantile paralysis is not likely to reach epidemic proportions this summer. He stated that youngsters' feet profited by going barefoot, and that tetanus toxoid is a safeguard against encounters with broken glass. In the hope of cutting down overfatigue, he suggested that a trip to the park or a short ferry ride would be as much of a lark for the children as an exhausting day at a crowded, remote beach. Dr. Levine further recommended plenty of drinking water and pretzels (for the salt content) in hot weather.



GENT IN A JAM: Who am I to quarrel with America's high priestess of etiquette, Emily Post? It seems only fair, however, to present the plea of Jack Riddle who writes me from Tulsa, Oklahoma: "Please go to bat for me. Emily Post is Goofy on this deal of Men taking their hats off in an elevator, and Doubly Goofy about Women getting out first. I'm 5 feet 7 inches tall, and every time I take my hat off it gets crushed in the jam. Down in Tulsa the other day there were two Big Fellows in the elevator—all the rest of the Jam were women. They hit the First Floor and the Big Guy in the Door scrooged around and stepped on the corn of the other Big Guy. He snatched his Foot out, and when he did, he kicked a woman behind him in the shin. She Squealed, and there you are. It is WRONG. PLEASE HELP!"

WHAT'S AHEAD IN HOUSING?

Continued from Page 25

war items, some of which use prefab principles.

"But," says Farrier, "there's no escaping the fact that we're going to have to feed a lot of houses into the market at cheaper prices unless we want to run into a lot of mortgage foreclosures in the future."

Prefabrication can save money, and has proved it. There are other ways— "site assembly," for one. Take David Bohannon, the San Francisco war-housing builder who saved about 30 per cent of building costs by getting his materials to the building sites at the exact moment when building crews were ready to assemble them. Thus the laborers who assemble the exteriors, for example, do their work and move right on to the next project while the electricians and plumbers swarm in behind them. The system avoids lags and time wastage. Applied to mass building after the war, it may slash labor costs deeply.

Mass purchasing of materials by big building firms also can reduce costs. So can an organized delivery set-up. In some cases, Farrier says, it takes 120 per cent of the cost of the raw material merely to deliver lumber from rail to site, let alone the cost of rail transportation.

THIS kind of organization is obviously going to cause a dislocation of labor, Farrier acknowledges, but he maintains that's nothing to be afraid of. For every slow-motion carpenter, painter, truck driver, or hod carrier who may be thrown out of a job, the increased market will provide jobs for another—and then some. Admittedly some plumber may have to become a prefabrication expert, but at least he'll have work to do.

Also in sight are other jobs and other possibilities of savings. These are looked for in housing materials and devices that will be developed after the war, housing officials believe. Aluminum and magnesium, both war-expanded "babies," will be used in building both homes and furniture; soundproofing and insulating materials will depress postwar heating costs and increase comfort; tiny clean new heating units will be alike in principle to those which keep high-flying Superfortress crews thawed out. These and dozens of other new wrinkles will create new work and new markets.

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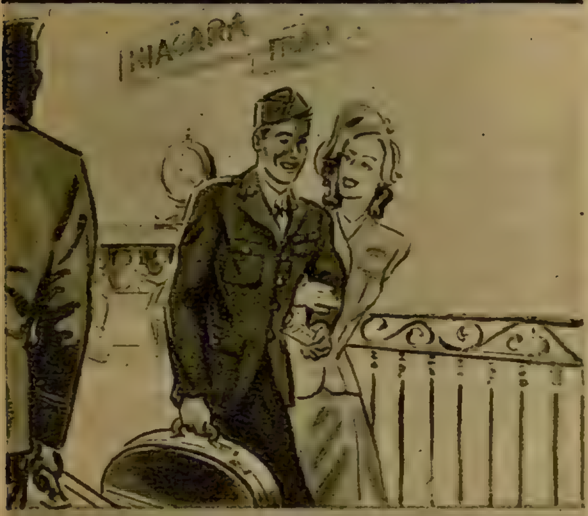

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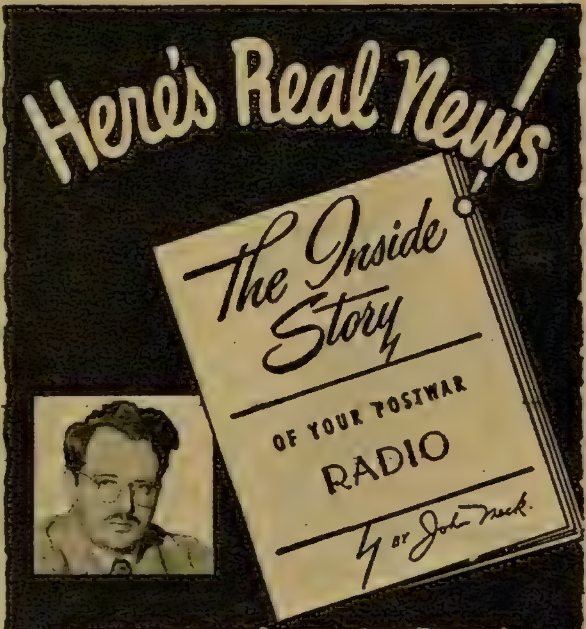

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For all this delightful future, the slum-clearance fight is likely to be bitter. The NHA, administrative organization for the Federal Public Housing Authority and other nonfarm housing agencies, has argued for slum elimination. Hardly anyone argues against it; only the methods are in dispute. And NHA has shrewdly counterattacked at one vulnerable point by boldly challenging the private builders to wade into the low-cost housing field and take over part of the job.

Private builders, who learned a lot from their experiences in building large-scale war housing, are definitely interested in part of the low-cost housing market. But the National Association of Home Builders of the United States, which says it speaks for 90 per cent of all home builders active during the war, still is unalterably opposed to any federal activity in the subsidized public-housing field.

THE two viewpoints are destined to collide during the coming year, and there is increasing evidence of a trend in Congress—particularly in the House—against the use of federal funds for slum-clearance housing projects. The belief seems to be that communities and states ought to tackle their own slum-clearance projects by condemning properties unfit for human habitation and either putting up projects of their own or letting private capital have a crack at it.

Some spokesmen for the building industry would rather see slum clearance tackled through "evolutionary" methods, such as rehabilitation of existing properties not deteriorated too far. In preference to federally financed public housing, these spokesmen actually champion federal rent grants to enable slum dwellers to get into better surroundings. But private capital is not entirely cold to suggestions that it enter the low-cost field.

Until now it has been reluctant, on the whole, to invest heavily in the admittedly risky field of low-rental housing. But under the stimulus of such war-born building techniques as prefab and site assembly, some elements in the private field are beginning to envision a vast and promising new postwar market for themselves.

The mention of slums brings to mind the nation's big cities, but actually there is hardly a city, town, or country village without some families living in appalling squalor. The Capitol dome casts its shadow on slums; they edge in only a stone's throw from the haughty residential sections and the proud civic buildings of many a city. In the big towns they are tenements and cold-water flats that foster disease, filth, and vice; in the villages they are miserable dilapidated shacks that house poor Negroes or white Jeeter Lesters in apathetic hopelessness.

Slum clearance has a weighty proponent in National Housing Administrator John B. Blandford, Jr., Roosevelt appointee, engineer and career man in public service. Although he was formerly general manager of the Tennessee Valley Authority and assistant director of the Budget—jobs that signalize government participation in traditionally private fields—he remains an outspoken advocate of more private enterprise in the public housing field. Constantly he urges private builders and capital to interest themselves in providing homes for the low-income families never before reached by such facilities. And he believes that public housing, necessary as it is, should be restricted to a noncompetitive field, one that private enterprise cannot serve.

Amusingly, Blandford can work up a wry sort of appreciation of the housing situation. Caught by his own priorities, he and Mrs. Blandford live in what were

"Gosh, but I'm sick of sea food!"

originally designed as the kitchen, dining and powder rooms of their home-to-be on the Potomac!

More seriously, he finds encouragement in signs that cities are beginning to wake up to their own slum problems. Currently, fifteen or twenty communities are making intelligent efforts to wipe out their slums. Equally encouraging is the watchful gaze which war-housing builders are bending on the postwar market, and the good business experience recorded in housing provided for Negroes. Significantly, such Titans as U. S. Steel and Henry J. Kaiser are planning to enter the low-cost housing market.

If they do, they'll be fighting for chunks of just about the biggest business there is. The American people as consumers spend about 28.8 per cent of their income for household rent and operation—more than for any other purpose except food and tobacco combined.

BLANDFORD is quick to admit that housing enthusiasts readily attribute too many evils to bad housing, but he challenges anyone to deny that slums actually cost cities hard cash; slums demand a disproportionate amount of police and fire protection and fail to produce municipal revenue to match. Also, of course, their disease, crime, and delinquency costs are sky-high.

Because slums tend to be infectious, they spread, dragging down widening areas as they reduce adjacent property values. Thus the modern remedy is to cut out the blighted areas as the surgeon excises diseased tissue.

Not all such projects have borne results characterized entirely by sweetness and light. But Commissioner Philip M. Klutznick of the Federal Public Housing Authority fights back at many of the cities. For one thing, he recalls the hoots that arose in one Western city where the New Deal was accused of "pampering" tenants of a slum-clearance project whose grounds made some of the city's private lawns look shabby.

"What happened," he says, "is that the tenants themselves—these former slum dwellers—had done the landscaping on their own time and with their own effort. They were proud of their new homes and they wanted them to look beautiful for all the world to see. All over the country slum-clearance tenants are keeping their homes in splendid condition, inside and out, with their own maintenance programs."

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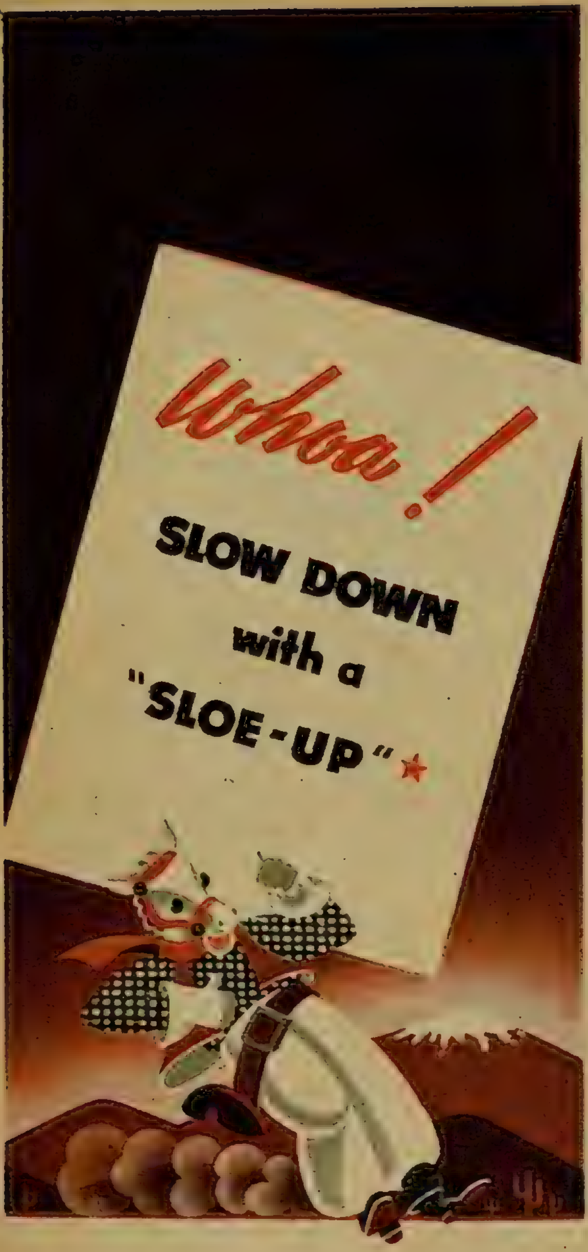


RED HORSE
SLOE GIN

RED HORSE
SLOE GIN

★ Pour 2 ounces Red Horse Sloe Gin into 8-ounce glass. Add ice. Fill up with lithiated lemon or lime sparkling soda. Stir briskly until frothy head foams.

Copyrighted, 1945 D. J. Bielzoff Products Co.
Chicago, U.S.A. 60 Proof.

Whatever the result of postwar attacks on the slums, both Blandford and Klutznick agree on method: The future trend should be away from federal financing of capital costs, and toward 100-per-cent borrowing from private investors by local authorities.

Klutznick, former Omaha lawyer, recommends this postwar division of the housing field:

1. Private builders, with whatever help communities or the government can give them, should undertake mass building of units to rent at the lowest possible dollar commensurate with reasonable profit, substituting high volume for high unit profit.

2. Public housing, necessarily aided by subsidies, should clear slums and provide dwellings for families who can't meet the private builders' lowest price.

3. Between these two classes should be a rent gap of possibly 15 to 20 per cent which, it is hoped, would some day represent a profitable field for private enterprise and private capital.

Potential aid to any such program, as it has helped the private home builder, stands the FHA, one of the most popular of New Deal creations with both Congress and business. This gigantic insurance agency protects banks, insurance companies, and other lending institutions against losses on loans for construction, purchase, or repair of homes. In ten years it has run its original RFC fund of $10,000,000 up to $83,000,000, over and above the administrative expenses and losses, which FHA itself paid.

Submitting budget estimates for 1946, FHA told Congress that its income this year would be three times its expenses.

IT'S not yet clear just where FHA will fit into the postwar picture of low-rental housing construction by private enterprise. But the question is already being raised: Shall FHA be the agency to insure the privately financed housing projects operating in increasingly lower rent brackets? Commissioner Ferguson, with one eye on the present ten-year record of far less than 1 per cent defaults, sees in such an operation a risk not in keeping with standard FHA practice. Administrator Blandford and Commissioner Ferguson agree that FHA's mutual mortgage insurance fund should not be used. They both say its integrity must be maintained.

However, Blandford likes the FHA and the way it operates. He believes that a new fund might be created and placed under FHA supervision, subject to Congressional approval. Some precedent for such a step exists in the War Housing Insurance Fund which Congress created for the war emergency.

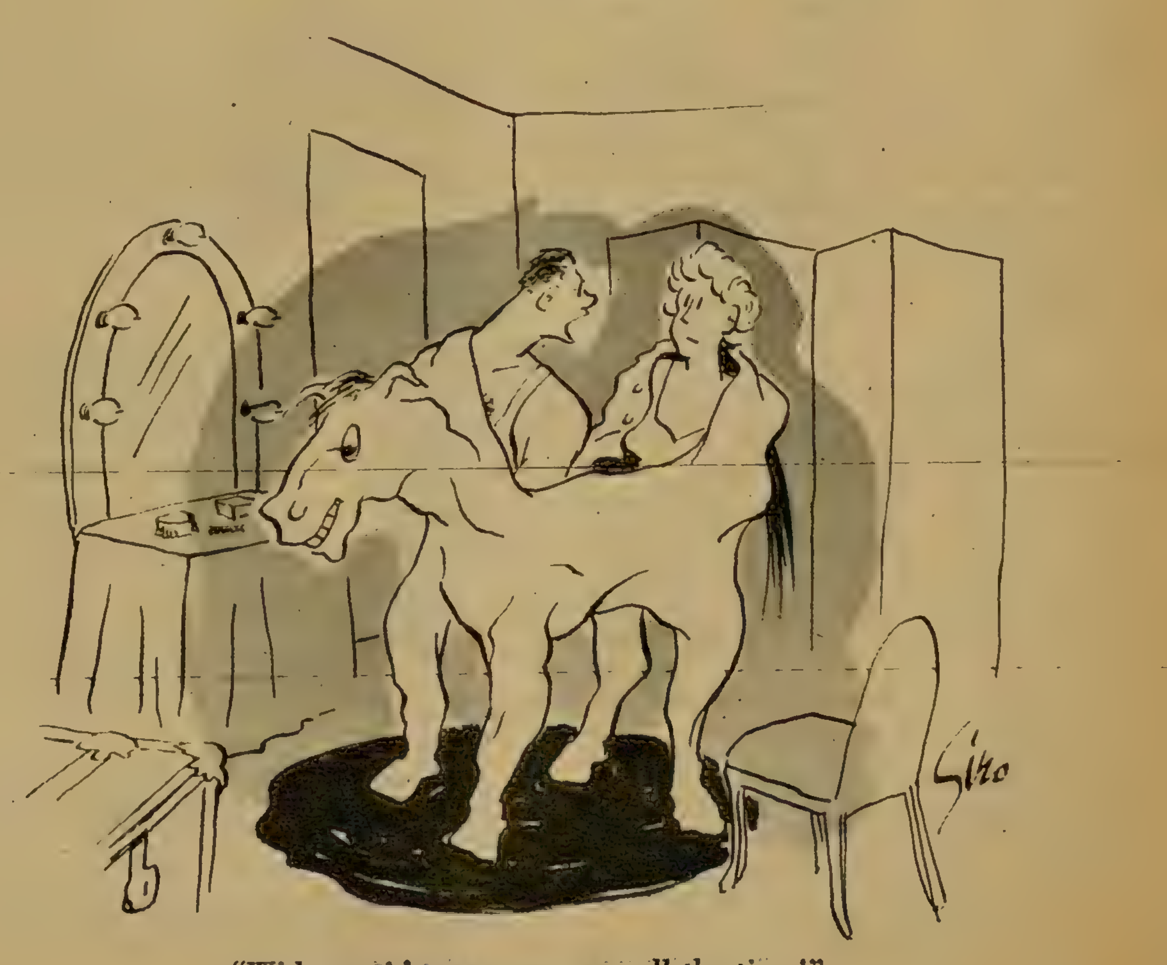
The canny Ferguson points out that the great need of slum clearance in this country is unit dwellings that rent for twenty-five dollars or less a month. And, he says, private capital can't be pulled into that field "merely by hocus-pocus" or by offering a cheap means of insuring loans. Perhaps, Ferguson reasons, the whole postwar housing question hinges on the ability to drive building costs down—and that in the face of wartime increases of 30 to 40 per cent. Whatever the answer, he's convinced that "risky financing" won't provide it.

MEANWHILE FHA faces another big postwar job: co-operating with the Veterans Administration in guaranteeing home loans under the G. I. Bill of Rights. FHA will turn its expert appraisal machinery loose on the job of evaluating the property the veteran wants, protecting him against the sharper and the shyster.

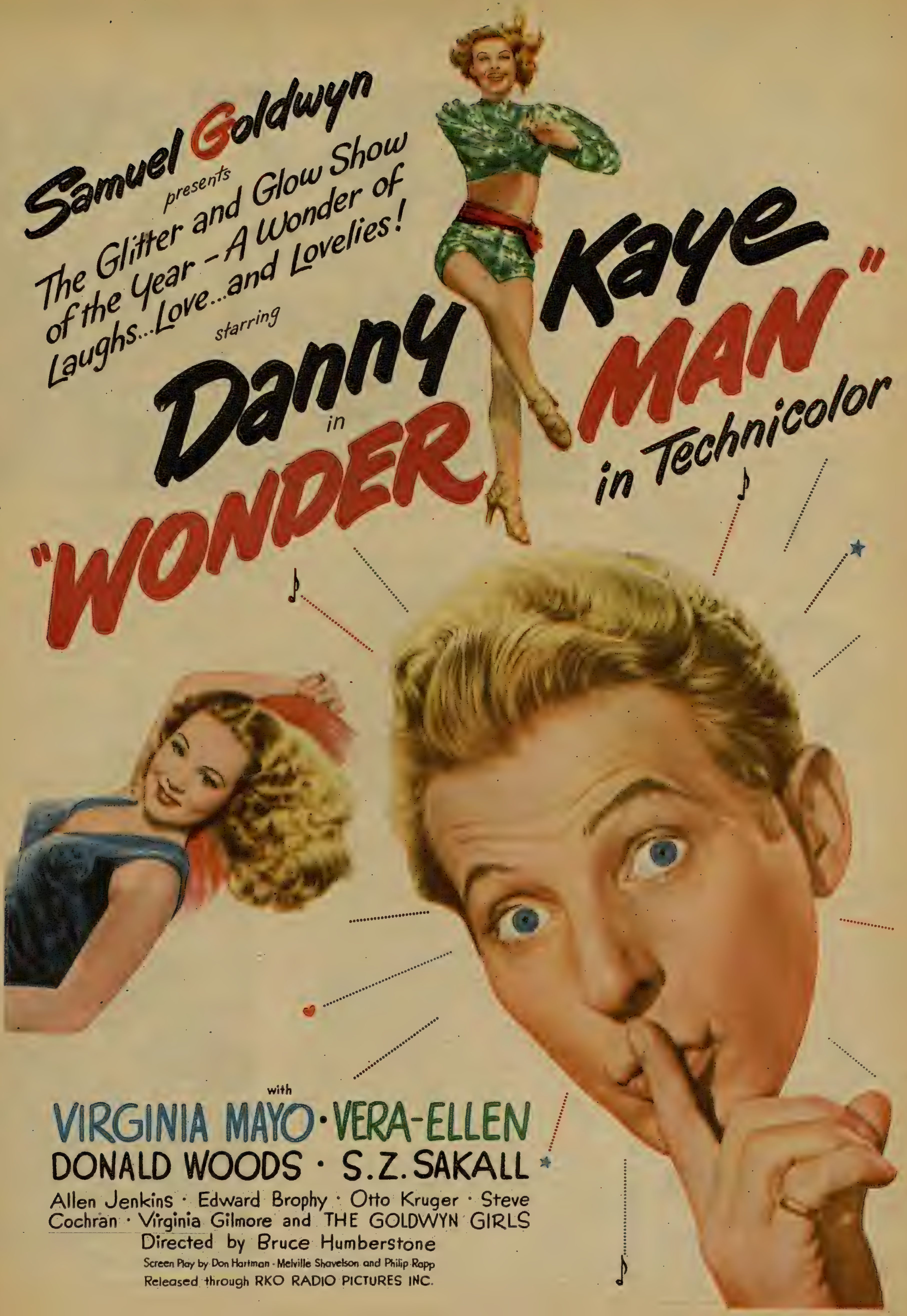
On this job, Ferguson admits he sees knotty problems ahead. But so long as FHA is handling it, the agency will insist on absolute soundness in values and prices. Its duty will be twofold: To save the returned G. I. from being gyped and to safeguard against realty inflation after the war. Ferguson admits he looks for a lot of squawks about government "interference" from veterans frustrated in their desire to grab up a home regardless of price. But he is determined to administer the program on a business basis and let the squawks fall where they may.

So, all told, there's a wonderful future ahead for housing—one that can benefit every community, every stratum of society, and millions of individuals. By the same token, there's a lot of work ahead for everyone concerned. The prime desire of housing authorities is to set up the planning machinery fast, to be ready and waiting for the opportunity when it comes.

THE END



"With you it's nag, nag, nag—all the time!"



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He's a lot of man, and one fine actor.

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You'll go for Donald Crisp and Lionel Barrymore—stalwart men.

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You'll go for Preston Foster, Marsha Hunt, Gladys Cooper, Reginald Owen, Dan Duryea, Jessica Tandy, Barbara Everest, Marshall Thompson, and the host of other supporting players.

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You'll remember lines from the screen play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien.

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You'll want to shake hands with Tay Garnett, the director, and Edwin H. Knopf, the producer.

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You'll want to write us and thank us for telling you about it.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll want to see "The Valley of Decision" several times.

★ ★ ★ ★

Why don't you? We'll meet you there.

—Leo

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Major Joppolo quells a near riot in the bread line by establishing democratic procedure.

A BELL FOR ADANO

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Gene Tierney, John Hodiak, William Bendix

JOHN HERSEY'S Pulitzer Prize-winning novel about the human side of American Military Government in a little Sicilian town is one of the most sensitive and moving stories to come out of the war. Confined to a single set in the successful Broadway stage adaptation, it finds the movies a more expressive medium for its deep and simple truths. And though the picture, in its over-all coverage of essential scenes, lacks the coherence and depth of the story behind it, it's a notable technical achievement. Due to top-notch production, direction (Henry King), photography, and script (Lamar Trotti and Norman Raine), it comes out an effective and sympathetic illustration of the book.

The story concerns a rough-hewn but understanding major (John Hodiak) from the Bronx, whose Italian parentage helps him to comprehend the deep human needs behind the tragicomic difficulties of governing the town of Adano.

The fact that the people suffer from the loss of their beloved bell (melted down into Fascist artillery) as much as from the hunger, thirst, and the disorder of war is important to him. So is the fact that they have no conception of what it means to be governed as free men. Dealing always in terms of individuals, he gradually teaches the democratic ideal by restoring their confidence, their self-respect, their way of life, and, finally, their bell. But by an ironic twist, uncomprehending military authorities remove him from office on a technicality. By the time the bell is hung, he quietly and sadly departs, amid its triumphant ringing.

John Hodiak, directed in a single mood of terse, slightly harried restraint, conveys a good impression of the strength and integrity of Major Joppolo. Gene Tierney, remarkably doll-like under the "not so natural" blonde hair of Tina, the fisherman's daughter, is a somewhat distracting cinematic touch. But the frankness and delicacy of the lonely yearning between these two is expertly handled by camera, direction, and script.

The presence, among the host of vivid minor characters, of such standard personalities as William Bendix and Henry Armetta often brings Adano pretty close to Hollywood; but the picture really excels in its wealth of characteristic detail and the graphic quality of its crowd scenes.

One of the book's most famous passages, the return of Adano's menfolk from the fighting fronts—and their heart-rending meeting with the women in the square—is beautifully portrayed in a brief pantomime. The fierce mobbing of the mayor, the derisive, half-doubting crowd trailing Joppolo along the wharf, the *torrone* party in Tina's house are all expertly caught in mood and movement. In spite of the added cinematic flavor, the basic idea of A Bell for Adano remains unusually impressive and eminently worth-while.

William Bendix vainly tries to budge the mule that is holding up the great general's jeep.

OUT OF THIS WORLD

(Paramount)
Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake, Diana Lynn

EDDIE BRACKEN and Diana Lynn are both young enough and spontaneous enough to enliven the most conglomerate of musicals—and in this case they make a team which carries along a pretty heavy load. The whole show is hung around a solitary gag—Eddie Bracken earnestly intoning with a dubbed-in Crosby voice. When this gets worn down to the point where Eddie, with laryngitis, turns on the phonograph and pretends to *pretend* to be singing with Bing's voice—there's just naturally got to be some other distraction.

This is supplied by a lighthearted story, a couple of catchy songs, and a mass of incoherent entertainment. Diana Lynn as a girl band leader makes the big time through the accidental talents of a crooning Western Union messenger (Eddie Bracken). But a jealously conniving blonde (Veronica Lake) brings about difficulties which range from an army of swooning fans to a mixed-up contract threatening to send everybody straight to jail. What with trying to fix things by quashing Eddie's budding fame, wrecking his vocal cords, and nearly drowning him in a shower, Diana has a hectic time of it before getting into a properly romantic mood for the finale.

Miscellaneous diversion includes an all-girl band, an engaging glimpse of the four Crosby kids, and five renowned ivory-ticklers tearing into five grand pianos all at once. Cass Daley contributes some raw-voiced vocal buffoonery, Diana Lynn tosses off the Minute Waltz in sixty seconds flat by the clock, and there's enough general activity to keep your mind off anything serious for a while.

SPECIAL MENTION

THE WAY AHEAD (Two Cities-20th Cent.-Fox). David Niven and all-English cast.
THE WONDER MAN (RKO). Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen.
THE VALLEY OF DECISION (M-G-M). Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Lionel Barrymore.
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? (20th Cent.-Fox). Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie, June Haver.
RHAPSODY IN BLUE (Warner Bros.). Robert Alda, Joan Leslie, Alexis Smith.
BLOOD ON THE SUN (United Artists). James Cagney, Sylvia Sidney.

Are you in the know?

What would you do about this back view?
☐ *Wear a shawl*
☐ *Go informally*
☐ *Make up the difference*

If *your* swim-suit back has branded you, relax! Make up the difference—by "tanning" the paler skin with leg make-up. Maybe Sis will do it. Be fastidious about your *daintiness*, too. On problem days, choose Kotex, the napkin with a *deodorant*.

Yes, now there's a deodorant safely locked inside each Kotex. The deodorant can't shake out because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on. See how this new Kotex "extra" helps keep you dainty, confident.

Is the pattern of this sport jacket a—
☐ *Gun Club Check*
☐ *Glen Plaid*
☐ *Herringbone*

Notice your date's new duds! He's probably duked up just for you. So if his jacket is a Gun Club Check (as above), show him you know. Boys, too, need reassuring. As for you, sometimes reassurance comes from just being worry-free. Like when you have the confidence that Kotex sanitary napkins give. With Kotex you risk no revealing outlines, for of all leading napkins only Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show. And you get *extra* protection with that patented *safety center* of Kotex!

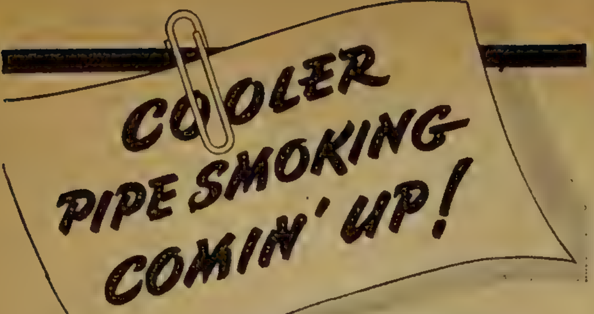
Should a house-guest make her own bed?
☐ Yes
☐ No

Whether you're staying for weeks or a week-end, the answer is *yes*, these servantless days. A thoughtful guest helps her hostess. Make your bed . . . take a turn with the dishes . . . and you'll never lack invitations. You needn't decline them, either, when your calendar warns "stay home!" Pack a supply of Kotex—and *go*, for Kotex will keep you more comfortable. You'll find Kotex unlike pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no bunching, no roping. Kotex is the napkin that actually *stays soft while wearing!*

Now—A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

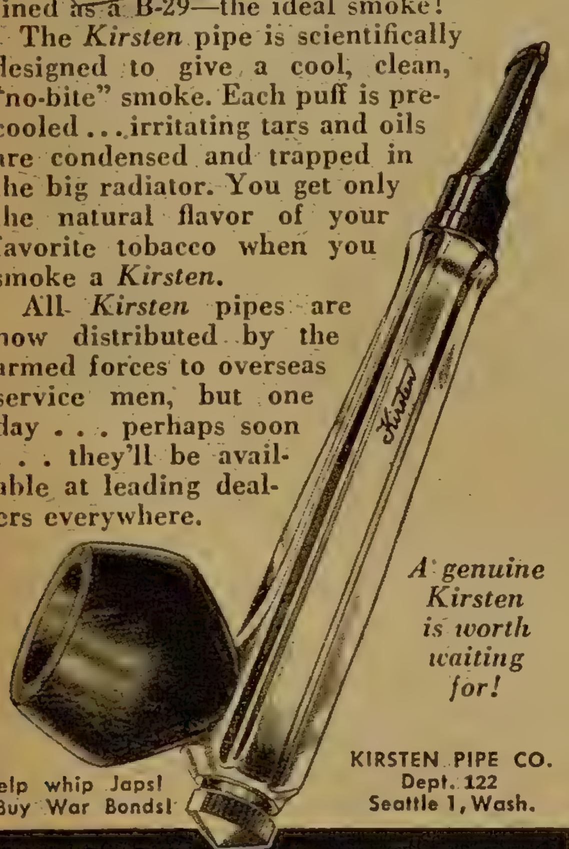
More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together



As m [illegible] tomorrow—as streamlined as a B-29—the ideal smoke!

The *Kirsten* pipe is scientifically designed to give a cool, clean, "no-bite" smoke. Each puff is pre-cooled . . . irritating tars and oils are condensed and trapped in the big radiator. You get only the natural flavor of your favorite tobacco when you smoke a *Kirsten*.

All *Kirsten* pipes are now distributed by the armed forces to overseas service men, but one day . . . perhaps soon . . . they'll be available at leading dealers everywhere.



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L-7-21

ROLL YOUR OWN VACATION

Continued from Page 31

to knife, fork, spoon, and metal plate, a sleeping sack, which he can either buy or make. This is a sheet folded lengthwise and sewn up on two sides. The hostel furnishes blankets—and as for the straw mattresses, well, you soon forget bedsprings were ever invented.

Bunkrooms are in renovated corncribs, barns, chicken houses, stables, or in specially built cabins.

For purposes of organization and chaperonage the farmer and his wife are known as the housemother and housefather, and each hostel is inspected and approved by American Youth Hostels, Inc., while a local committee of leading citizens keeps an eye on things generally.

Anyone may become a hosteler by purchasing a year's pass for $1.50 if under twenty-one, or $2.50 if over. In addition to the quarter charge for an overnight stop there is a fee of a few cents for cooking fuel.

But although anyone is welcome, hosteling by its very nature seldom attracts individuals who would gripe or make nuisances of themselves. Obviously it isn't for the lazy, for sissies, or for fuddy-duddies. It offers neither hot-and-cold-running room service, highball set-ups, nor night life. In fact neither drinking nor smoking is permitted in the hostels themselves.

TO get started, all you do is send your money for a year's pass to the American Youth Hostels, Northfield, Massachusetts, or the nearest regional office.* With this pass you will get a year's subscription to the Knapsack, a little quarterly handbook of information. The spring edition, out in March, lists some 200 hostels; the summer edition, out around the middle of May, adds about fifty more. The handbook also describes each hostel, how many it accommodates, what months it is open, and indicates near-by points of scenic or historic interest. The handbooks also give advice on hosteling in general: what to wear, carry, etc.

You can also start on a trip simply by going to a hostel and getting your pass and handbook there, but you will probably find it easier to plan your trip at home at your leisure.

Once you have decided what part of the country you want to go through, get a good road map and lay out a route for yourself. To avoid heavy traffic, stick to secondary or little-used roads. Hosteling is a leisurely business, not a matter of seeing how many miles you can cover in one day—although there are, of course, a few teen-agers swarming with an excess of vitamins who work up to sixty, eighty, or 100 miles a day just to show they can do it. That's their business; the average hosteler does fifteen miles on foot or thirty on a bicycle in a day.

Those hitting the trail for the first time often make the mistake of following the big highways—which were built for speed and efficiency only and, of course, get the heavy traffic. Experienced hostelers say highways are more like city streets and people are more friendly along the back roads. "The longest way round is the most fun," they say.

Since not all hostels are exactly the

---

* Regional committee headquarters are: Potomac Area Council, American Youth Hostels, 472 Indiana Avenue N. W., Washington, D. C.; Margrete McDaniel, Room 307, 1346 Broadway, Detroit 26, Michigan; Karl Raymond, City Hall, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Walter Hoffman, 1911 Twenty-fifth Avenue North, Seattle, Washington.

"You forgot the meat, but you didn't forget your Marlin Blades!"

Marlin double edge blades 18 for 25c. Guaranteed by The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Connecticut

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Corns, Sore Toes

The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your corns or sore toes, tormenting shoe friction stops; painful pressure is lifted. Separate *Medications* included for quickly removing corns. Get a box today. Cost but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Toiletry Counters.

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is precious—the
armed forces urgently need it.
Save yours!
Keep it clean!

Once Upon a Time is Just Your Car Away

Your irreplaceable car is the only barrier between the motor-age and the age of slow motion. A noisy or smoking motor is your warning for immediate action to prevent car break-down. Install "Rings made by Simplex" and keep rolling—in a modern, faster world. You can get them in ***easy-to-install*** sets at auto stores or installed at service shops everywhere.

BUY WAR BONDS AND KEEP THEM

SIMPLEX
PISTON RINGS
SIMPLEX PRODUCTS CORP., Cleveland, O.

"It so happens that I asked you to hand over your wallet *first*."

same distance apart, be sure to check all distances carefully. And if you haven't had any extended exercise recently, count on laying over a day or two at each of the first few hostels you hit.

Certainly before you start on a trip you should test yourself either on foot or bicycle to see how far you can go without tiring. The first day of leg-stretching may prove exhausting, although most people limber up much more rapidly than they expect to. There was the middle-aged woman, a schoolteacher, who quaked at the thought of a single day's pedaling, but ended up having done 1,000 miles on a summer's trip in South America—before the war, of course.

Starting your trip, you can check your bike on your railroad ticket. While they are scarce, new bikes no longer require a priority, and the price should be around thirty-two dollars. And if you can't buy a new or reconditioned wheel, you can rent one, either in your neighborhood or from the Youth Hostel people in Northfield, who will send it to you by express. Their rental is $4.80 a week.

YOU can go hosteling alone, with a few friends, or as a member of an organized project with a paid leader. These projects start at various times and from various parts of the country, and cost from fifteen dollars to $265, depending on how long you're away. Usually one of these is a trip through Mexico, with stops at farms and inns instead of hostels.

City dwellers, inclined to be disconcerted by nature in the raw, often prefer to make their first trips as members of such organized groups.

However, most hostelers are on their own and free as air. They can change their minds at will, investigate likely trails, and turn north, south, east, or west. They can stop for a few days to help a farmer get in the crops—and even get paid for it. Or they can fish, swim, pick flowers, rent a canoe, paint, sketch, gab with country storekeepers, or simply sleep.

In actual practice, hostelers are usually groups of friends from an office, school, store, church, union, or neighborhood. When three or more people travel together, they are expected to drop penny post cards ahead to the houseparents where they expect to stop—just as a matter of preventing a traffic jam. Most hostels accommodate about twenty-five, so if fifty arrived all at once, things would be crowded.

The moving spirits behind all this hiking

What your daughter should know *before she marries*

Be sure to tell her these intimate physical facts...

YOU must not hesitate to tell your daughter these intimate facts of life. She has a *right* to know how important douching often is to womanly charm, health and marriage happiness.

But *first*—make sure *your own* information is just as modern, up-to-date as it can be! And it will be if you tell her how important ZONITE is for the douche—how no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is *so powerful* yet *so safe to delicate* tissues.

Smart Young Women No Longer Make This Mistake

Certainly no well-informed mother would think of telling her daughter to use weak, homemade mixtures of salt, soda or vinegar. Because these DO NOT and CAN NOT offer women the great germicidal and deodorant action of *modern* ZONITE.

Yet despite its great strength ZONITE is *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*. It positively contains no creosote, cresol, phenol or mercurial ingredients. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often* as you wish without risk of injuring delicate tissues.

Principle Discovered By Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist!

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's *so powerful* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! ZONITE immediately kills all *reachable* living germs and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE *today!*

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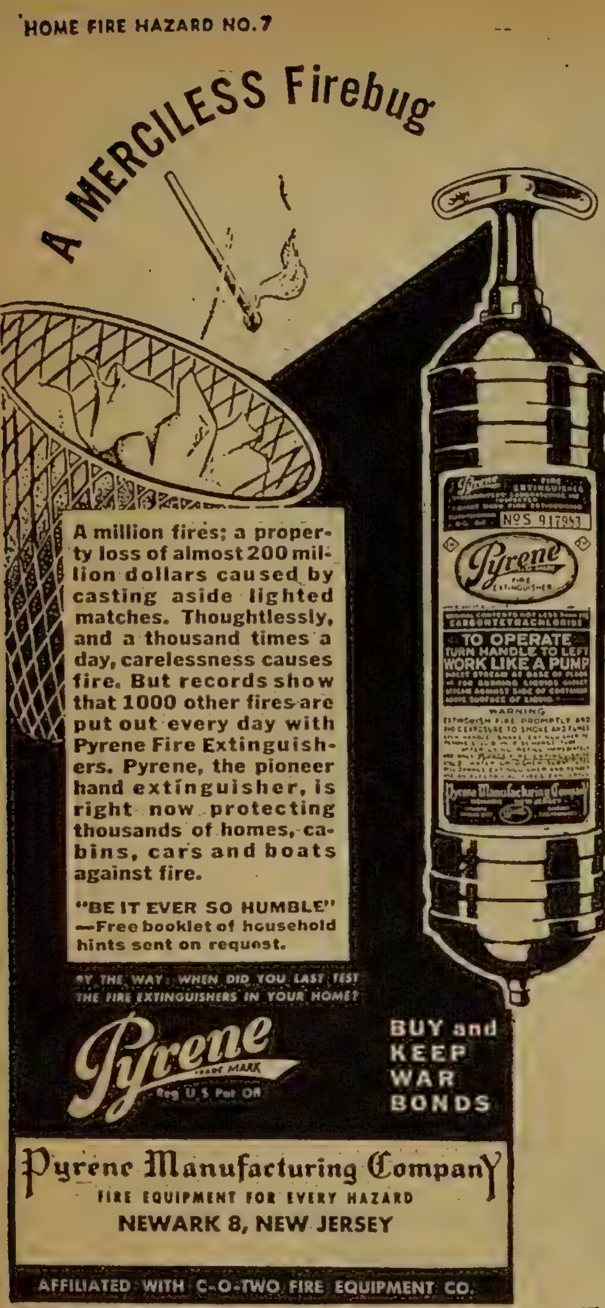
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and biking up and down and across the United States are Monroe Smith and his wife, Isabel, who founded the American Youth Hostel movement ten years ago after visiting hostels in Europe. They make their home and headquarters in Northfield, Massachusetts, in a rambling jumbled structure of some twenty rooms produced by joining together the old Ira (hymnbook) Sankey house and its dependent stables, barns, hen houses, and tool sheds. Dwight L. Moody's house is just down the street. The Smiths live in the house part, while the attached structures are the biggest hostel in the chain.

The Smiths have three children of their own, loan one front room for a neighborhood nursery school, and sometimes have 100 or more visitors spending the night in the hostel part of their house. So the chances for confusion would seem to be excellent. But Money and Isabel, as everybody calls them, remain serene through everything.

Earnest missionaries for health and simpler living, they have unbounded faith in hosteling as a spiritual and therapeutic agent—a faith strengthened last March when they got a call from the wife of a war-plant executive who had cracked up after three years' grueling work. Could hosteling help? the wife asked. The next day a big black limousine drove up. After a conference it was decided that the man who had once been handy with tools could benefit by carpentry. When last heard from he was somewhere in New England putting up bunks in a new hostel—and feeling fine.

As for outdoor exercise, the Smiths say, "The more cycle paths, the fewer psychopaths."

EVERY summer three or four couples become engaged while roaming the country—evidence, the Smiths point out, that hosteling is the very best way for young people to find out about each other. How a girl behaves when caught in a pouring rain or after burning her finger counts more than how she behaves at a dance. And only last summer an already engaged couple became unengaged after starting on a bicycling trip.

"That man," exclaimed the girl, who rode her bicycle home alone, "would have made a regular old-fashioned husband! As soon as we got to a hostel he flopped down and made me do all the work. It's certainly a good thing I found out about him."

Hosteling is a nonprofit enterprise, and in nearly every community some group such as the Chamber of Commerce, the Lions Club, Kiwanis, the Boy Scouts, the Legion, or a school in a near-by town has helped to start the local hostel.

Manual-training classes have built bunks; women's clubs have sewn and washed curtains, and the community as a whole has contributed blankets, pots, pans, lanterns, and labor. In one village the postmaster collected sixty-five blankets as he handed out mail on his R. F. D. route.

Communities support hostels because they not only attract visitors but also become social centers for the town. Often they are used as clubhouses by school ball teams, or for dances and get-togethers by all sorts of groups.

At the same time hostels are certainly no threat to the hotel business. They are usually on back roads and at some distance from rail lines, and no weary business man on his way to close a deal for 10,000 pairs of seamless widgets wants to cook his own meals and sleep on a straw mattress.

THE war, of course, has greatly reduced the number of young people who are making trips around the country, but this loss has been made up by an influx of older people who never did this kind of thing before.

Hosteling leaders have elaborate and ambitious postwar plans for renting old Army transports to carry loads of hostelers on Youth Argosies to South America, Europe, China, and other parts of the globe, and bring hostelers from those countries to visit us.

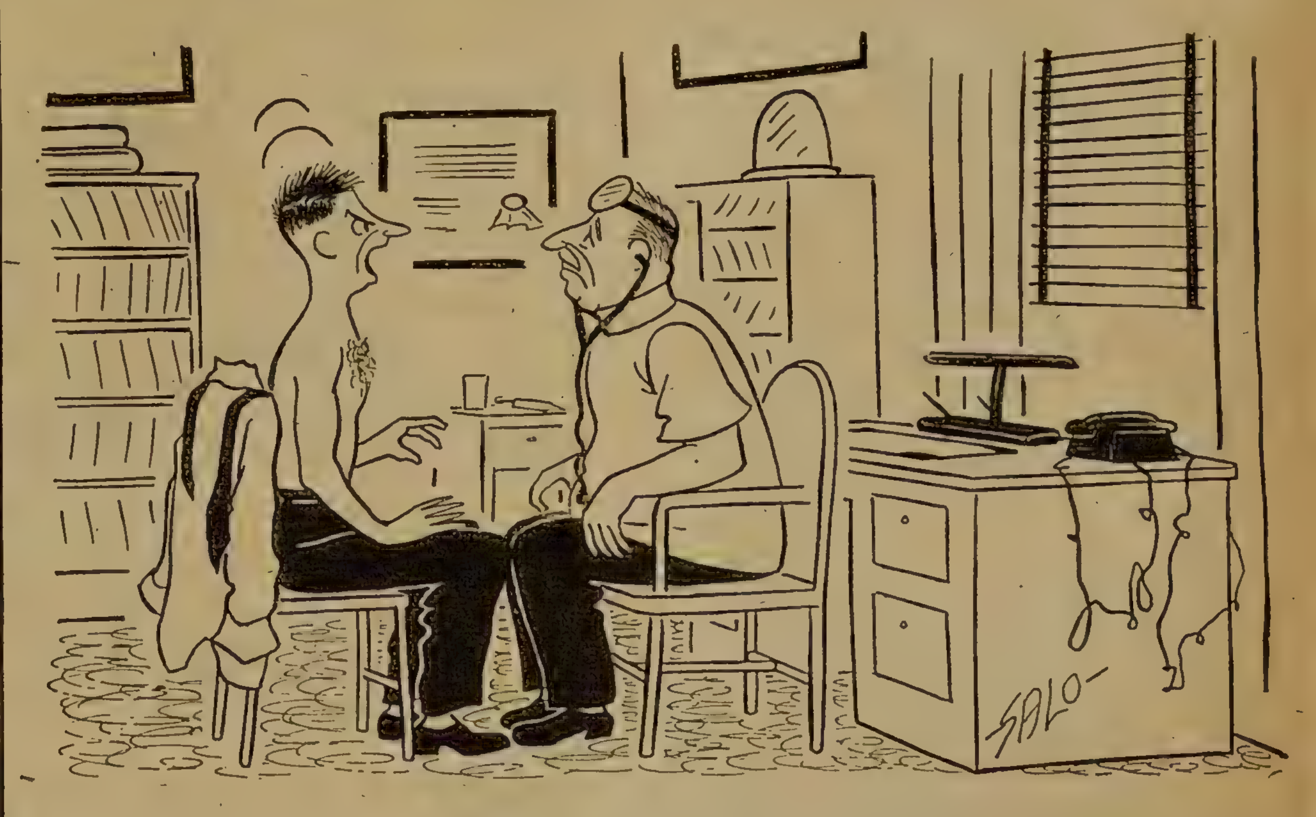
Already the Smiths have had scores of requests from experienced hostelers who have offered to pay their way to France some day after the war and spend a summer working for nothing on some reconstruction project.

All these plans must wait, of course. But what we do have right here and now is a wonderful opportunity.

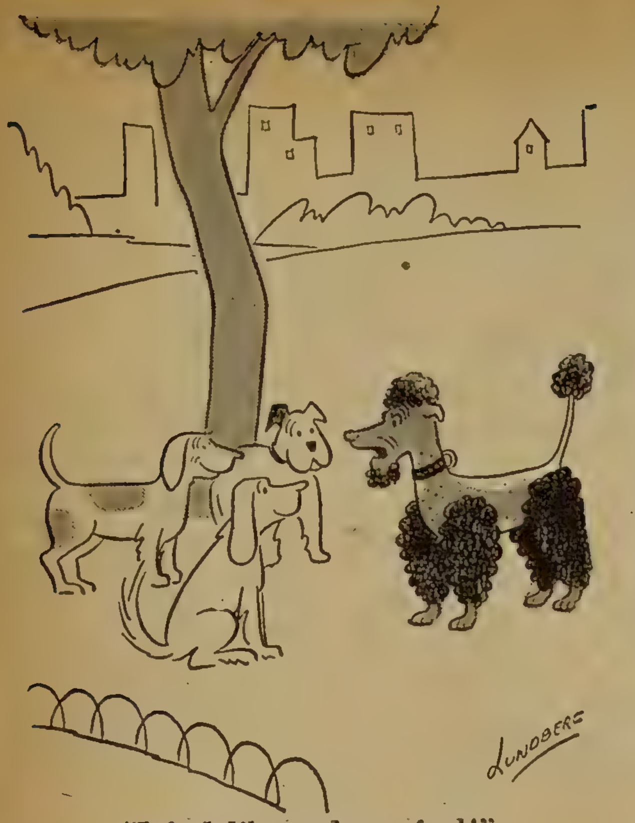
We can go out this summer and get to know our own neighbors right here in the United States.

So forget about the sad condition of that rachitic contraption in your garage. Get out on the road and learn something about the country you live in.

THE END



"How come you didn't discover a few of these ailments when you passed me for the Army?"



"I feel like a damn fool!"

PROGRAM AT THE SCHOOL

Continued from Page 37

"You'll know about it when I yank it," he said. "You'd best sit. Wish we had my barber chair."

California Curly rubbed his thumb around the mouth of the whisky bottle and offered it to Laurel. He shook his head. The big man tipped it.

"All right, doc," he said, sitting down.

Laurel brought out the forceps. "You hold a candle," he told Pinky Simmons, "so I can see what I'm up to."

It was a very stubborn molar, rooted like a pine in a cliff. California Curly clamped hands on the chair seat, holding himself down, and before the extraction was over, pebbles of sweat ridged his forehead. But he didn't peep.

Laurel bested it finally, and it slid out neat. The forceps dropped it to the table, and after California Curly returned from sloshing out his mouth he picked up the tooth and scowled at it. Laurel looked at his watch. It showed past seven, but he could get to the school by eight with minutes to spare. He cleaned and pocketed his forceps.

"Four bits will be about right," he said.

Pinky Simmons was busy with a cigarette paper. California Curly kept eying the molar.

"This is what you might call embarrassing, doc," he said. "But figure it our way. We found this place and fixed it up right comfortable. That was before the job at Buckskin Springs. We've got our moves all planned out plain as the palm of your hand. This here tooth was an accident. But we don't figure to move from here for quite a spell yet."

Understanding came then to John Laurel. It didn't so much as twitch a hair of his mustache. He guessed he'd been slow, not figuring it out before. He said:

"There's a program at the school tonight. I did have my heart set on that. My daughter's speaking a piece—a piece about a blacksmith."

The big man kept rolling the molar between thumb and forefinger.

"This damned tooth," he said. "I'm right sorry, doc. But you make it easy for us and we'll make it easy for you."

John Laurel watched a grain of tallow rolling down the candle. He had always sort of figured rounding out his three-

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score and ten. That way, he'd see Sylvia brought up decent, married to a good man. He'd always sort of figured on grandchildren some day. But of course Pinky Simmons and California Curly wouldn't turn him loose to spread the word that they were holing in on Bobcat Mountain.

"Pinky will make it quick and easy," California Curly said. "One bullet. You'll never know what hit you. Figured alongside what I felt when you yanked this here tooth, it'll be easy."

Pinky Simmons stood up. He didn't even draw. "We'll go back to the old Midas mine," he said.

OUTSIDE, the air was nippier than ever, and blacker. John Laurel's feet groped blind. This was the black of the moon, but after a minute the starshine and his eyes got acquainted again. He could hear Simmons crunching just behind him, and he saw the picture complete. The old Midas shafted down at the top of the trail up from the canyon. When they missed him in Nugget, they'd never think to look for him in the Midas shaft.

He'd always figured on being laid to rest in the burying ground, by Sylvia's mother. He'd figured on dying peaceful, like he'd lived. It didn't seem fitting for a man who'd never carried a gun to die by a gun. He wasn't fussed up much about passing on. Any man did things he regretted afterward, but he didn't guess that in his case they were real black sins. Besides, he kind of banked on Sylvia's mother waiting for him somewhere out there behind the stars, smoothing things out for him like she always used to, telling him how he should act. But it did give him a wrench thinking of Sylvia orphaned at eleven.

"Keep going," Pinky Simmons said, and John Laurel realized that all his hard thinking had slowed his feet to a halt. He saw the perfect tree just ahead, and he did wish he could come here once again with Sylvia.

"Thought I heard something," he said.

Pinky Simmons listened. But there was little to hear, except the quiet sky.

"I don't hear it," he said. "Keep going."

"It was ahead on the path," John Laurel said.

As he started on, he wondered if Pinky Simmons knew about that open shaft by the path, where it curved. Like as not he didn't. Like as not he and California Curly stayed pretty close inside the cabin by daylight.

The path was beginning the curve now, and John Laurel stopped again. He turned his head and said:

"It's a man down the path a piece."

Pinky Simmons drew and took a step. But he wasn't looking at Laurel in that half second. He was staring ahead. So it was tolerably simple for John Laurel to pivot and give Pinky Simmons a powerful shove.

He fired once while he was still above ground, but he wasn't aiming at anything special. And his gun sounded twice from

---

PROFOUND REFLECTION ON THINGS REMEMBERED BUT NOT SEEN LATELY

I never saw a purple cow;
I never hope to meet one;
But I can tell you, here and now,
That if I'd meet I'd eat one.

—KIT FITZGERALD.

down the shaft, along with his yell. Then both were still, as if maybe he'd knocked himself out against the timbers. After a while Laurel heard a splash, heavier than the splash from a pebble.

The sky was still again, and then away off yonder a coyote howled. John Laurel peered at his watch, but there wasn't enough starshine to see the hands. And he guessed he'd better not risk a match. Back in the cabin, California Curly had likely heard that shot, coming too soon. Maybe he'd even heard the other two, muffled by the shaft, and the yell. Maybe he'd be coming along any minute now, to look into things. John Laurel found a rock a mite larger than a baseball, and stood in the shadows across the path from the shaft.

It was five after eight when he reached the school. But he wasn't actually late. The schoolma'am was speaking her welcome, but Sylvia hadn't yet spoke about the spreading chestnut tree.

He didn't get a front-row seat. He stood up in back, and Sylvia turned and made a face at him, like she was cross because he'd missed supper, and then she grinned. He grinned, too.

He guessed most men would have broken the news right off, about Pinky Simmons and California Curly being located up there in that mine shaft. He guessed most men would have been very edgy to claim that reward. He didn't intend refusing it himself. But all that could wait. He didn't want to spring the news and have the audience walking out on the program to go to Bobcat Mountain.

Sylvia had worked real hard on that piece about the village blacksmith, and he wanted as many as possible to hear how good she spoke it.

THE END

THERE'S ONLY ONE BING

Continued from Page 19

his high heels, open-faced and friendly, Dean slowly grew on Crosby over a period of years because of his wit and originality, and his acceptance of Bing's friendship without intruding on it.

Dean, a movie gag man, often spends week-ends at Bing's home, or rides to the studio with him. He is the only person outside of his family to whom Bing wrote while on his last overseas camp tour, and the first person he telephoned when he returned.

Unfailingly, Crosby gets up at six thirty in the morning, whether he got to bed at his usual ten thirty or not. This habit, which in Hollywood borders on heresy, gives him time to stop on his way to work and belt a few golf balls. He is due at the studio at nine, and it is not on record that he was ever late. In fact, he is usually a few minutes early. In Hollywood, such behavior is almost freakish.

Bing prefers dining at home, but his work seldom lets him. When he can't get home, he eats a heavy lunch, topping it off with his favorite pie à la mode, and then skips dinner, or dines with Barney.

He likes cacophonous ties, but the loud-shirt legend is overdrawn. He is color blind, which occasionally results in mismated socks, but on the whole his wardrobe is relatively conservative.

He's fond of sweaters, and usually keeps his hat on.

Most remarkably, he hasn't become Olympian. That's why he stays popular, he reasons. "People figure," he says, "that as long as a guy like me could succeed, there's hope for them too."

THE END

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A Doctor's Proven Plan

JULY 21, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
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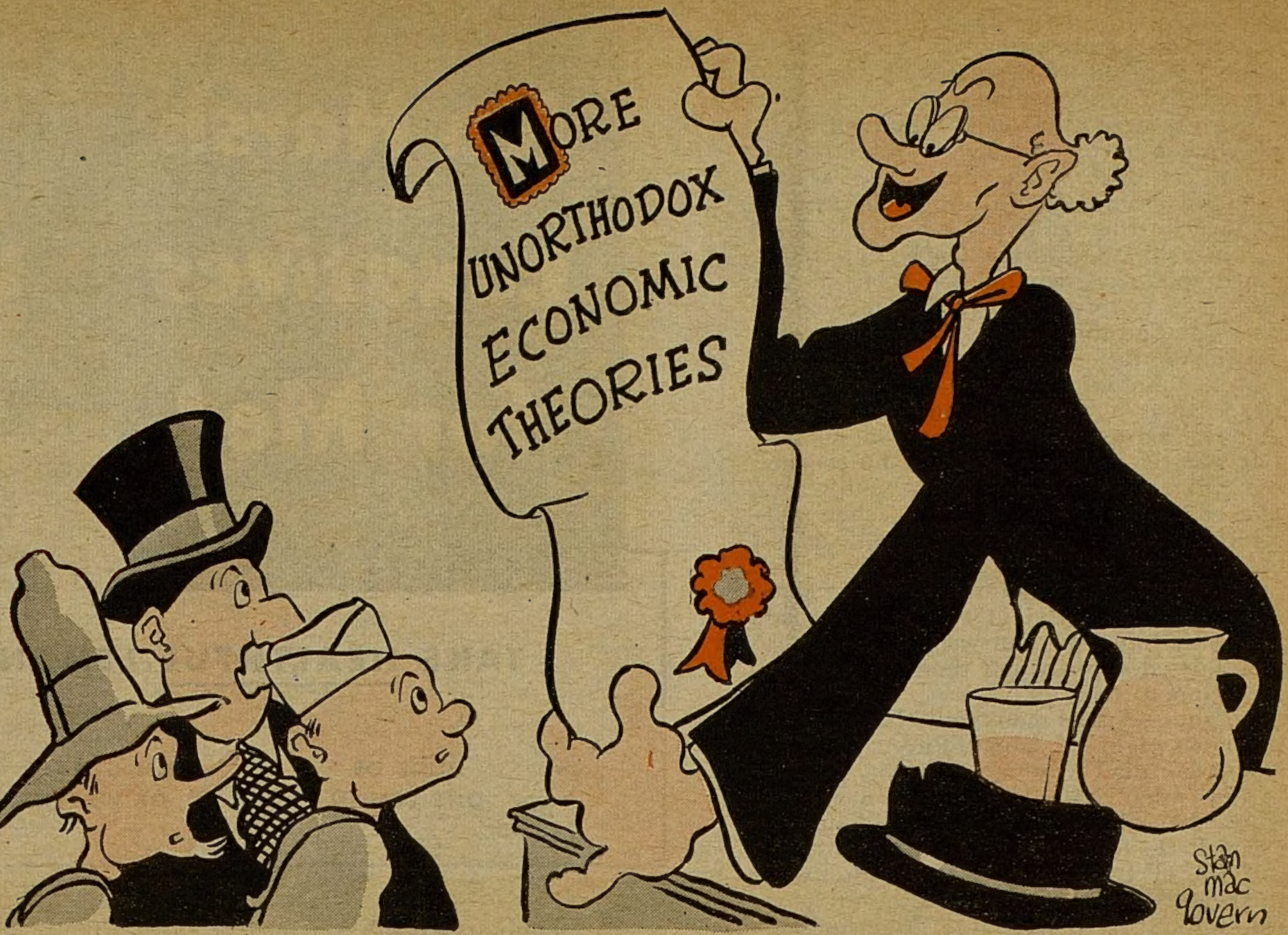


No way to encourage business.

REMOVING THE HURDLES TO FULL EMPLOYMENT

THE problem of keeping permanently employed at a job which will provide a decent living for his family is the number one worry of many an American breadwinner. The late unlamented depression and its attendant unemployment is a bitter memory in the land, and all of us fear its return after war work ends. As a result, there are a great many theories floating around as to the best method of assuring full employment.

One of the more comprehensive proposals is contained in a bill now before Congress known as The Full Employment Act of 1945. Under its terms the President is required at the start of each fiscal year to report to Congress whether or not the expected total expenditure and investment from all sources will assure the production of enough goods and services to provide full employment. If it won't, he is required to recommend to Congress a program to encourage the volume of private business expenditure and investment. If this doesn't do the trick, he must go further and recommend an additional program of federal investment and expenditure to take up the slack.

Many earnest people already have pointed out the difficulty of arriving in advance at (*a*) the prospective volume of expenditure and investment for an ensuing year; (*b*) how much employment this will provide; (*c*) how many people will be wanting jobs.

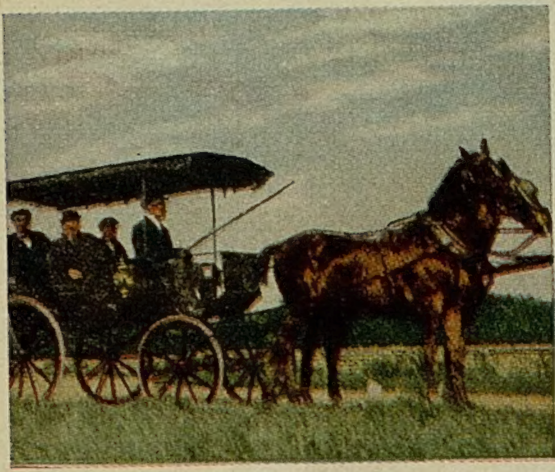
We learned during the depression how hard it is to arrive at a precise figure as to how many people want jobs. In fact, we never did find out, within millions, how many unemployed we had. The figure of sixty million jobs proposed as our postwar needs is one plucked out of thin air. It is even more unlikely that any way can be found to forecast accurately in advance of any year what the gross volume of expenditure and investment in the country will be.

The people who point out these sensible considerations may have a point. As far as we are concerned, however, we don't see why it is necessary or even advisable to go through all this preliminary rigmarole. Why should we wait to see what a set of more or less doubtful figures shows before we adopt a program of encouraging business expenditure and investment? Why shouldn't this encouragement be a permanent and constant policy of our government and Congress? To wait until the need becomes apparent is to lock the stable door after the horse is stolen.

There's no use kidding ourselves that the strivings for gain of 130,000,000 people can ever be predicted in advance, punched on cards and run through a tabulating machine. Even assuming the information could be gathered, by the time we got the answers they would be out of date and inaccurate. We are all united in agreeing that every individual who wants to make an honest dollar should have at hand a choice of methods of accomplishing this purpose. No speciously reasoned theory is likely to provide the methods. We know, however, that most people are willing and anxious to be busy and productive if given half a chance and a little encouragement. The sooner Congress sets about providing such encouragement the better off we'll be. We don't have to wait for a set of statistics to tell us that such encouragement is right and necessary.

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

Where's your next tire coming from?



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1897 **EARLY AUTO** tires were good for only 2,000 miles, were slippery when wet. In this year, when Corby's had been a respected Canadian name for 41 years, a method for putting rubber studs on tire treads was perfected. Nineteen years later the cord fabric came into use.

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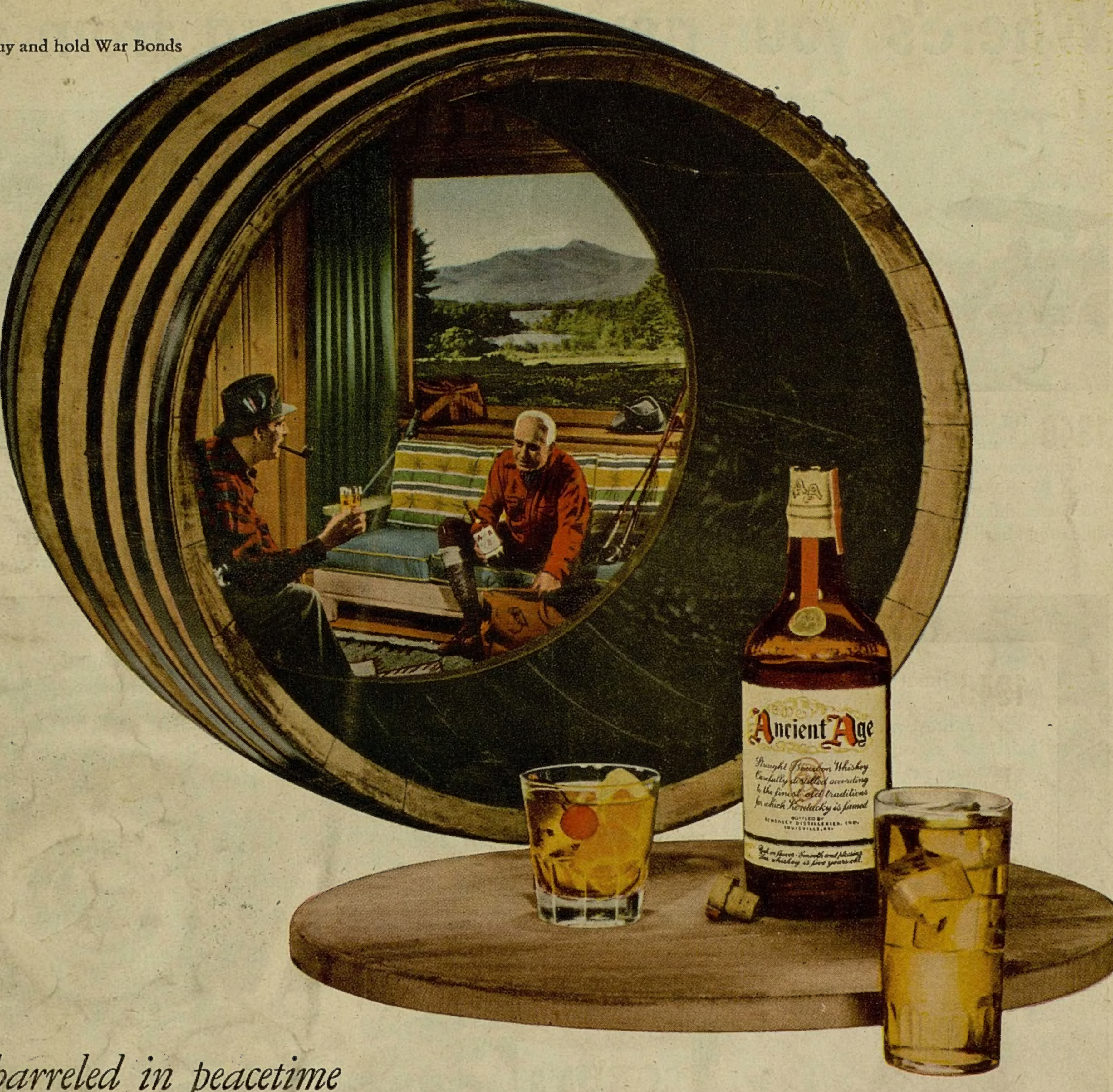
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Ancient Age *Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey*

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